May 8, 1963

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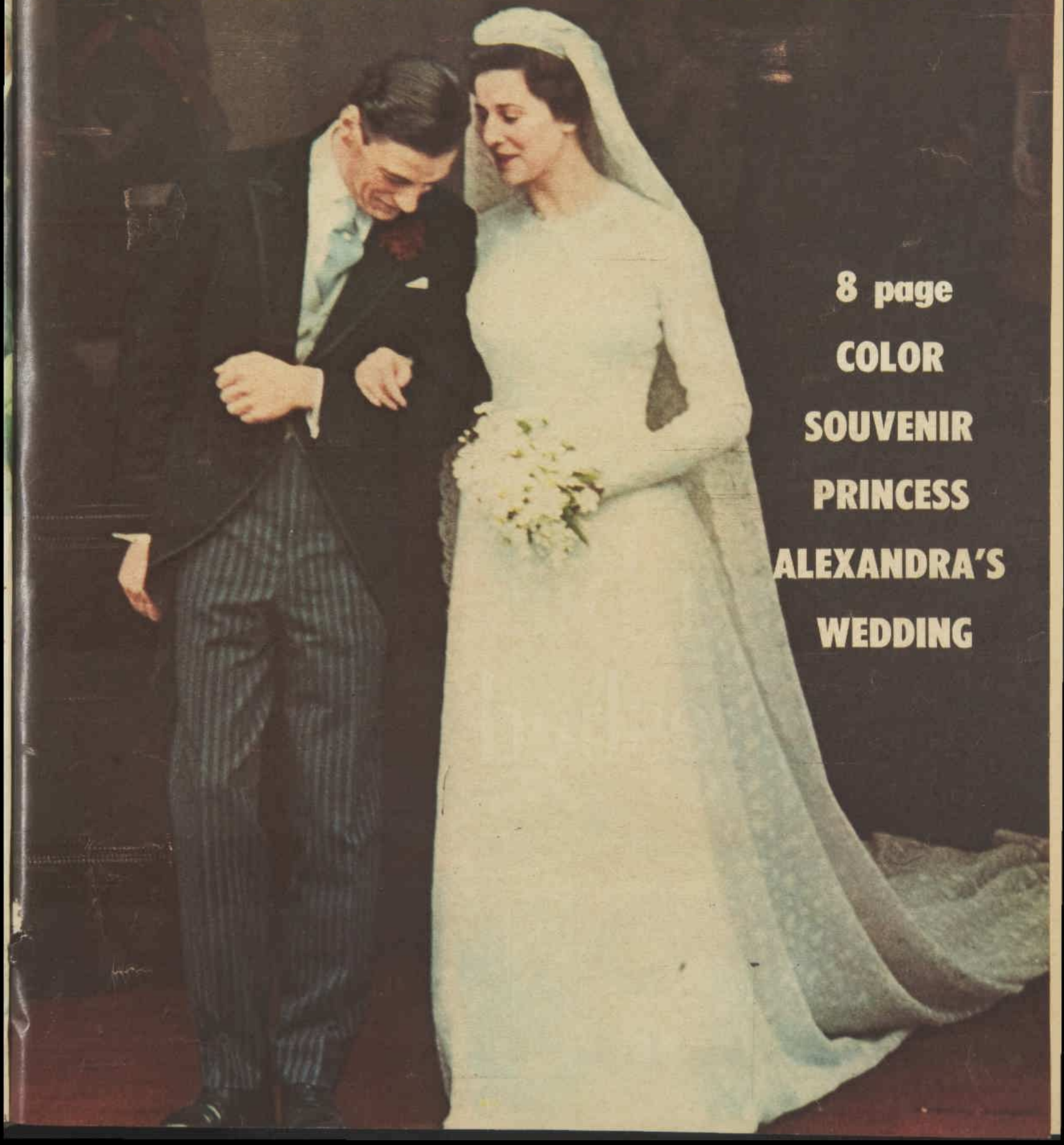

8 page COLOR SOUVENIR PRINCESS ALEXANDRA'S WEDDING

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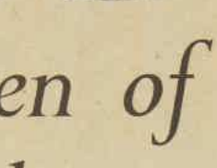
An Important message to the Women of Australia



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MAY 8, 1963 — Vol. 30, No. 49

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Alex Hardy, who worked as a catering comptroller at Number Six, Hamilton Place, in London's Mayfair (story, page 36), told us she had catered for a few outside parties.

ONE was a tea-party at St. James' Palace for a charity organisation, which was attended by Princess Margaret.

Another was a hunt breakfast and fashion parade, held by a London menswear firm at a smart nightclub, "The Saddle Room."

"We served porridge, eggs, and bacon at 9.30, then came the parade — all to the accompaniment of a three-piece band and a huntsman and horn," she said.

"Finally a stirrup cup was served—I think it was four bottles of rum mixed with two bottles of brandy. That party was a great success."

★ ★ ★

"EVERYTHING weeps in the garden but us," said Mrs. R. A. O. Martin, of Meadow Cottage, Bowral, N.S.W., when we photographed her small front garden (page 65).

Parts of Meadow Cottage are more than 100 years old. Mr. and Mrs. Martin have lived there for 16 years.

In contrast to the tiny front garden, more than an acre of ground at the back of the house is planted with weeping elms, weeping roses, and weeping maples.

★ ★ ★

BEGINNING on page 57, we publish a section of economical meals to help you help the Freedom From Hunger Campaign.

Every family in Australia is asked to have one austerity meal during the last week in May and to give the money saved to the campaign on "Vanquish Hunger Day," May 26.

While low-budget, the recipes are really appetising.

Our cover

● Princess Alexandra and the Hon. Angus Ogilvy leaving Westminster Abbey after their wedding. Her dress—designed by John Cavanagh—was of magnolia-tinted cotton lace with a pattern of acorns and oak leaves. The train was 20ft. long and the veil was of the same fabric as the dress. More Royal Wedding pictures, pages 3 to 13.

NEXT WEEK:

● 1000 names and their meanings

Check the meaning of the name you are thinking of for your baby—your own, too—with the 1000 names and their meanings in our next issue.

We've reprinted the names at readers' requests. The first time we published them they were one of our most popular features ever.

● Marmalade for extra tang

The fresh taste of marmalade is too good to keep for breakfast only. Next week there are recipes for using marmalade to add flavor to desserts, cakes, biscuits.

As well, there are recipes and hints for making marmalade.

● Winter handknits

Easy-to-follow patterns for a sweater and jacket designed for the not-so-slim.

● What's your birthstone?

It's fun to know about—and wear—your birthstone. Teenagers' Weekly gives the stone for each month; tells the magical properties it is said to possess.

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ROYAL WEDDING

WESTMINSTER ABBEY made a magnificent setting for the bridal procession, led by Princess Alexandra and her husband, the Hon. Angus Ogilvy. In the bridal retinue are (left to right) Georgina Butter, 7, the Master of Ogilvy, 5, the Archduchess Elizabeth of Austria, 6; (second row) the Hon. Doune Ogilvy, 10, Simon Hay, 7, Emma Tennant, 9; and (at rear) Princess Anne, who was chief bridesmaid. The best man, Mr. Peregrine Fairfax, follows Princess Anne, then Princess Marina with the bridegroom's father, the Earl of Airlie; the Duke of Kent with the Countess of Airlie; and Prince Michael with his sister-in-law, the Duchess of Kent.

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ROYAL WEDDING (continued)

by ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

PRINCESS MARINA on the way to the Abbey for her daughter's wedding. She wore a hat and dress of gold tissue.

AS Alex kissed her mother on leaving for her honeymoon, Princess Marina had to hastily wipe away the tears which had been near the surface many times on her daughter's wedding day.

But they were half tears of joy, and soon gave way to Marina's little half-crooked smile that has charmed England for nearly 30 years.

Angus Ogilvy, standing beside his bride, put one arm affectionately—and it seemed at that moment protectively—around Princess Marina's slim shoulders, as though to say, with special tenderness, "Thank you for everything. You have been wonderful."

It was Angus who, by emphasising each line in his deep voice, gave the marriage service a very special meaning for Alexandra—his pause at "to love and to cherish" and his direct and firm "with all my worldly goods I thee endow."

And to obey

The Princess looked directly at him with the most gentle smile at "thee, Angus, to my wedded husband," and slowly stretched the words "to obey"—making Angus look very pleased.

The whole wedding was all so informal. We stood outside the Abbey all chatting like old friends.

Going in through the north door of the Abbey, I found myself commiserating with a pretty young woman who was wringing her hands and repeating, "David has forgotten his invitation." It was Angus Ogilvy's sister-in-law.

But Lord Ogilvy, Angus' elder brother, David, was there all right when I took my seat. The Ogilvys, seated opposite the Royal family in the Abbey, looked very smart.

Wonderful, indeed, was the whole wedding. And now, if the old saying about not losing a daughter but gaining a son is even faintly true, the Honorable Angus Ogilvy looks like making it so.

So dependable

As Princess Marina confided to one of her relatives living at "Coppins," the Duke of Kent's home, "You could trust him with your life."

"Yes," was the reply, "he is so dependable."

Angus Ogilvy is fun, too.

"He cuts a splendid figure," said one of the old guard at the Abbey.

But the nice thing about Angus is that he is positively bubbling over with enjoyment. He is dashing and very winning. He grins — and the long laughter lines fall from ear to ear.

He was engaged in the most uproarious whispering with his best man, the Hon. Peregrine Fairfax, until the bride arrived.

From the moment he stepped with his Royal bride out of Westminster Abbey, giving her hand an occasional reassuring squeeze, Angus Ogilvy had a protective air that was even more impressive than the pomp and pageantry of the glorious wedding.

Happy smiles

The smiles they exchanged made the whole service sparkle. It was clear to everyone that their happiness is in each other.

He looked wonderful on his wedding day, despite an occasional wince and a wariness in walking and kneeling, thanks to a slipped cartilage—legacy of a ski injury when he was with the British Army in Austria. In the slight car accident the night before the wedding the cartilage in his knee had slipped out of joint.

As everyone predicted, Princess Alexandra was a beautiful bride.

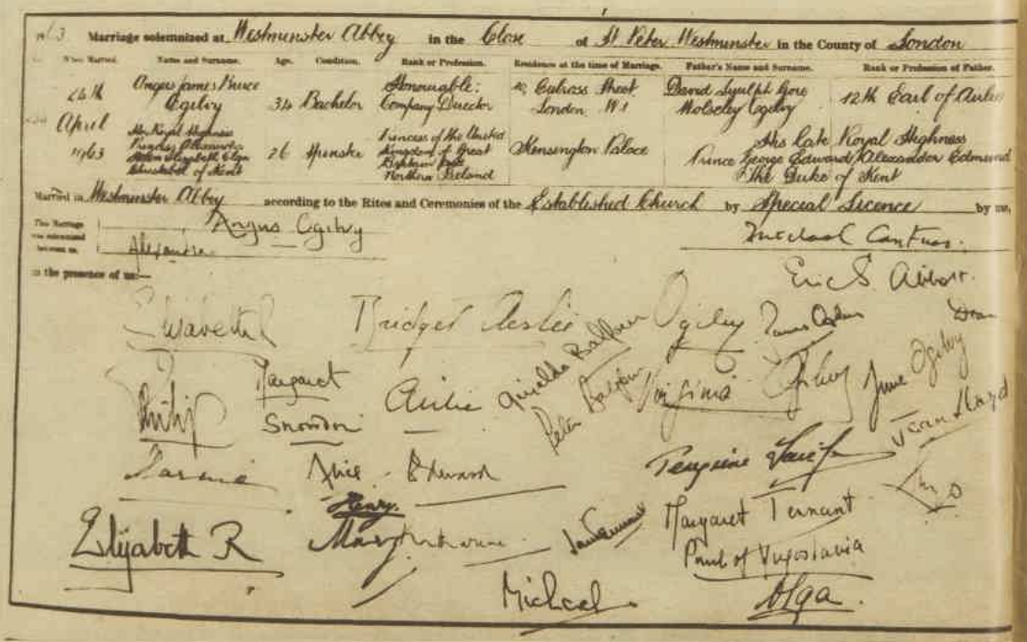
The wedding dress (by John Cavanagh) and the veil held by the tiara Princess Marina wore at her wedding were in a novel cotton lace.

The color—pale magnolia — was perfection for Alexandra's creamy complexion. The moulded lines showed her graceful well-developed figure to best advantage.

Although the train to the dress and veil stretched 20 feet, it was hoped to be so light the bride would have no trouble managing it. But she did.

And it took Prince Philip

PRINCESS ANNE (left), intent on her duties as chief bridesmaid, looked serious and very charming.



1963 Marriage solemnized at Westminster Abbey in the Close of St Peter Westminster in the County of London

When Married	Name and Surname	Age	Condition	Rank or Profession	Residence at the time of Marriage	Father's Name and Surname	Rank or Profession of Father
26th April 1963	Angus James Bruce Ogilvy	34	Bachelor	Hon: Company Director	40 Cubitt Street London W1	David Lyulph Gore Mobely Ogilvy	12th Earl of Airlie
	Her Royal Highness Princess Alexandra Helen Elizabeth Olga Christabel of Kent	26	Spinster	Princess of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland	Kensington Palace	His late Royal Highness Prince George Edward Alexander Edmund The Duke of Kent	

Married in Westminster Abbey according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Established Church by Special Licence by me, Michael Cantuar.

This Marriage was solemnized between us, Angus Ogilvy, Alexandra

in the presence of us— Eric S. Abbot. Elizabeth R. Margaret Snowdon. Margaret Tunnant. Paul of Yugoslavia. Olga. Michael.

ROYAL WEDDING ENTRY in the register at Westminster Abbey features the signature of many relations of the 26-year-old spinster bride and the 34-year-old bachelor groom. His listed "residence at the time of marriage" is for sale.

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THE BRIDE curtsies and the groom bows to Queen Elizabeth as they leave the altar. Princess Anne solicitously arranges the lace train which kept clinging to the carpet and held the bride in check.

His knee hurt, and her train misbehaved

to rally the tense Royals with a quip: "Going to have a tough time dragging that thing along," as he saw how the train was catching heavily on the carpet in front of the high altar.

By this time everyone was wondering if the bride would make it, even in slow motion.

Chief bridesmaid Princess Anne — suddenly like a grown-up young lady—made the dragging train and veil behave. And when it went on a social life all of its own it was Princess Anne who again disciplined it.

The lace had seven linings no less to give it shape and keep the top layer resting on an identical dress of white tulle hand-embroidered with gold paillettes which sparkled in the arc lights and soft candle glow of the Abbey and the brilliant chandeliers at the St. James' Palace reception.

Mother's pride

Princess Marina looked proud and beautiful in the Abbey and suddenly very isolated until the Duke of Kent, having given his sister's hand in marriage, joined her in the three rows of seats where the Royal family and their relatives sat.

Then Princess Marina relaxed.

Princess Alexandra's wedding meant so much to Princess Marina that apart from such sentimental touches as reviving the use of old family lace (the wedding veil was edged with rare Valenciennes which belonged to Marina's mother, Princess Nicholas), she took the greatest pride in having everything right.

Princess Marina is a perfectionist, and her lady-in-waiting told me that on the night of the great ball the Queen gave in the Waterloo Chamber at Windsor Castle before the wedding, Marina stood quite still watching the brilliant scene, and said: "All this for my Alexandra!"

The lady-in-waiting said: "It was as though all her sorrows were melting."

At the reception the children's delight with the groom's gifts was quite touching. Running up to Alexandra they proudly showed their treasures—gold bracelets for the bridesmaids and gold pencils for the pages.

"Princess Anne was fascinated with her gift," one of the guests told me.

She rushed up to Princess Alexandra and showed how it clipped on and off her wrist.

The wedding day finished on a bubbling note for everybody — with Princess Anne shoving rice down the neck of Prince Juan Carlos, the Queen treading on King Olav's foot and breaking into the biggest smile of the day, and everyone in an absolute frenzy of confetti-and-rice throwing.

The bride and groom paused just long enough in the gay whirl to remember those who had made it all possible—Marina and the Queen.

It was midnight before they reached Birkhall, lent by the Queen Mother, for the first part of their honeymoon.

There to greet them was Miss (courtesy title Mrs.) Anthony, for 30 years cook to the Queen Mother at Royal Lodge, the Queen Mother's Windsor home. She had gone ahead with a posse of servants, and Birkhall was shining with bright log fires.

The honeymoon at Birkhall is not likely to include striding over the hills and the heather. Angus has learned that when his doctor says, "Ease up on the leg, old boy," he means it.

The knee, which plays up from time to time, isn't much to worry about, but Mrs. Anthony fussed round the couple and sent parlormaids hither and thither for hot water and bandages.

Probably no honeymooners —certainly no Royal honeymooners — have had their journey delayed by a private party to which they gladly accepted an invitation.

On the way to the airport near Aberdeen the weather closed in and the plane of the Queen's Flight on which they were travelling was diverted to Lossiemouth Naval Air Base, where the station commander, Captain D. W. Kirke, and his wife, Moire, were about to give a dinner party.

They asked Alex and Angus to stay over and watch the wedding being run through on television. Which they did, settling down for more than an hour.

They had champagne and sandwiches, saw the films of their wedding on two channels, and at 9.25 p.m. said "goodbye and thank you," and set off on the 90-mile drive round the hills and glens of the highlands to Birkhall.

Scottish view

While televiewers glimpsed endearing moments in the great day of Alex and Angus, finding them "almost a giggly pair" as they eyed each other with fond and quizzical glances, in Scotland viewers had a preliminary profile of the bridegroom given by tenants at Cortachy, the Airlies' estate.

Various friends, including Angus' nannie, revealed the "determined little wretch who always wanted his own way—but didn't get it," "the wee boy who had many a hard smack on the quiet" for his firebug activities round the Christmas tree, the "very progressive child who never sat at the toy cupboard with the others, but was always making things," and the businessman with the "uncommonly quick financial brain," who leaves his friends jaded by his vigor and bounce.

Scotland was disappointed that Angus did not wear the kilt, but decided it must be because of his strapped-up knee.

Scotland was not entirely impressed with the view they had of the bride's dress, and the "Scotsman" said: "From a study of the last four Royal weddings on television it is becoming obvious that Royal brides must take the demands of television more into consideration when choosing their dress.

"To date the Duchess of Kent's gown has been the most telegenic with its dramatic silhouette and the contrast in the light values between its material and tulle veil.

"Princess Alexandra's all-lace dress and matching veil lacked the necessary contrast in texture to show up the line, while the lace veil obscured the light round her face and head."

The Yorkshire "Post" had a great deal to say about the train. It considered the train somehow "tampered with her character."

"Hardly the Princess Alexandra we know, bubbling over with fun, that humorously crooked smile creasing the bridge of her patrician nose.

Criticisms

"Everything she did seemed to be held in check, and I have no doubt it was the train of her dress, curving gloriously out 20ft. behind her, that was the cause of it, physically restraining her.

"Our favorite Princess was temporarily, although exquisitely, held in rein by all those feet of lace.

"The Duke of Kent having given the bride away found himself cut off when, duties done, he was ready to cross to his wife.

"Again, when the bride and bridegroom made their stately way to the Chapel of St. Edward to sign the registers, the train followed them like surf across a beach, washing over the young Duchess of Kent's shoes, over Prince Michael's and those of Princess Paul of Yugoslavia.

"Princess Anne with a touch here and there could be seen giving it direction long after the bride had passed from view."

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ROYAL WEDDING (continued)

ABOVE: The Hon. Angus Ogilvy tries to avoid a shower of confetti from well-wishers as he left his office in the City of London the afternoon before the wedding.

BELOW: Princess Alexandra hands her bouquet to an attendant as she prepares to enter the Glass Coach for the drive to St. James' Palace for the champagne reception for 500.

BIGGEST SMILE of the day — the Queen when she trod on the foot of King Olav of Norway as the guests crowded round to farewell the newlyweds before they left for London Airport and the first part of their honeymoon at Birkhall, Balmoral Estate, Scotland.

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"TANIA" (No. D0006): Honeymoon-pretty nylon tricot shortie gown you can wash so easily and drip-dry in a twink. No ironing, ever! White, Pink, Sapphire Blue, Aqua, Cherry, Coral Rose—a colour for everyone! 32-38" **£5/19/11.**

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PINCH PLEAT CURTAINS (No. G2052): In new "Vanguard" fabric, latest American colours, Melon, Green, Cantaloupe, Turquoise. Drop 6' 6" **£5/19/6,** also in other drops.

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"TIFFANY" (No. G0073): There's a hand-crafted look to this beautiful rug. Luxurious nylon pile rubberised back, washable, very long-wearing. 13 wonderful colours. From 3' x 2' to 9' x 4'. Illustrated: 54" x 27" oblong **95/-.**

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THATCHED HOUSE LODGE, in Richmond Park, South London, on which Princess Alex and her husband have a five-year lease.

ROYAL WEDDING (continued)

Their future home

● When Princess Alexandra, the Hon. Mrs. Angus Ogilvy, and her husband move into their new home, Thatched House Lodge, in Richmond Park, they will live quietly for the first three months.

LEAVING on their honeymoon. "I must have my home well run if I am to entertain for Angus," said the Princess, talking of the Lodge.

"IT will take all that time to get our furniture arranged," Princess Alexandra said to one of her mother's friends.

"The very first thing I'm going to do is get some of the curtains dyed."

Angus Ogilvy, listening to his young wife's plans for their first home, grinned in mild astonishment.

"But I thought you liked Thatched House Lodge because it was all-white—the curtains, the carpets, the walls," he said.

"No," replied Alex. "I decided on the Lodge because it was carpeted throughout and the windows were heavily curtained in white satin brocade, and I knew it would be easy and practical to add a little warmth by changing the color of some of the curtains and papering some of the walls.

"On only a five-year lease it would be too costly to have new curtains made. Besides, they would take such a long time."

The friend of Princess Marina told me that Alexandra is eagerly looking forward to living in her own home.

The friend said: "Princess Alexandra had rather taken

From Anne Matheson

for granted the perfection of her former home in Kensington Palace and her mother's artistic taste.

"Now she has her own home she has become an enthusiastic collector of antique furniture, and is intensely interested in decor, with decided ideas of her own."

Neither Alexandra nor Angus likes the strictly modern trends.

"Too coldly functional," they agreed as they drew up a plan for their home and went looking for 18th-century and Regency furniture.

They have leased Thatched House Lodge, with four acres of private garden in the middle of Richmond Park, from the Duchess of Sutherland, one of England's most experienced interior decorators.

When the Duchess moved in five years ago she and the Duke transformed the well-proportioned but rather characterless rooms.

The all-white motif the Duchess chose runs through the magnificent 60ft.-long drawing-room, cocktail room, study-library, and conservatory to the dining-room in the new wing the Duchess added to the house and the 12 bedrooms and six bathrooms.

Princess Alexandra is leaving the white walls, off-white carpet, and white brocade curtains in the drawing-room.

They will show off the valuable paintings that have been wedding presents from her Royal relations. She will introduce color with Thai silk, upholstered settees and easy chairs on comfortable yet elegant lines.

The most important color changes will be made in the couple's bedroom suite.

Princess Alexandra likes warm colors and patterned wallpaper. So the bedroom will have pale rose curtains, and Angus' dressing-room will be papered in an exclusive French design.

The couple's plans for running their home reflect how they wish to live.

They have a real problem getting and keeping staff who will "live-in." They will have a butler (or steward as he will be known), four maids, a cook, a kitchen-maid, and a young footman, as well as their personal servants.

There are good staff quarters, but the nearest bus stop is a mile away.

So Angus and Alexandra will provide their staff with a shuttle service of cars from the house to the bus stop.

If that doesn't solve the problem of keeping staff they will arrange for the servants to return in taxis in their own time, but at the Ogilvys' expense.

"It works very well with some of my friends," Alexandra explained to Angus, "so let's try it."

Probably the Ogilvys' most formal entertaining will be for the stockbrokers and bankers, the directors and their wives, whom Angus meets in his business career.

There is no question of Alex and Angus cooking their own dinners or scraping together after-theatre suppers for a few friends.

The Princess makes no secret of the fact that she can't cook.

"I wish I could cook, but I guess I'm not made that way," she said with a sigh as she leafed through some handsome cookery books she received as wedding gifts.

That does not mean Princess Alexandra cannot order a meal. She is probably the member of the Royal family who knows most about food and wine.

Her own life — once the three months the Queen has given her off from Royal duties are up — will resume its pattern of Royal engagements.

But her programme will not be as strenuous as before her marriage.

Useful gifts

With a husband who is one of the bright young men of a £200 million investment empire, working a 14-hour day, most of her public duties will be day functions while Angus is at the office, leaving the evenings free to relax and enjoy her home and friends.

And the couple have so many friends that they have practically furnished the Lodge for them.

One of the family told me that although only some of the wedding presents were on view at the reception in St. James' Palace there was everything the Ogilvys could possibly want.

The Hon. Gerald Lascelles, watching the Princess Royal give the gifts a detailed inspection, said: "Mother looks as though she's lost herself in the manchester department."

Piled high in one corner were blankets, sheets, and household linen in every color and texture.

Among the gifts were gardening tools that Alex had asked for—gardening is one of her hobbies.

As both like outdoor living, they received every kind of barbecue equipment, swings, umbrellas, long teak tables, and cane furniture.

Among the gifts of antiques was a chair so prized and old that when a cousin went to sit on it the Queen Mother, in a whirl of osprey, rushed up and said, "I wouldn't if I were you."

Lifting the gilt antique, she showed its shaky leg and said with a laugh, "It's not for sitting."

Princess Alexandra's wedding did not cost the taxpayers a penny; she gets no State allowance.

Although Angus is not rich by Royal standards, they have a most enviable future.

They will get the best out of life while working hard for it, at the same time enjoying a lovely home with a squash court, heated swimming-pool, and private cinema.

CHARMING summer-house in the Lodge grounds. Alex and Angus both like outdoor living. The Lodge has four acres of garden.

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● *ALEX was given away by her brother, the Duke of Kent. The diamond tiara was worn by Princess Marina at her wedding, and the dress and veil were pale magnolia cotton lace. She kept her bouquet of freesias, stephanotis, narcissi, and lily of the valley to send to the spot where her father was killed in an air crash in Scotland in 1942.*

ROYAL WEDDING (continued)

● *CLASPING HANDS is a trio of small attendants, the six-year-old Archduchess Elizabeth of Austria (left); the Master of Ogilvy, 5 (Angus' nephew); and Georgina Butter, 7. The tiny Archduchess, who doesn't speak English (she lives in Paris), captivated everyone. Princess Anne acted as her interpreter, using her slight German and more fluent French.*

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● *BRIDE AND GROOM stand before the Archbishop of Canterbury. At the Princess' left is the Duke of Kent, at the groom's right is the best man. In the front row of Royal guests are (from left) Princess Paul of Yugoslavia, Prince Michael of Kent, Duchess of Kent, Princess Marina, Queen Mother, Prince Charles, Duke of Edinburgh, and the Queen. Second row: Grafzu Toerring-Jettenbach, Prince Paul of Yugoslavia, ex-Queen Victoria Eugenie of Spain, ex-Queen Helen of Rumania, Queen Louise of Sweden, Princess Anne-Marie and Queen Ingrid of Denmark, Queen Frederika of Greece, King Olav of Norway. Back row: Princess Alice, the Princess Royal, the Gloucesters, the Earl of Snowdon, Princess Margaret, and ex-King Umberto of Italy.*

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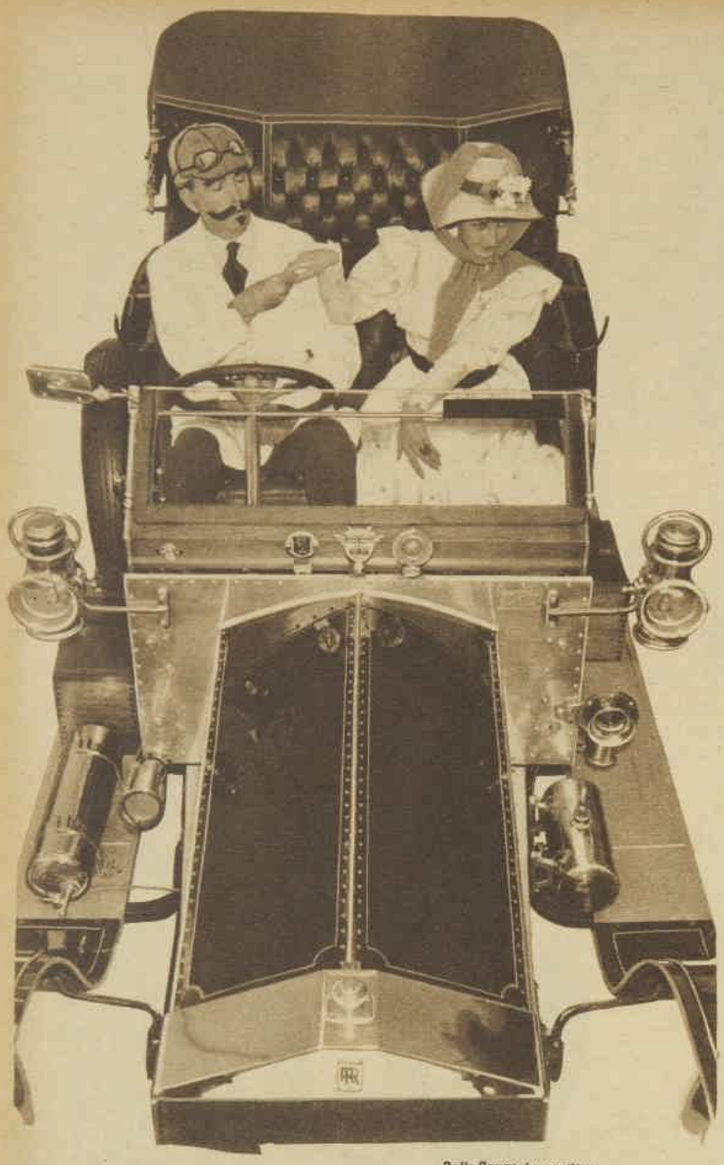

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FATHER

"Well, the thought was nice, anyway!"

MOTHER

"Just wait till you TASTE it!"

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Dram

PASSING a men's wear shop window the other day I noticed three young men studying the clothes on display with critical absorption.

They were as unselfconscious as female window-shoppers, and they typified the change that has come about in the male approach to clothes.

The change hasn't come by accident. Advertising and propaganda have been used with skill to make more men take an interest in clothes.

But even those most concerned with the clothing trade think there are limits.

Mr. Stanley Hughes, Director of the Men's Fashion Council, told me the other day about a harassed store executive he met in San Francisco. The executive's irritation had been aroused by a ten-year-old who arrived with a pocketful of dollars to buy a sports jacket and shorts.

The boy tried on 39 sports coats. He then announced that as he didn't like any of them he saw no point in looking at shorts, and departed.

★ ★ ★

HAVING watched the Marilyn Monroe show on TV, I felt a surge of indignation at the daily-paper critic who subsequently remarked that she was "just another dumb blonde."

Whether she was "dumb" or not was never quite clear during her lifetime. Certainly there was no real evidence to suggest that she possessed any notable intellect.

"Blonde" she was, but not "just another." She was an exceedingly pretty blonde, one of the prettiest ever. Her detractors say that her legend was made by skilful publicity, but any amount of skilful publicity is devised by press agents for girls who never catch the popular imagination.

You can be grim, if you like, and say that it would be better for the popular imagination to be fired by worthy people who contribute something practical and useful to the world. But the world can do with decoration, too.

★ ★ ★

"I DON'T care about the weather," the woman behind the counter said to a customer. "It can rain, hail, or thunder for all the difference it makes to me."

She's a lucky woman, if she was speaking the truth. When you live in a bricks-and-mortar area within easy reach of town the weather shouldn't color weekdays. But it does.

Rain falling on blocks of flats has a dismal sound, trickling uselessly from down-pipes. Perhaps it's not entirely useless. No doubt it washes the bricks. The owners of suburban gardens like rain better, but for real pleasure in the sound you need to know that it's filling the tanks.

AFTER seeing the current programme of the Old Tote Theatre at Kensington I came home and looked up the dictionary.

Ever since the theatre opened in February people, in singing its praises, have said that it has "atmosphere." Atmosphere is one of those vague (and vogue) words which mean very little in themselves. But it will have to do. Those who like theatre know the kind of charm it conveys and those who don't, don't care.

No amount of charm in a setting would compensate for dull plays, of course, but the Old Tote seems in no danger there. I have now joined the band of missionaries who say, "But you must go." Not that the theatre is in any great need of such efforts. It plays mostly to full houses.

Still with dictionary in hand I turned to "comedy." "Two contemporary comedies" is the programme's description of the bill. Fair enough for the first half, Ionesco's "The Bald Prima Donna." For "The Fire-Raisers," by Max Frisch, you could apply the Oxford's second definition — "branch of drama concerned with ordinary persons and employing familiar language."

But comedy to me, and to most people, means something funny, and "The Fire-Raisers" keeps you on edge with apprehension. I'd call it a symbolic thriller.

But that's the beauty of these two plays. You can argue your head off about both of them afterwards, which is one of the greatest pleasures of good theatre.

★ ★ ★

A LONDON firm which has bridal gowns and veils for hire also stocks battered luggage for honeymoon couples who fear that new luggage will mark them as newly married.

In what strange homes must newlyweds be born
If ancient cases do not somewhere lurk,
Their hinges rusted and their corners worn
From years of honest, overloaded work?
And who among their friends could not provide
Some well-used luggage, lacking locks, perhaps,
Tending to gape a little at the side,
But serving still when reinforced by straps?
And then light dawns. The pieces so desired
Are costly, travelled (never titled "ports"!)
Untouched by owners' hands, and much admired
At entrances of elegant resorts.

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ROYAL WEDDING

● *THE WEDDING GROUP, taken at the reception at St. James' Palace. Front row (from left): Bridesmaids Doune Ogilvy and Archduchess Elizabeth of Austria, the Master of Ogilvy, Mr. Angus Ogilvy and Princess Alexandra, Princess Anne, Simon Hay, Georgina Butter, Emma Tennant. Second row: Prince Michael of Kent, the Countess and the Earl of Airlie, Princess Marina, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen, the Queen Mother, Prince Charles, the Duke and Duchess of Kent. Back row: the Hon. Peregrine Fairfax, Lady Grizelda Balfour, Capt. Iain Tennant, Lady Lloyd, the Hon. James Ogilvy, Lady Ogilvy, Lord Ogilvy, Mrs. James Ogilvy, Lord Lloyd, Lady Margaret Tennant, and Mr. Peter Balfour. Lady Grizelda Balfour, Lady Lloyd, and Lady Margaret Tennant are Angus' sisters.*

● *PRINCESS MARGARET and the Earl of Snowdon. Flowers were seen all over the Princess' coat, which matched her dress and hat.*

● *THE QUEEN MOTHER'S hat of blue and grey shaded osprey fronds matched her ensemble of soft grey and silver run lace.*

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LETTER BOX

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Security first

I AM 24 and my husband will be 33 this year. We have been married four years and are saving money for our house, which we hope to build this year. Lately people have been accusing us of being selfish in not starting a family. We feel it is better to have some sort of security before we start having children. My own parents had a large family and we all had to struggle. I know what it is to have "hand-me-downs," so I don't think we are being mean or selfish in wanting to wait. Do readers think we are wrong?

£1/1/- to M.A.J. (name supplied), Palmyra, W.A.

The forgotten servicewomen

ONE grows weary of the many war films showing, almost exclusively, servicemen. Why not have a change to servicewomen? I was a WAAC in World War I in France. We were driven out by enemy bombing and approaching armies and suffered casualties. In World War II women served in all forces everywhere. Surely there must be enough experiences of women in the services to make an interesting film.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Olivia Barry, West Pennant Hills, N.S.W.

For a brighter Australia Day

IT has always seemed a disgrace to me that most Australians give little thought to Australia Day. True there are usually processions and sports organised, but in most country towns — ours, anyway — these are mostly dull old affairs and poorly attended. Couldn't the day be brightened up by having a festive "thanksgiving"-style traditional dinner and fireworks displays organised?

£1/1/- to "Dinkum Aussie" (name supplied), Cairns, North Qld.

Phones too high for shorties

WHY are public telephones placed so high? My sister and I have great difficulty in reaching them as we are both under 5ft. in height. I usually end up losing my pennies unless I stand on two telephone books — which looks silly.

£1/1/- to "Little Folk" (name supplied), Prahran, Vic.

Said the budgie to the sparrow . . .

OUR budgie, Bimbo, is our pride and joy. When he was young he flew off and was returned from two miles away by giving his name and telephone number to the people who found him. Recently he was sharing his birdseed with a sparrow. I could hardly believe my ears when Bimbo, sitting majestically on his perch, looked down at the sparrow, and said. "Hello, darling. You're a cheeky sausage, aren't you?"

£1/1/- to "Fair Dinkum" (name supplied), Tamerton Park, S.A.

Sleepyheads

"ALARM CLOCK'S" (Qld.) husband, who finds it difficult to get out of bed in the morning, has my sympathy. I suffer from the same complaint and I deplore a harsh awakening. However, there is an affectionate approach to the problem, which has quick results in our house. Whenever I can't wake up my husband quietly holds up my dressing gown, ready for me to slip into. I cannot let this kindly gesture go unheeded — so I get up. I do the same for him when necessary.

£1/1/- to "Snug and Warm" (name supplied), Lower Templestowe, Vic.

★ ★ ★

MY husband would never bat an eye when I used to call, shake, plead, and nag him to get up in the morning. Now I take him a cup of tea and before I have finished saying, "Here's your cuppa," he pops up like a spring daisy and is wide awake. I find this method much less trouble.

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. Parker, St. George, Qld.

★ ★ ★

AFTER 18 years of trying to get my husband out of bed in time for work, I finally cured him by warning him that if he didn't get up after I first called him he could stay there all day. The next day I called him at 6.30 a.m. and then went out. He eventually woke up at 10 o'clock, feeling very stupid and very late for work. This system worked and I wish I'd tried it years ago.

£1/1/- to "Janie" (name supplied), Prospect, W.A.

★ ★ ★

"ALARM CLOCK" should try the following recipe. At first call, grab your husband's shoulders and shake him urgently, saying in a loud panicky voice, "John. Quick. You've overslept." Then dash out of the room before he can ask the time.

£1/1/- to "Zzz Zzz" (name supplied), Berridale, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

MY sister and I play our latest record hit tunes and turn the volume up high. This not only makes our hard-to-wake father stir, but he comes charging out of bed — just in time for mother's hot breakfast. I suggest "Alarm Clock" turns the wireless up high or starts singing out of tune.

£1/1/- to Christine Martin, Myrtle Bank, S.A.

Ross Campbell writes...

WEAR AND TEAR

WE went lately to look at an exhibition of dream homes.

They were attractive places. The kitchens were big, the bathrooms were smart, the P.C. Items were shiny. ("P.C. Items" is a phrase I picked up from builders. It has nothing to do with policemen—it means sinks and baths and things.)

As we walked around these elegant residences my wife looked more and more depressed.

I could guess what was the matter. She was suffering an attack of dream home envy — very common among the visitors to such exhibitions.

"Doesn't this make our place seem knocked about?" she said wistfully. "Imagine having all these brand-new light switches and things."

I had to remind her that our place was ten years old.

It is a sad thing about dream homes. They start to change as soon as people live in them.

In ours it was the walls that showed signs of wear first. Handmarks appeared on the region two feet above the floor. Also pencil-marks—a cupboard door is still inscribed: "Gwen is mad."

The kitchen kept its dreaminess for a while. Then the plastic beading came off the table, and fly spots were noticed on the ceiling.

The iron legs of the "contemp" chairs dug holes in the lino. The shelves in the fridge began to rust. The skirting boards showed the marks of kicks.

In the bathroom the P.C. Items took a beating.

A jar of face cream fell in the wash basin and caused little cracks. A pipe leaked in the shower recess and made the paint peel off in the hall outside. A dark stain crept up the lower edge of the mirror.

In the bedrooms, fingermarks spread around the light switches. One or two door locks became cranky.

I won't dwell on the other things that happened to our dream home. The downpipe rusted through, the paint cracked on the window-sills, a tile blew loose, and the roof leaked.

We are still fond of the old place. It has lasted as well as most. But I rather resent the way these up-to-date dream homes put us to shame.

They won't stay as fresh as they are now, anyway.

To get the picture right, I think there should be an exhibition of 10-year-old houses, inhabited by fairly large families.

They would be displayed complete with children's footmarks above the beds, scratches on the bath, and worn patches of floor-covering.

The show would be called "The Dream Home's Awakening."

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RACES AT COONABARABRAN

THE two-day meeting of the Castlereagh Amateur Turf Club picnic races at Coonabarabran got off to a gay and sunny start. This is one of the oldest clubs in New South Wales, with the official records dating from 1895. It was a small and friendly meeting, and locals and house guests relaxed and enjoyed themselves in the informal atmosphere.

ABOVE: Picnic lunch for (from left) Mr. Graham Willis, of "Taviuni," Gunnedah, Miss Wendy Chapman, of "Mumbedah," Bugaldie, Mr. Robert Thomson, of "Ruvigne," Gunnedah, and Miss Alison Davies, of "Moulin," Coonabarabran. Most visitors at the meeting lunched picnic style on the grass.

ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Grosvenor Francis (couple on the left) chat with Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Scott, of "Wonga," Mendooran. A horse float with six horses broke down on the way to the meeting, so the first races had fields of two and three.

AT RIGHT: Miss Caroline Magennis (left), of "Ulandi," Bugaldie, and her cousin Miss Jane Langton, of Hunter's Hill, who stayed with her for the races, with Clerk of the Course, Mr. Michael Beer.

BELOW: Young racegoers (from left) Mr. Nicholas Cripps, here on a working holiday from England, with Misses Anne Bennett, of Roseville, Priscilla Renshaw, of Binnaway, and Mr. Ted Cahill, of Narromine.

AT LEFT: At the race ball Miss Justine McCarthy, of Rose Bay, and Mr. Allan Roper, of "Mount Marion," Binnaway, danced the Twist. Justine was house guest of Miss Priscilla Renshaw.

ABOVE: Talking between dances were (from left) Mr. Geoff Munro, of "Cuttabaloo," Binnaway, Misses Angela Thomas, of Binnaway, Judy Wentworth, and her brother Darcy.

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Worth Reporting

ESTRELLITA caused quite a stir when she visited our office recently. She weighs only one pound—and is valued at 150 guineas, almost £10 an ounce.

An appealing honey-blond midget, she is now three and a half months old, and has almost reached full growth. She is the smallest chihuahua yet bred by Mrs. D. Manning, of Mantika Kennels, Berowra, N.S.W.

Mrs. Manning established her kennels four years ago and has been aiming at breeding smaller and smaller chihuahuas. She is delighted with tiny Estrellita.

Mantika Chiquita Mia (Estrellita's aunt) won the Best Bitch Challenge at Sydney's recent Royal Easter Show.

Estrellita's smart grey-and-lemon pullover drew admiring comments. Mrs. Manning knits them for all her chihuahuas.

● *Chihuahua Estrellita, weight 1lb., in her grey-and-lemon handknit.*

Shower was optional

AUSTRALIA can be all things to all sorts of overseas travellers. To Dennis Enright, English poet and university professor, it is essentially a country of cleanliness.

"At Darwin airport when we arrived, everyone said, 'We have showers here.' They were so insistent, I thought it was compulsory," he said.

Professor of English Literature at the University of Singapore, he is spending his holidays doing an Australian lecture tour under the auspices of the British Council.

"I really ought to be writing a novel, instead," he said. He has written three novels, set in places where he has lived and worked — Alexandria, where he met and married his French wife, Bangkok, and Japan.

"My stay in Singapore is almost a record for me," he said. "My previous longest stay in a foreign country was three and a half years in Egypt."

During his travels and his university posts, he writes poetry ("whenever there's something to agitate me"), which has been published in three volumes.

He also writes book and poetry reviews for the "New Statesman."

Professor Enright looks like a mixture of Danny Kaye and Marcelle Marceau. "People are always getting us mixed up," he said.

Which nationality did he prefer to work with?

"Human beings," was his prompt reply.

Australians?

"I'm struck by the almost embarrassing hospitality. In fact, I feel a bit inadequate. But this tour is not long enough for me to be able to say much.

"Lecturing to so many people without getting to know them is like fishing with six lines at the same time."

● *Professor-poet Dennis Enright.*

REMEMBER our feature on the photographic exhibition of historic buildings, "No Time to Spare," in May last year? Country readers are now viewing the original photographs.

The exhibition, arranged by the National Trust Women's Committee, is touring New South Wales and part of Queensland under the auspices of the Arts Council.

The display of 24 photographs, mounted on large screens, is being shown in school halls, dance halls, shop windows, motor showrooms — in fact, any suitable space that is available.

"Camden Park," Camden, built in 1835 for John Macarthur, Old Government House, Parramatta, built before 1800, "Hobartville," Richmond, completed in 1828 for William Cox, are some of the buildings.

Aim of the exhibition is to draw attention to buildings of historic and architectural value which the Trust believes must be preserved.

The tour is certainly helping to do that. Mr. John Cooper, of the Arts Council's headquarters in Sydney, tells us that public response has been "extremely good."

History in music

THE township of St. Marys, just out of Sydney, has decided to spend nearly £1000 as their contribution to the 150th anniversary celebrations of the crossing of the Blue Mountains.

(Explorers Wentworth, Blaxland, and Lawson set out from South Creek, St. Marys, on May 11, 1813.)

The money will be given to the St. Marys Band Club to enable them to present an original work, "Pathway to the Sun," written by their bandmaster, Mr. Raymond Cray.

"Pathway" is a suite for brass and voices, and will be presented at the St. Marys Hall on May 12 at 8 p.m. in conjunction with Mr. Albert Keats and the Hurlstone Choral Society.

"The suite was designed to depict the life of St. Marys from early times to the present day," said Mr. Cray.

"It begins with a Soliloquy which has a military theme, representing the soldiers of those early days.

"Then there's 'Waggon Wheels,' a musical recreation of the crossing of the Blue Mountains, which began at St. Marys. In fact, Australia's first waggon was built there.

"The next movement is 'The Tanner.' I included this because St. Marys had the first tannery in Australia. It specialised in tanning crocodile hides.

"To represent the pastoral life of the district, I've included 'The Squatter.'

"The last movement, 'The Silver Chalice,' tells the story of the chalice—now in St. Mary Magdalene Church—which was presented to Samuel Marsden by Governor Gidley King.

"The finale is a musical report on 20th-century St. Marys."

Spears for tourists

"I DIDN'T realise you could get these things in the city," exclaimed a woman tourist with a triumphant air of discovery.

"They're too good for tourists," muttered a male voice at the back of the group. "I'm going to buy one of those carvings for the house."

The cause of the commotion was a dramatic display of aboriginal handicrafts on show in a window of the Sydney County Council Electricity building, Sydney.

The collection is the work of aborigines on five mission stations in Arnhem Land and was introduced to Sydney by the Church Missionary Society.

Fascinated by the bright feather flowers, the deadly weapons, and the intricate carvings, we called in at the Society's handicrafts store in the C.E.N.E.F. building.

"The shop has been going for seven years," said manageress Mrs. Lillian Smith.

Everything on sale was made at mission stations, she explained, and all proceeds went back to the missions.

"We do not advertise as a rule, but the Council let us have their window for a month, and it has made many people aware of us."

She picked up a small feather bracelet and a shell ornament.

"These appeal to visitors as unusual souvenirs," she said. "The feathers (from cockatoos, galahs, and rosellas) are in their natural colors and the aborigines make them up to their own designs."

On the other side of the shop, barbed spears jostled killer boomerangs in deadly duet.

"The Arnhemlanders use about eight different kinds of spear," said Mrs. Smith, "and prefer the straight killer boomerangs to the usual 'returning' type.

"Everything here is authentic. Our shop is the only agency for selling the work of the missions.

"We feel that in encouraging the aborigines to make use of their art we are helping them to become part of our way of living."

★ ★ ★

IT'S apt to be risky to talk about slimming in front of a small girl.

Recently a five-year-old was to be driven by Mum and Dad to a birthday party. Blond, blue - eyed, and dimpled, she looked delectable dressed in her best frilly frock with matching underslip.

She seemed to be taking unusual time and care about climbing into the car, so Mum gave her a hoist. And was horrified to catch a glimpse of a small bare bottom.

"Susan, where are your pantees?" she demanded.

"Oh, I decided not to wear them," little miss said. "They make me look too fat!"

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JIMMY'S TALENT PARADE

● Cheerful young Jimmy Hannan — compere of the national daytime quiz "Say When" — is a firm favorite with housewives right round Australia.

BEING a success on TV was one of Jimmy's ambitions when he was younger (he's 26 in August). He achieved that success with "Say When."

But he is not one to relax comfortably on his laurels. Nowadays, he's achieving another of his ambitions — and adding some teenage fans to his following at the same time.

"I always wanted to be a disc jockey and I always wanted to have a teenage show," he said recently. "This way I can combine the two . . ."

Jimmy was talking about his "Saturday Date" show, which began earlier this year. It is telecast live on Saturday afternoons by TCN, Channel 9, Sydney.

"It's a sort of visual hit parade," he explained.

The hour-long show is a faithful copy of "Bandstand" as it was years ago. The emphasis is on hit records. There are guest artists from the current crop of "names" in local show business.

And the studio is crowded with dancing teenagers. Mostly serious-faced (or with slightly self-conscious giggles when they see a TV camera hovering nearby), they concentrate on executing all the most modern dance routines.

As well, "Saturday Date" is something of a showcase for teenage talent. At least one "unknown" new act is featured every week.

TCN9 holds regular auditions for young artists who want to break into TV, and the chosen few are given an opportunity on "Saturday Date."

With "Say When" on weekdays and "Saturday Date" at the weekend—that's six shows a week—Jimmy Hannan has become one of the busiest comperes on Australian television. He's thriving on it.

ABOVE: Compere Jimmy Hannan with two of his guest stars, the popular young singers Laurel Lea (left) and Wendy Sullivan. Wendy's show career began after she appeared in a TCN9 talent quest, "Opportunity Knocks."

RIGHT: Jimmy Hannan is surrounded by a crowd of his young Saturday dates in the Sydney studios of TCN, Channel 9. Each week 200 enthusiastic teenagers crowd in for the show, and admission is by ticket only.

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Two new top shows on Nine

By DAWN JAMES

● With the arrival of "Stoney Burke" last week, TCN9 seems to have an unassailable Thursday night line-up of shows.

JACK LORD, star of TCN9's new "Stoney Burke" series, plays a rodeo rider who wants to be world champion. Each episode is centred on the tense and exciting world of the modern rodeo.

THERE'S the hour-long comedy "Fair Exchange" at 8.30 p.m., preceded by this new action adventure at 7.30.

The adventures of a rodeo rider called "Stoney Burke," the new series has plenty of spectacular action.

If you like rodeos—and even if you don't care one way or the other, like me—you'll almost certainly be fascinated.

I was . . . by the horses that plunge and rear and kick, by the (nerveless?) men who ride them, by the hoopla of the American rodeo circuit, and by the superb photography which brings the tremendous excitement of a rodeo to the screen.

Stoney Burke himself (Jack Lord) wants to win the rodeo championship Gold Buckle, so he is a magnificent horseman ("Ridin' broncs is my life").

Watching the opening episode, though, I began to think that Mr. Lord was anything but a magnificent actor and that the rest of the cast were doing their best to match his over-acting.

But I stuck to the saddle (sorry, the chair) — and how the programme improved after the first 15 minutes or so.

Strong scenes

There were some imaginative scenes; a fight at night, lit by the lights of a circle of cars, for example. There were startling talking points, like the car Stoney drove when he was in the money.

It was a gigantic convertible with metal buffalo horns adorning the front bumper bar, guns in handy holsters near the front seat, and gadgets galore.

And there was some good scripting. "I feel like a jelly bean," Stoney told a friend bashfully after he'd met a girl.

As Stoney Burke, Jack Lord is tall and rangy and laconic (he chews matches). He has a pleasant lop-sided face.

It was interesting to see him after reading an interview he gave an American TV magazine reporter.

Jack Lord is not a shrinking violet. He says he turned down 22 TV roles before accepting the lead in "Stoney Burke."

These included the part of the scout (originally played by Robert Horton) in "Wagon Train," because "Westerns are getting tired."

He also decided not to be "Ben Casey," giving the reason, "I can't stand an atmosphere of human misery."

In "Stoney Burke," though, he can be a character something like the ones played by the late Gary Cooper.

He is a great admirer of Gary Cooper, who was, he says, "As tough as steel, soft as fog."

For Jack Lord's interpretation of a steel fog, have a look at "Stoney Burke." Fog or not, it's worth it.

The thought of making Poland a REAL place instead of just a country-somewhere-in-Europe, and in a mere half-hour, is enough to give most reporters goose-bumps.

The "Four Corners" team accomplished it with what appeared to be comprehensive skill. And Mr. Charlton continued to awe me.

Minus a script, he can face the TV camera and quote fact after lucid fact. He never pauses to think and he NEVER says "Um . . ." My compliments, sir.

☆ Television ☆

MICHAEL CHARLTON and his "Four Corners" programme are back on ABN2 (Saturdays, 8.30 p.m.).

There really isn't much else to say: the "Four Corners" people — principally Mr. Charlton and his co-producer Bob Raymond—are so very efficient and calmly authoritative and knowledgeable and so very far ahead of anyone else (locally, anyway) in their field.

In fact, reviewing "Four Corners" seems almost lese-majeste.

I feel lese-majestic today. In the most respectful way—for the series returned with all the quiet competence evident in last year's programmes (that is, ignoring the occasional turkey).

Out-of-date documentary

LAST week ABN2 screened the documentary "Khrushchev," one of a series called "Portraits of Power." Robert McKenzie, of the B.B.C., narrated the story of the Soviet Premier's rise to supreme authority in Russia.

It was the frightening and matter-of-fact story of a ruthless dictator. For a documentary, it was also disgracefully out-of-date.

This was made quite obvious when the narrator mentioned "the 40th anniversary of the Soviet Revolution, celebrated *last November.*" Which means the film was produced in 1958.

Mr. Khrushchev has not been idle for the past five years. Discussing his power and personality in 1963, it is surely logical to expect that some conclusions may be drawn from his actions in the crises over Cuba and West Berlin, and in key issues like nuclear testing and disarmament?

"Khrushchev" may have been a fill-in programme — from this week the revived "Any Questions?" occupies the same Monday 9 p.m. time-slot.

Nevertheless, if the A.B.C. intend showing an antique documentary at a peak time, I wish they would credit prospective viewers with some intelligence and acknowledge the fact that the film is old.

★ ★ ★

HAVING gazed at recent newspaper photographs of Ricky Nelson and his bride, Kristin Harmon, I decided to have another look at the bridegroom in "The Nelsons" (TCN9, Tuesdays, 7 p.m.).

In real life Ricky is probably a charming young man. On television, however, he is tedious.

I just wish he would use a different expression sometimes; I'm getting a bit tired of the one he's used for the past few years. (Note: Considering Ricky has become a millionaire — at 22 — by looking and acting and singing the way he does, this is a pretty silly thought.)

Anyway, for the first Australian show after the wedding, last week's was very suitable.

Ricky and a friend were provoking the newlywed Dave Nelson, whose wife, June Blair, appears as herself.

"O.K., you guys," said Dave defensively, "you'll be married one of these days."

So now "The Nelsons" has turned into a suspenseful family comedy. Will Kristin Harmon, who is an actress, join the crowd on TV?

Will Ozzie and Harriet become grandparents on television as well as in real life, and bring Dave and June's baby son (born last August) before the cameras?

Watch the next gripping instalment.

But is it going to rain?

TV weather reports can be infectious. Instead of saying, "Brrr, isn't it cold," the other day I found myself coming out with, "Mmmm, there's a low-pressure system coming in off the coast, bringing with it some unstable moist air from the east . . ."

I expect, for Viewer Interest, the weather reports have to be complex. Or do they? Don't most people just want to know what-on-earth-to-wear-tomorrow and should-I-take-an-umbrella?

The TV weathermen confide this information at the end of their reports. Beforehand, we have from two to four minutes of maps (with squiggles and arrows and things) and some jabber-wocky chatter about highs and lows and troughs. We're told what the weather has been like today, even though we've probably noticed.

I predict that we will continue to weather all these technicalities. But I do wish the weather reports could be different sometimes.

Perhaps ATN7 could bring on the Revue 20 and literally make a song-and-dance about the weather. TCN9 might have a quiz show, starring the Weather Bureau, called "Rain—or Shine?"

And the A.B.C. might begin by stopping their Jack Noble from talking jargon. "*Temperature-wise . . .*" he said recently—and that was an igNoble phrase.

★ ★ ★

BOY meets girl in the most imaginative TV places.

It is becoming apparent that Meeting Your Fate at a party or at work or at the beach is too normal.

For a case in point consider the "77 Sunset Strip" (ATN7, Tuesdays, 7.30 p.m.) episode last week. It was aptly called "Six Feet Under."

Gerald Lloyd Kookson III (Edd Byrnes, who is too grown up these days to be "Kookie" and who doesn't comb his hair in public any more, praise be) bumped into Jeff Spencer (Roger Smith) in a restaurant.

Jeff was escorting a dazzling brunette (Karen Sharpe). Impressed, G.L.K. III wondered aloud where Jeff found such a glamorous creature . . .

"I met her in the cemetery today," said Mr. Spencer. He did, too.

"THE CHEYENNE SHOW" has returned in a new series on TCN9, Sundays, 10 p.m. Here, brawny star Clint Walker's hairstyle is carefully arranged by Susan Seaforth. She is his leading lady in "Satonka," to be screened on May 5.

CRY-BABY YESTERDAY

Bathing beauty today

Based on a real-life story

2-year-old Susan models her new swimsuit at poolside.

"Susie wasn't the same girl yesterday," says her mother. "So grizzly — just wouldn't go down for her afternoon nap. I'm glad I remembered Laxettes. Today she's right as rain."

When children are irritable, off their food or headachy, childhood constipation may often be the problem. Laxettes help restore regularity overnight, because each milk chocolate square contains an exact measured dose of safe, gentle laxative. Easy to take, easy to give.

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TOMMY HANLON

TOMMY HANLON'S *Thought for the Week*

Momma once said (to Papa, when he got home from work and he was complaining about everything that had happened to him during the day): "You think you've had troubles. I don't think you men realise what the average housewife goes through. This morning I had to serve three different breakfasts. (We all got up at different times.) I no sooner get one set of dishes washed than the sink is piled up again. The washing-machine broke down. I ran out of floor polish and the kitchen floor only half done. The dog got in a fight with the cat. I finally washed all the clothes by hand and just got them hung up and the line broke. Your daughter got in a fight with her best girl-friend in school and is in her bedroom crying. And you come home and tell me you've got troubles . . ."

Momma's moral: I think the only place the average housewife can find peace and tranquillity these days is in the dictionary.

DID YOU KNOW?

ENGLAND'S top-rating north country comedy series "Coronation Street," which has just been bought by Sydney's TCN9, has become such a built-in feature of English life that it is quoted in advertisements, parliamentary speeches, variety programmes, and newspapers without end.

It reached new distinction recently when two of its actors were concerned in divorce proceedings and one was unable to attend court because of rehearsals, and the learned judge remarked (fairly solemnly): "I'm not sure it would be in the interest of the country to hold up the production of 'Coronation Street.'"

★ ★ ★

THE M.G.M. television studios are working on "The Greatest Showman on Earth"—a spectacular on the life and career of Cecil B. De Mille. Scenes from the Hollywood producer's Oscar-winning "Greatest Show on Earth," "The Ten Commandments," "King of Kings," etc., will be incorporated in the programme.

★ ★ ★

TELEVISION'S most belligerent scowl soon meets TV's friendliest grin when "Ben Casey" has Sammy Davis, jun., as a patient. The show tells the story of a baseball player who loses an eye—and parallels Sammy Davis' own experience in losing an eye after a car accident a few years ago. It was Davis who suggested the plot to the "Ben Casey" producers.

★ ★ ★

SEVENTY-FOUR-YEAR - OLD Australian actress Ethel Gabriel was specially flown to London by British A.B.C. to star in their TV play "The Wednesday Caller," by Lynne Reid Banks, author of "The L-Shaped Room." Director is Charles Jarrot, who directed Miss Gabriel in her last play on English TV.

★ ★ ★

HARMONICA virtuoso Larry Adler has taped a one-hour television special.

★ ★ ★

THE acting Redgrave family have just completed a hat-trick plus on English TV. Youngest daughter Lynn appeared in Capek's "Power and Glory," sister Vanessa played Rosalind in "As You Like It," brother Corin and mother, Rachel Kempson, were in an ITV play, and father, Sir Michael Redgrave, is now working on an ITV play to be rehearsed shortly.

Television

RICHARD BOONE is shaving off his Paladin moustache for his new N.B.C.-TV dramatic series. Boone, heading a repertory company of 15 actors, will play—among other roles—a Catholic bishop, a ratbag Santa Claus, a baseball player, a company director, and an airline pilot. He may, he concedes, even get back into a cowboy outfit.

★ ★ ★

"ASTRO BOY" is the title of a new animated cartoon series to be introduced by N.B.C. depicting "the interplanetary adventures of a youngster in the 21st century and combining the advanced techniques of comic special effects and science fiction."

★ ★ ★

THREE hundred girls were interviewed for N.B.C.'s "Harry's Girls," a new series about the comic adventures of an American vaudevillian and the girls in his night-club act as they tour Europe. Harry has only three girls, and the 300 aspirants have so far been reduced to 59. Harry will be played by Larry Blyden.

★ ★ ★

ALFRED LUNT and Lynn Fontanne, husband and wife acting team for 40 years, will star in the production of "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals." Miss Fontanne will appear in the title role, a part formerly played by Gracie Fields in an earlier TV production of the play, in which she appeared with Jackie Cooper.

Sunday 12th May is my Mummy's day

'n I'm giving her a big box of chocolates 'cos that's what she likes best of all. She likes hard ones and soft ones and chewy ones and crunchy ones so I guess I'll give her a box of Nestlé's VARIETY 'cos they've got them all. They put the names on the wraps too so you don't have to squeeze them to find out what's inside. Wish it was Mother's Day now so I could have one. Why don't you give your Mummy Nestlé's VARIETY chocolates for her Mother's Day. She'll love them. You will too!

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Television

BALLET ON ICE

Colorful scenes from the fabled stories of "The Arabian Nights"

The Black Princess (Marilyn Wright, at left) has an eye-catching solo in "Arabian Ice," which amounts to a sort of rhumba on ice with variations. She is one of the four Princesses summoned by the Genie to dance for Aladdin. Marilyn, who has had leading roles in many Channel 2 ice shows, is here dressed Caribbean-style with a colorful head-dress of straw and gilded fronds and king-size golden earrings.

Ice scatters in all directions as Aladdin (Wayne Caldwell) flashes to a spectacular stop in front of the Genie (Gerda Goddard) in "Arabian Ice." The Genie's costume is of specially woven black-and-silver stretch fabric decorated with fringed silver braid. Her hands, eyelids, and skating boots are sprayed silver. Both Aladdin and the Genie wear striking beaded pagoda-like head-dresses.

WITH its 14th ice ballet, "Arabian Ice," ABC-TV marks up six years of presenting these successful live shows.

All of them have been produced by ABV2 Melbourne at the St. Moritz ice rink at St. Kilda.

And, like all the others, "Arabian Ice" has been devised and choreographed by former Olympic skater Nancy Hallam, who also takes a leading role. The television production is by Gordon Petrie, and the sets and costumes by Paul Cleveland.

"Arabian Ice" takes characters from "A Thousand and One Nights" and weaves them into a pleasant fantasy. It has a simple story-line, several spectacular solos and pas de deux, and a couple of full-scale production items.

Pictures on this page, by staff photographer Jim Ellard, show characters from the main part of the programme, a ballet based on the story of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp.

— Margaret Berkeley

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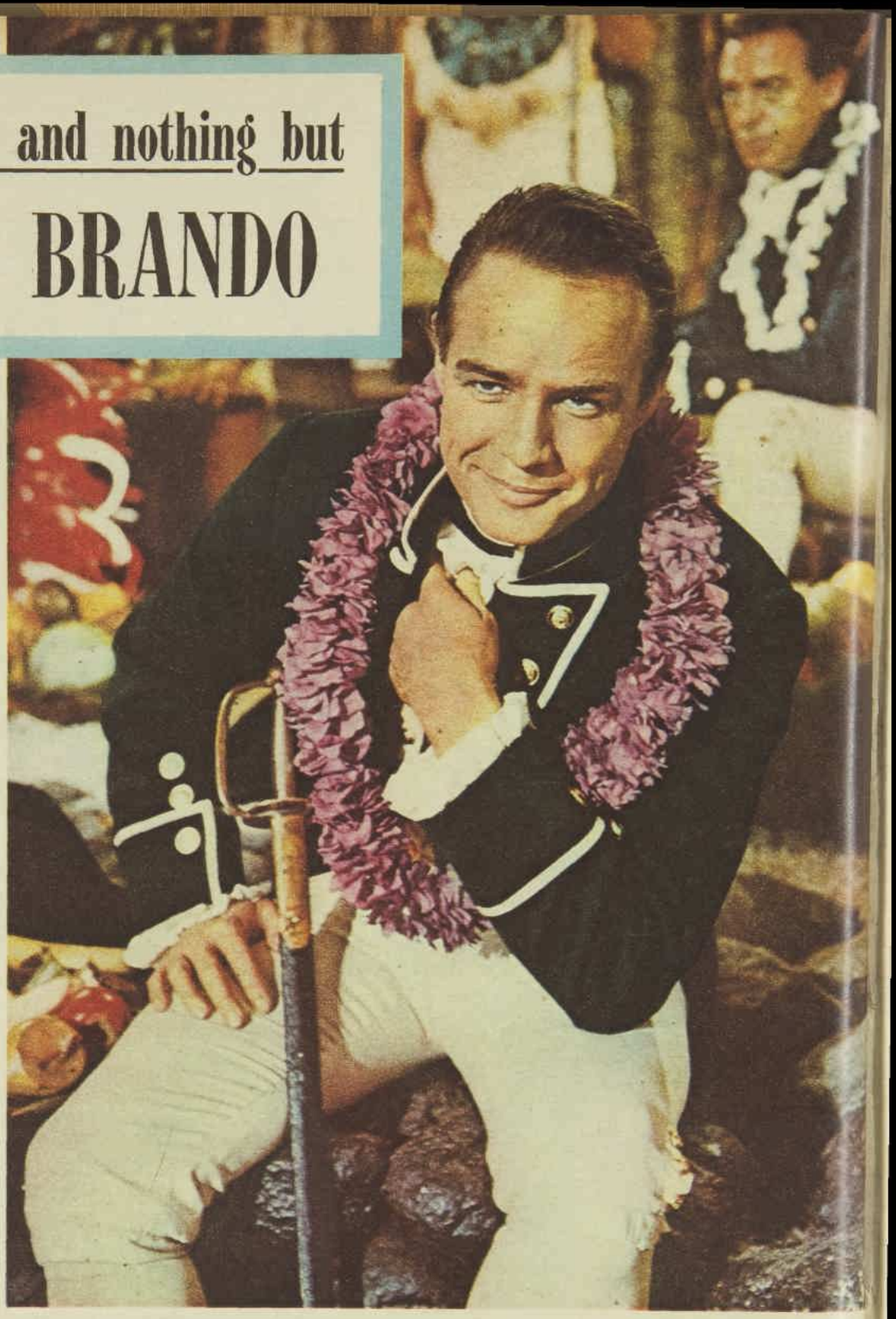
The whole truth and nothing but MARLON BRANDO

Third instalment of Hedda Hopper's story

● The one and only exclusive interview I had with Marlon Brando lasted half an hour.



IN TAHITI to film "Mutiny On The Bounty," Marlon Brando would retire to a jungle hideout when the mood took him. Filming was held up, says Hedda, while messengers found him.

AS the minutes ticked by he sat posed like Rodin's "Thinker" and paid no more heed to me than if I'd been a ladybird squatting on the back of his canvas chair.

With a snap of the fingers I brought him out of his trance. "Have you been listening, Mr. Brando?"

"Sure."

"Do you care to answer my questions?"

"I don't believe so."

"Then may I tell you that I didn't want this interview? Your producer, Stanley Kramer, insisted that I do it. You needn't submit yourself to further agony. Thanks for nothing, and good day."

I walked off the set of "The Men" and I haven't set foot on any Brando set from that day on. Every studio he has worked for has tried to coax me back. But I won't be insulted twice, not if I know what's going to happen.

I regard Brando as a supreme egotist, for want of a better term, whose good performances, like those in "On the Waterfront" and "A Streetcar Named Desire," I recognise.

I understand that he refers to me as "The One with the Hat." He has been known variously as "The male Garbo" and "Dostoevsky's Tom Sawyer."

He's doing extremely well without my support in piling up millions. He's a dedicated ringleader in a current melodrama which can be called "Viva Brando," or "The Actor's Revenge."

When he originally arrived in Hollywood in 1950, he carried his entire wardrobe in a canvas satchel: two pairs of blue jeans, four T-shirts, two pairs of socks, and the works of the philosopher Spinoza, who teaches that everything is decreed by God and is therefore necessarily good.

Marlon immediately labelled Hollywood a "cultural boneyard."

He said then: "My objective is to submit myself to what I think and feel until I'm in a position to think and feel as I please." It took 10 years to do it, but he made it in spades in "Mutiny on the Bounty."

He also said: "The only reason I'm here is because I don't yet have the moral strength to turn down the money."

When Stanley Kramer telephoned him in Paris about doing "The Men," Marlon had two questions: "Do you want me for more than one film? How much will you pay?"

From 50,000 dollars (£A25,000) for "The Men," he went, via "Streetcar," to £A75,000 in "Viva Zapata."

His asking price now is £A500,000 a performance.

The town should have known what to expect on the strength of reports from Broadway and his nerve-racking portrayal in the theatre of Stanley Kowalski, the caveman lover of "Streetcar."

Irene Selznick, who produced the play, gave an opening-night party which Marlon reluctantly attended. Jerome Zerbe, the society photographer and columnist, was there, and Irene asked if he'd invite Marlon over to be photographed with her, not for publicity but for her personal album.

Crossing the room, Zerbe passed on the request to Marlon, who turned him down flat. "Why should I be photographed with her?"

"Well, she's your producer, after all."

"Means nothing to me," said the newest sensation of Broadway, aged 23.

Zerbe broke the news to Irene and exchanged no more words with Marlon until Gertrude Lawrence and Bea Lillie, arriving late, picked their way through the crowd to Zerbe and made a fuss over him.

Now Marlon could see that Jerome was socially "in,"

Continued on page 24

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The whole truth and nothing but

he made a beeline for him. "I'll pose for that picture now," he offered.

Zerbe, a proud man, was halfway toward the door on his way out. "You won't pose for me," he said flatly. "I wouldn't photograph you if you were the last man on this earth."

I once put a question to Marlon asking his opinion of acting as a profession. "If you're successful," he replied, "it's about as soft a job as anybody could ever wish for. But if you're unsuccessful, it's worse than having a skin disease."

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He arrived in Hollywood with a large-sized chip on his shoulder.

Though there were stories of such generosity as tipping a shoe-shine boy five-dollars "because I felt sorry for him," he appeared to resent spending money, even a dime.

If he could get an agent or reporter to buy him a dinner, a drink, or even a cup of coffee, he was in a good mood for hours.

He refused to load himself down with a house, swimming-pool, convertible, fancy wardrobe, or any such items which the "cultural boneyard" usually regards as the accompaniments to a soaring career.

Producers, if they can, cultivate extravagance on the part of the stars. They see to it that their puppets stagger under piles of possessions and towering stacks of bills.

Studios will lend money so it seems easy to buy the house with the swimming-pool at £A100,000.

The debt becomes a sword to dangle over the star's head if he shows signs of resentment about making a particular picture. Arguments about "artistic integrity" are as effective as paper darts against a studio that holds the mortgage.

To his credit, Marlon was in no danger on that score.

"Just because the big shots were nice to me," he told a reporter, "I saw no reason to overlook what they did to others and to ignore the fact that they behave with the hostility of ants at picnics."

He is turning the picnic tables with a vengeance on the "ants." Their one-sided admiration of Brando (they used to call him "the best actor in the world" on weekdays and a "genius" on Sundays) got chipped when Twentieth Century-Fox cast him in a stinker called "The Egyptian."

He objected, but they imagined they had soothed him, and went ahead building sets, making costumes, signing other players.

When the first day of shooting arrived, Brando did not. Instead, his New York psychoanalyst cabled: BRANDO VERY SICK.

But he didn't get off lightly. The studio pushed Edmund Purdom into "The Egyptian," which was a great mistake, and sued Brando. He settled by playing Napoleon in a turgid flop, "Desiree."

The studio bosses are proof positive that you can fool yourself most of the time over stars who, when the fancy strikes them, delight in doing in the people who put up the money.

IQ of idiots

The producers ignore any flop these highly prized players make, and hypnotise themselves by repeating over and over: "We can't go wrong this time: it's our turn to be lucky."

They blind themselves to the fact that these stars jeer at the money men, make fools of them, regard them deep down as their sworn enemies with the IQ of idiots.

Marlon got into his stride when he made "One-Eyed Jacks," a simple Western that was going to cost no more than £A750,000 and a few months to complete.

First casualty was the director, Stanley Kubrick, who retreated in the early stages of production and abandoned the field to Brando.

On his first day as director Marlon threw away the script and said: "We're going to improvise."

For the next half year he and his crew ran up production bills of £A18,750 a day.

He had them spending hours on the shores of the Pacific waiting for the water to look dramatic.

He'd start the cameras, then sit with his head between his knees for 20 minutes or more until he got in the mood. As a good democrat, he let his actors vote for the

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BRANDO'S first wife, Anna Kashfi, and their son, Christian Brando.

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MARLON BRANDO with his second wife, ex-actress Movita. He was once engaged to a French fisherman's daughter.

The whole truth and nothing but

From page 24

last reel they liked best, and that was the ending he used, though he didn't care for it himself.

When the front office at Paramount got uneasy and costs passed the £A2,250,000 mark, Marlon turned surly: "I'm shooting a movie, not a schedule."

There were days, I'm sure, when Y. Frank Freeman, head of Paramount, would have liked to clobber him, while Marlon went on playing his favorite mumbling, lurching, behind-scratching character—himself.

Paramount has long since given up hope of getting its money back, much less of making a profit.

But when "Mutiny on the Bounty" came around, Metro recited the old mumbo-jumbo "We can't go wrong on this."

Sol Siegel, who ran the studio, insisted on Marlon as top star.

That little decision, along with several other lulus, cost well over £A8,750,000 before the picture was wound up. Marlon enjoyed £A500,000 for his contributions, along with 10 per cent. of the gross and an incredible contract giving him the final word on scenes taken on Tahiti.

"Mutiny" got under way when an M.G.M. expedition arrived on Tahiti at the height of the rainy season. It had to run before the weather and go back later for another try.

The first of the 30 scripts to be completed by five writers, including Eric Ambler and Charles Lederer, was coming hot off the typewriters.

Life on French Tahiti, where society is very proper and the caste system very strong, livened up considerably when Marlon arrived.

Off-beat girls

He unearthed a series of hideouts to which he would retire when the mood came upon him. On bad days hours would roll by while messengers tracked him down.

His taste in girls has always been off-beat, from the Hindu impersonator, Anna Kashfi, who was his first wife, through the fisherman's daughter, Josanne Mariani-Berenger, to a barefoot waitress whom he met on Tahiti.

The first major casualty among the company was Oscar-winning Hugh Griffith, who left the island.

Another Briton, Sir Carol Reed, hired to direct, was replaced when it became clear that he saw Captain Bligh as the hero, not Fletcher Christian, played by Brando.

Sir Carol had also made the mistake of believing that when he told Marlon to do something in front of the camera, Marlon would obey. Reed was succeeded by Lewis Milestone, director and diplomat, who grew accustomed to handling difficult situations with kid gloves.

There were plenty to handle. The movie-makers hit the South Seas like a typhoon. Liquor poured over the island like a flood.

A French naval lieutenant ran off with the second native lead halfway through filming, so that in one version two girls mysteriously alternated in playing the romantic scenes.

Marlon at one point was bowled over by a virus, forcing him to take to his bed for three weeks.

Aaron Rosenberg, the producer, couldn't make a move without being balked and countermanded by cable and telephone from Metro's front office.

On Tahiti there was panic at the lack of script. A succession of writers, concluding with Lederer, worked against the clock to get out scenes, often only one day in advance of shooting, sometimes rewriting lines at lunchtime for the afternoon shift.

"In one two-week period we shot

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It's not enough for a lady's cigarette lighter to just **look** feminine. Not for Ronson. It should also **behave** like a lady. Take Ronson's new Varaflame lighter. A lady doesn't have to keep feeding it lighter fluid. Or change wicks. Or go through a lot of mess and bother refuelling it. No, ma'am! The Varaflame lights thousands of times **without** refuelling. It doesn't burn conventional lighter fluid. It uses butane, a gas that burns with a quick, clean, gentle flame . . . a flame you adjust at a touch of the dial. It fuels in five seconds. What could be more feminine than the elegant, lipstick-shaped lighter above? Or the slender one next to it? It's the lightest, most compact butane lighter made.

At left: Firestar—130/-; other models from 105/-. Right: Ladylite—gold plated for 189/-.

RONSON

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The whole truth and nothing but

From page 26

only two small scenes," Irishman Richard Harris told me—he came close to stealing the picture as one of the mutineers.

"That wasn't surprising, since Brando was constantly demanding that scenes be rewritten. You never knew where the hell you were."

Trevor Howard, playing Captain Bligh, left for home swearing: "Never again will I take part in an epic," and to prove his point he turned down "Cleopatra."

He thought it was "the greatest travesty in the world to allow Brando to snap and snarl at me."

In their steamy tents the sweating writers invented a game to preserve their sanity. They made up labels to hang on the cast.

"Marshmallow"

Trevor Howard: "A deafening answer to no question." Aaron Rosenberg: "The persistent marshmallow."

For Brando, they had a tag so unusual that he brooded for days, trying in vain to think of some way to strike back at them.

At work, on a typical morning, Brando would stand on the Bounty deck, draw his cutlass, and yell at the ship's company: "I now take command of this . . ."

Then the crew and some of the cast would fill in for him.

"Train?" somebody suggested.

Marlon nodded his thanks and Take 18 began. This time he got it right . . . "command of this ship."

Charles Lederer insisted: "Brando is responsible for a great deal of whatever brilliance the picture has. But neither he nor anybody else I know can improvise and be better in five minutes on the set than a writer with three weeks at a typewriter."

Marlon's enthusiasm touched rock bottom when it came to playing scenes supposedly on Pitcairn Island, where the mutineers landed.

The picture was suspended for three days while they tried to get him to resume.

The cast didn't know what they were doing most of the time, because the next scene usually contradicted the previous one.

Richard Harris had a clash with Brando.

He told me: "Brando said: 'This is the final script. I want nothing changed, not a line, not a comma.' On the strength of that I memorised eight pages. We rehearsed it in the morning and prepared to shoot after lunch."

The company returned after the break, and the cameras rolled. Then, Harris related: "They told me I was wrong. They'd changed the script during lunch. I demanded that the producer be brought to the set."

Aaron Rosenberg didn't know about the changes. "Actors," said Brando to Harris, "are paid to do their jobs without opinion."

Harris exploded. "You like to pull the strings as though others are puppets. This scene was changed because you demanded it."

At that point Lewis Milestone walked off the set. So did Harris, who's an outspoken Irishman.

BRANDO went oriental for his role in "Teahouse of the August Moon."

"When Mr. Brando is ready to perform I'm available," he said.

"It was a long way to my dressing-room. You'd have thought I was radioactive the way everybody backed away from me. I lay down and closed my eyes.

"Presently the director stuck his head in the door to say sotto voce: 'Everybody in the company wants to applaud. You were great.'

"But still no one else came in until Rosenberg shook my hand, said he was sorry this had happened, and added: 'Thank you.'"

Eighteen months after the start, when M.G.M. had poured more than £A8,750,000 into this bounty on the "Mutiny," Marlon was still acting up, and the final scenes, months behind schedule, were being shot in Hollywood, costing still another £A875,000.

It was a unique moment in our town of Hollywood's history.

Nobody before Brando had dared take hold of a mammoth studio, swing it by the tail, and make the bosses like it.

Next week: Judy Garland

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HERE'S THE RECIPE: 4 ozs. shortening; ½ cup milk; 4 ozs. sugar; vanilla essence; 8 ozs. self-raising flour; 1 heaped dessert. Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa; pinch salt; red colouring; 1 large egg.

Method: Cream the shortening and sugar, add the egg and beat well. Add the sifted flour and salt alternately with the milk. Divide into 3 parts. Flavour 1 portion with vanilla, colour the second portion with red colouring and add the Cocoa to the third. Place alternate spoonfuls of the mixtures into a prepared 7" tin. Bake in a moderate oven, 325° or Regulo 4 Gas — 375° Electric for ¾-1 hour. Decorate with buttercup frosting. Use 4 ozs. shortening, 8 ozs. icing sugar and yellow food colouring. Cream shortening until soft, beating in sifted icing sugar a little at a time. Add a few drops of yellow colouring and a little orange juice if necessary to give the desired spreading consistency.

THIS RECIPE HAS BEEN TESTED AND RECOMMENDED BY NOTED HOME ECONOMIST MARJORIE MILLER

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"Did you live in the olden days, Mum?"

There was no roaring in these 1920s—just the crackle of the battery wireless and the tinkle of the piano at the pictures. A five-mile drive was a family treat . . . Perhaps, after all, it was "the olden days."

By DOREEN ROUSE

"IN the olden days, when you were a little girl, did you have a dirt floor in your house?" my three young children asked me, as if I had been born in the dim dark ages.

I am an older mother, my first son not having arrived until I was 32, but surely my 1916 birth date does not qualify as "the olden days."

What **did** I have in my house as a little girl?

I remember when I was nine years old we moved from the city to a small country town where my father took up the position of headmaster of the local public school.

A house was provided with the post. In the manner of country-town homes, it was edged on two sides with a wide verandah on which we slept in summer in preference to the small dark bedrooms.

Apart from the "living-room" in the front of the house, all the rooms were small and dark. No electricity; we carried candles or kerosene lamps from room to room.

The kitchen, its black fuel stove lightened with "silver frost," was so tiny that we carried all meals into the dining-room along the hall — nothing so convenient even as a communicating door.

My city-slicker mother, despairing of the fuel stove, introduced one of the first modern notes into the town in the form of a kerosene stove.

It was my pride and joy that I was able to master the filling of its storage bottle, and even in my bedroom in winter I could hear the reassuring gurgle of the kerosene dripping into the conveying pipes.

I could make a type of singed bread for toast, and served this with tea for my parents' breakfast on Sunday morning. Before long I could lift the oven frame above the burners and bake a reasonable dinner.

My mother conceived the idea of ordering a cooked dinner from the local cafe on the very hot exhausting summer days. This was very well and cheaply done, and it was my duty to carry it back across the playground of the school, one large white enamel can on one hand, ice-cream in a smaller container on the other.

Sweet memory

This is recalled with some whispered scorn by certain of our relatives whenever criticism runs high, but I think, "How sensible!" and look back upon it with the fondest memories. No one had a refrigerator in which to make ice-cream, and it was a real treat.

I cannot remember whether we had even an ice-chest, because the picture of the dripsafe on the verandah is so vivid, the legs standing in discarded jam-jar lids of water to prevent the inroads of the small black and the larger brown "sugar" ants.

There was no water supply apart from our extravagant number of four large galvanised tanks. It is a mystery how Mother raised the few flowers she did.

We had half an acre of land surrounding the house, the privy naturally right up one end of it away from the dwelling, and most of it seemed to be under high aniseed weeds through which our fowls—and we children—played hide-and-seek.

But right outside the laundry, with its fuel copper, and the adjoining bathroom at the rear of the house grew a luxurious grapevine (on an overhead trellis) and a profusion of verbena in vivid tropical colors in a tangled circle.

In the heat of the day there still arises in my nostrils the acrid perfume mingled with that of the geraniums under the tank stand, the red dust, and peppercorn trees.

The bathroom actually boasted a worn bath and a chip heater in which chips of wood and sheets of newspaper provided the heat for the trickle of water which ran through to make a hot bath.

One evening I lay soaking in two inches of tepid water. The tap had been turned off, but the fire had not burned completely out. The remaining water in the heater boiled and bubbled out all over my unsuspecting chest.

The pink wonder wool in which I was encased and the prickle of the broken blisters are unforgettable — the only occasion, I believe, on which in childhood I was ever visited by a doctor.

This latter gentleman I held in great awe, and one memorable evening I was dispatched across the dark four-acre playground and equally dark streets to summon him to my father's bedside.

My mother and I had managed to hoist Father back on to the bed from which he had fallen in a delirium with dengue fever, which was sweeping north-

To page 91

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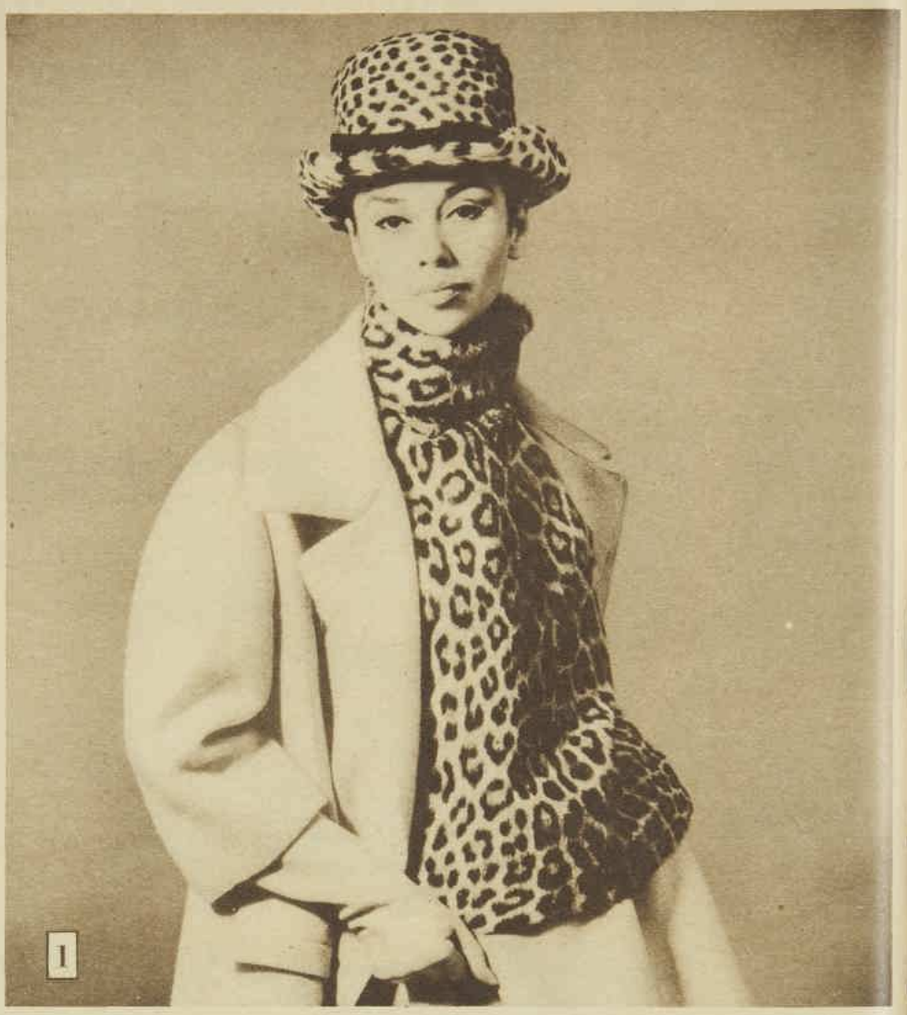
WINTER SCENE



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STEALERS FROM PARIS

● Here we show trends, shapes, and ideas to give any wardrobe a perked-up look for winter, 1963. The two big success hits in current fashion are the pullover suit (right) and the cape (below left). We have made patterns available for both these designs. Details are given in the panel at right. Address orders to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.

— *Betty Keep*

1

6

5

7

1 The season's most luxurious accessory twosome, a fur pullover and matching hat. Can be copied in fake fur bought by the yard. Zebra-striped furs are also in the news.

2 Fashion gives the "go" sign to leather, the real thing or bogus. It can be a dog-leash belt, a shift, or, as shown here, a town suit of lacquered black fake leather. Note: In this new leather era, black is tops.

3 Capes, nominated in Paris as the smartest cover-up for day or night, can be made in any fabric from tweed to satin. The cape illustrated is available in Pattern No. 7844. Comes in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 6¼yds. 36in. material or 3¾yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

4 Right on the fashion beam, a boy-type hat and long matching scarf in brilliant tartan wool — could be black and white tweed or scarlet wool. A chic and cheerful twosome to wear with anything smooth and classic.

5 Boots, a new look in winter footwear, introduced by the imaginative French designer Roger Vivier. The ones illustrated are in black suede. Boots are already fashionable in Australia in all shapes, colors, and fabrics.

6 The pullover suit snares current fashion limelight. Rangy and unwaisted, it appears in all materials, from glitter to tweed. The skirt is always slim. This one is available in Pattern No. 7843. Comes in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

7 New star of the evening coiffure — glitter. Sew your favorite piece of fake to a tiny comb and wear it dead centre or to one side above the ear. Oriental glitter is also news. A bow in gauzy gold can be worn the same way.

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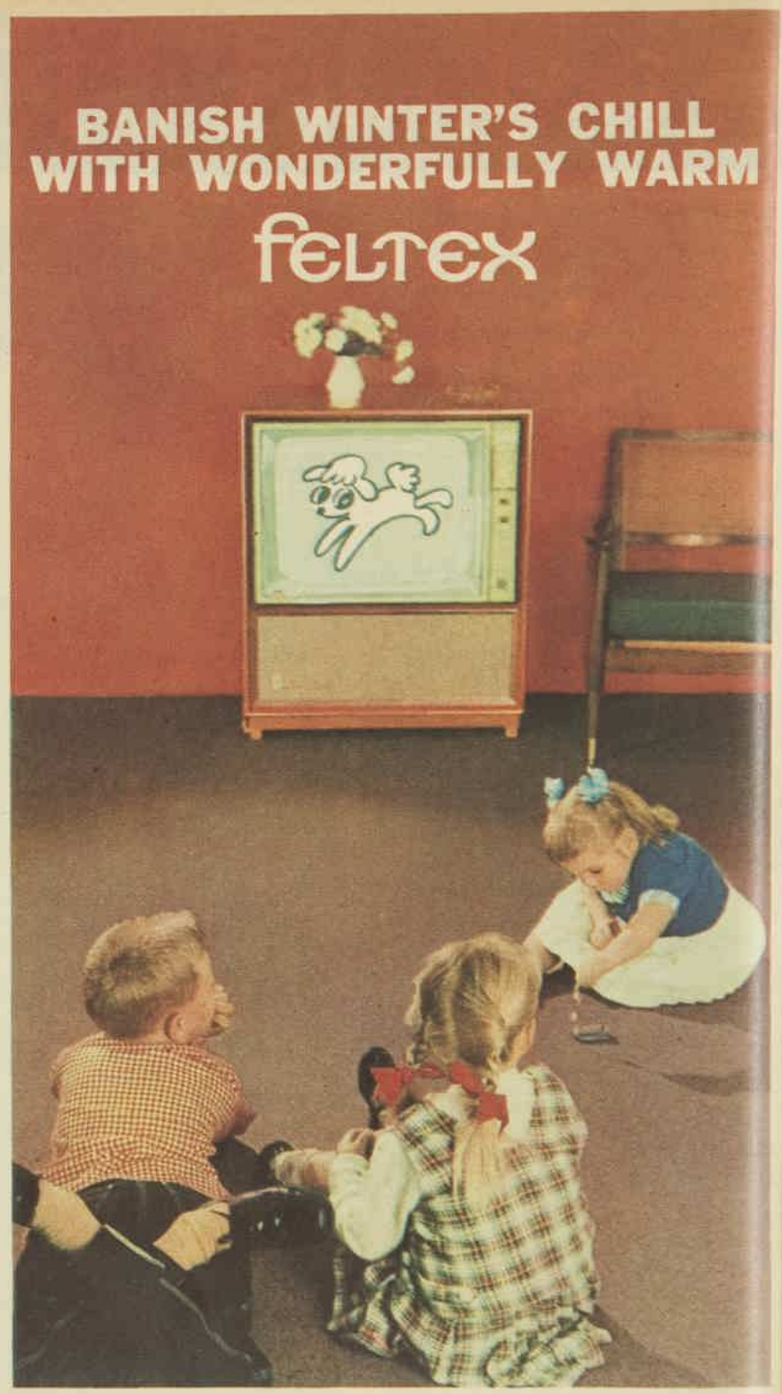

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DROP DEAD

Second instalment of our murder mystery

By MARGOT NEVILLE

HANDSOME forty-five-year-old CLAUDE NEVINSON, big business tycoon and restaurateur, estranged from his wife, ESTELLE, is in love with beautiful ANNA HERBERT, a widow whose husband has recently been killed in a car accident. Knowing one of his employees, BOB RIVERS, is also interested in Anna, Claude sends him abroad on a business trip. On the evening of Bob's return he visits Anna at Braham Court, the block of flats where she lives, only to discover that Nevinson, who had been dining at Anna's seventh-floor flat, has just fallen to his death from a balcony.

Living on the same floor are Nevinson's wife, LIZZIE BROWNLOW, a divorcee and owner of an art shop and gallery, HERMIONE WEBB, a spinster who shares a flat with Lizzie, and DAISY PATMORE, a widow interested in spiritualism.

Frequent visitors to Braham Court are WILLY STANLEY, a foreigner in love with Estelle, and two artists, NOEL FALLOW, who runs Lizzie's shop and is painting a mural in the sixth-floor flat, and JOE DYASON, who is planning an exhibition at Lizzie's gallery.

When Bob arrives at Anna's flat he notices how calm she is, in spite of what has happened. Looking round, he sees sketches of Noel's mural, the typescript of a book by Willy, and a couple of Joe's canvases, including a self-portrait.

Estelle, Hermione, Willy, and Joe join Anna in her flat, where DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR KEVIN CROGAN and DETECTIVE-SERGEANT LES MANNING, from the C.I.B., are questioning her. She identifies a wallet found beside Nevinson's body as belonging to her late husband. She says she left her flat at 7.45 to get some fruit from a nearby shop, leaving Nevinson in the sitting-room.

Suddenly Estelle becomes hysterical, and Willy, Joe, and Hermione escort her back to her own flat. Bob also leaves, saying he wants to buy some cigarettes. The questioning of Anna proceeds, when it is interrupted by the telephone ringing in her bedroom. NOW READ ON:

ANNA got up and went in to answer the telephone. She switched on the lights as she entered the room, and for a moment stopped at the dressing-table and gave her face a brief survey. Did she expect to see written there some trace of these hours just past since she had come into the flat with Claude?

She sat down on the bed and lifted the receiver, but without hurry, as though her mind was a long way from anything that could come to her over the telephone. "Hullo?"

Bob, in the call-box, pressed the button and the four pennies rattled down. There was a frown on his face and the receiver was clamped tightly to his ear.

"It's me, Anna—Bob. I'm down at the box at the corner. I couldn't sit there any longer and hear those men start in on a round of Who's Who on the top floor. I had to have a minute alone with you. Don't say my name, though."

"What in the world—?" Her voice dropped.

"Or let them know it's me. I mean—is the door shut?"

"Of course. What is it?"

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"By the way, Anna, who is Uriah?" Bob asked.

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How much champagne for 200?

By PATRICIA BEST

ALEX HARDY, who catered for parties of up to 400 in her job in Mayfair.

● Last year's London season was a hectic round of parties for Alex Hardy, of Bundella, N.S.W. Each month she had 18 to 20 engagements in her diary whose success all depended on her.

ALEX, 24, was catering comptroller at Number Six, Hamilton Place, Mayfair, a four-storey London house which is hired out for some of the ritziest London parties.

"Number Six held 400 people — nearly bursting at the seams," said Alex.

"For a big party like that I would get a chef, of course. But for a lunch or dinner party for a dozen or so I'd do the cooking."

Alex really can cook. She worked for a year in the cookery department of The Australian Women's Weekly, and when she went to London 15 months ago studied at the Cordon Bleu School.

Then she got a job cooking breakfast and lunch for a London playwright and his family.

"It was frightful," she said. "I had to do all the shopping, cope with an appalling kitchen with bells ringing like mad, and be treated like below-stairs-dirt —all for £4/10/- a week.

"Mostly cooking jobs are terribly badly paid.

"So I was thrilled to get the job at Number Six. It was never dull and was very well paid. I got five per cent of the cost of every party—an incentive to make them all a roaring success.

"Someone would ring up and say she wanted to have a cocktail party for 200 people in three weeks' time. I would list every item she wanted, then work out the estimates. Food would cost about 12/- to 15/- a head. The more people they had the cheaper it was, of course.

"When the managing-director had okayed my estimate, it would be mailed to the hostess for approval. Then I would start.

"I'd order all the food and drink, flowers, plates, and glasses. I'd ring up Baldwin, our headwaiter, and he would engage all the necessary casual staff of maids, drink - waiters, waitresses, cloakroom attendants, doorman, whatever was wanted. And I'd book the chef."

Food for these cocktail parties would include smoked salmon rolls on sticks, stuffed eggs, cheese and pineapple, hot cocktail sausages, small individual lobster vol-au-vents, miniature sandwiches, nuts and fruit, Scotch woodcock, Parma ham and melon on sticks, and pastry-boats filled with fish mornay.

"For formal dinner parties we usually served something cold first (smoked salmon, melon and ham, smoked trout, potted shrimps), followed by fish (invariably some form of sole), then a joint (saddle of lamb was quite popular), a bird (duck or pheasant), or some type of ritzy casserole.

"Desserts were fairly elaborate.

"Cheese was occasionally served — camembert and stilton are very popular. I also produced petit fours (marzipan, etc.) with coffee.

"Baldwin would always serve dinner, assisted by one, two, or three waiters as 'circumstances' demanded.

"The menu (at right) is a copy of one actually served at Number Six, and could be easily duplicated here.

Easy to serve

"It's not terribly original," said Alex, "but I found clients rather wary of anything very unusual. I always tried to guide them toward things that would be easy to serve!"

Alex also coped with a constant round of luncheons, weddings, and deb dances.

At one of the most exclusive deb dances she was stationed at the door with a guest-list to stop gate-crashers.

"They were incredible," she said, "all dressed up and just dying to get in.

"At that party we didn't serve supper — just breakfast at 2 a.m. And, of course, champagne all the time.

"It started about 10 p.m. and went on till 3. There were 200 guests and it cost about £4 a head. That covered absolutely everything — hire, food, drink, flowers, servants. It was a marvellous party."

For cocktail parties Alex usually allowed one-third of a bottle of champagne per head in her estimates.

"But then some guests would drink whisky or gin and there would be miles of champagne left and no spirits, and we would have to race down to the cellar and get more," she said.

Alex's job was hard work. She would be in the office from nine to five all week dealing with written quotes, menus, bills, and accounts, and whenever there was a party she had to be there, even if it went on till 5 a.m. She got time off instead of being paid overtime.

"The mess after a party was unbelievable," she said. "The place looked a shambles. But by the time the cleaning staff had finished we were ready for another."

DINNER-PARTY MENU

Melon with Parma Ham
Filet de Sole Veronique
Coq au Vin
Saute potatoes, Broccoli
Souffle Glace aux Cerises
Coffee, Petit Fours

MELON WITH PARMA HAM

Parma ham can be bought in tins, and is served with a slice of honeydew or rockmelon.

FILET DE SOLE VERONIQUE

(Flounder or whiting could also be used).

Skin the fillets, poach them in white wine with onions, peppercorns, and a bayleaf. Make a roux of butter and flour, adding the cooking liquid and a little cream to make the sauce. Add the contents of a tin of peeled white grapes and brown under the grill before serving. Decorate the dish with small bunches of grapes. Fresh peeled grapes can be used for the sauce—"We used the tinned variety for speed," said Alex.

COQ AU VIN

(A casserole of chicken in red wine).

Cut the birds into joints, brown them in butter, then cook very slowly in a casserole together with button onions, a little diced gammon, mushrooms, and a bouquet garni in a mixture of stock and red wine.

SAUTE POTATOES

Boil potatoes in their skins till almost tender, then peel and slice. Brown the slices slowly in a mixture of oil and butter and sprinkle with parsley and salt.

BROCCOLI

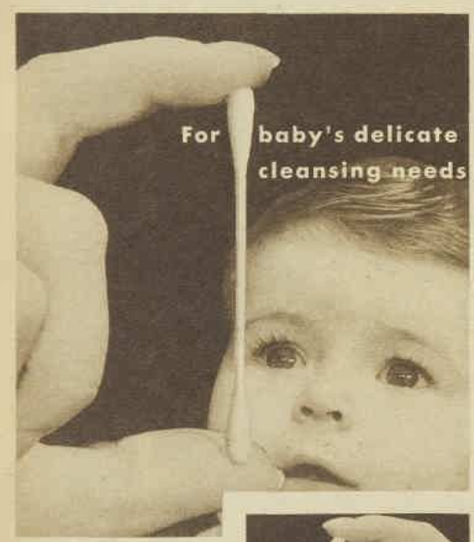
Cook a packet of frozen broccoli in boiling water till tender (five to seven minutes) and toss in melted butter.

SOUFFLE GLACE AUX CERISES

(A variety of Bombe Alaska).

Cut out slab of sponge-cake to fit an oval silver platter ("We served almost everything on these") and on this place two bricks of ice-cream. Cover the whole with meringue, suitably arranged in swirls. Then put it in a very hot oven to brown the meringue and serve immediately. A cherry sauce of black stoned cherries, thickened with arrowroot and flavored with kirsch, accompanies this.

Johnson's cotton buds



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. . . and that's *something!"* says busy Mrs. Clarke. "A wash for two-year-old triplets needs *really* rich suds. So it's Rinso for me. There's nothing half-hearted about Rinso suds!"

"Dad thinks they're little angels — he doesn't have to wash for them! It doesn't take them long to get his nice white shirt grubby. But never mind. Rinso suds get shirts and sheets wonderfully white again."

"Those three little monkeys keep me hopping — but I'm really very proud of them. I suppose that's why I rely on Rinso suds to keep their clothes so bright and fresh-looking."

"Three lots of everything — as well as an ordinary wash! I feel as if I need *three* hands on wash day. Thank heavens Rinso suds are so good at coping with a big wash."

The richer the suds the whiter and brighter the wash and

...Rinso has the richest suds of all!

No wonder Rinso is Australia's most popular washing powder. Mrs. Clarke — like most Australian housewives — gets extra whiteness, extra brightness in her wash because she knows the value of good rich suds. The richer the suds the whiter and brighter the wash, and Rinso has the richest suds of all.

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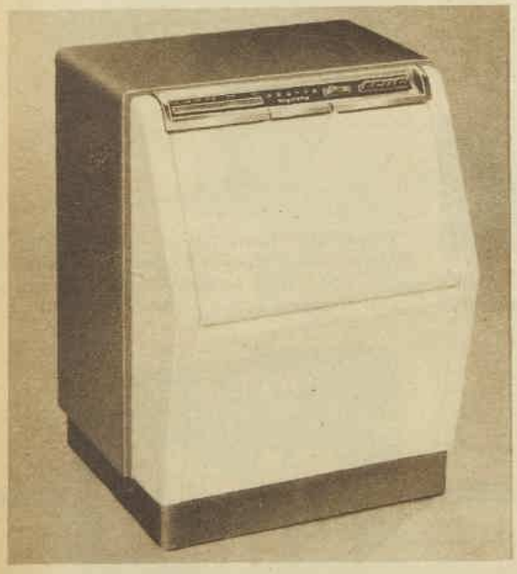

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Turkish slippers

A short story complete on this page

By OLGA ROSMANITH

As Chris handed the slippers to Laura he wondered why he had never noticed how beautiful she was.

AUNT BELLE had so long been unaccustomed to men's attention that it embarrassed her when she saw the visitor looking at her feet. He gave her his rather shy smile, then went to his overcoat and brought her a little flat package produced from his pocket.

"They'll fit," he said, "I brought something for everybody."

"Everybody" was Aunt Belle, whose real name was Mrs. William Indigo, Laura, who was at school teaching an evening art class, and Mrs. Dennison, who was the owner of the rooming-house and Laura's mother.

The young man was Chris Monahon, who had roomed with them while he majored in political science and languages at the University. Now he lived an interesting and mysterious life as a diplomatic courier who was trusted with dispatches too important to send by mail. "It's only the beginning," he told them. "I plan to end as an ambassador." He used his flight time to continue his study of languages.

He had left for the airport to return to Washington when Laura got in at half past ten from school.

Her mother was wearing a silver-stitched network shawl over her afternoon grey dress. Aunt Belle had put her present away. She handed Laura the package Chris had left for her as she sat at the table at her late supper.

The package did not relieve the disappointment. It contained three flat wooden boxes with gaudy Turkish labels on them. One was the genuine Turkish Delight, the next was guava jelly, and the third was a Turkish compound of honey and crushed almonds, not good for her figure.

Why she draped it with fog-colored tweeds and oatmeal-colored jersey, no one but she could tell. They were "useful" colors, and further than that she never thought about it.

Aunt Belle frowned at the look on Laura's pale, conservative face. She felt guilty. Laura was only twenty-three, still a child. What had Chris been thinking? Or had he not been thinking? She went to her room and brought out the Turkish slippers.

"We'll trade if you don't mind. I love that stuff and you don't eat it. And what would I do with these frivolous things? I think Chris got them mixed up."

With one of the greatest efforts at self-abnegation she ever made in her life, she threw the luscious red slippers into Laura's lap. Laura picked them up to give them back, but the first glance stayed her. They were of glowing, shimmering red velvet turned up at the toes and were stitched with pseudo jewels and pearls in posies of red and blue flowers with foliage in gold thread.

Laura pushed off her shoes and slipped them on. They fitted.

"I shouldn't swop," she sighed, "but I can't help it. They're so lovely."

Aunt Belle noted how slim were Laura's ankles, whereas hers were swollen.

"My time has gone," she said, picking up the candies, "for such frivolities as Turkish slippers."

Laura kept them on when she went up to bed. She sat in her armchair, turned the radio to music, and stuck her feet before her and looked at them. They gave her a strange feeling. She got up and danced a little. She felt stranger yet. Suddenly she remarked, "I, too, am a woman." Then wondered what she meant.

She laughed to herself, then tore off her dim bathrobe and threw it across the room. "My slippers don't like you. Don't be afraid, little slippers, I'll get you a red corduroy housecoat tomorrow."

Next day she got the housecoat, and, putting on the slippers, swirled downstairs in it.

Aunt Belle was carrying a tray of dishes to the kitchen. She stopped. "Why, Laura, how good you look in red." She called to Laura's mother. "Come and see your daughter. She looks like a different woman."

One of the roomers, a teacher who was in a hurry to go to his night class, came out of the dining-room. He said, "Why, Laura, you look beautiful. Just a little redder lipstick. With that gown you have to wear something with life in it."

He went off in haste. Some of the students began to laugh, saying the "old stick" was a dark horse, didn't know he had any life in him. Aunt Belle informed them the "old stick" was in his early thirties.

Laura stopped at the drugstore on the way to the art class and bought a lipstick called "Vibrant Flame." She put it on in the dressing-room. Her pallor looked dramatic and her green eyes flashed with light. She threw the worn "Natural Pink" into the waste-basket.

Her Aunt Belle was up when she got home to see that she had a good hot supper.

The old lady sat before her and smiled at her fondly. "That lipstick does things for you, dear. But those clothes don't. Who would ever think you were the same girl as the one in the red housecoat? That geranium-red," she mused. "How I used to love it when I was young. I was wearing a dress just that color the night your Uncle Bill proposed to me. It's a lucky color, Laura. Good things seem to happen in it."

Who would think you were the same girl? These words haunted Laura as she relaxed in the red robe and the Turkish slippers for half an hour with a book and music before she went to sleep.

Next morning Laura woke to bars of sunlight through the venetian blinds. She looked out and saw the green veils over the bare trees had changed overnight into myriads of bright green flames. It was spring.

It was her habit to get up at eleven, since she worked at night, but today she rose at nine and went downtown. First she went to the bank and drew from her healthy savings, then she walked the main shopping streets comparing the spring fashions in the store windows. She drove home in one of her numerous purchases, a soft neutral tweed suit heavily flecked with blue and scarlet, with a frilled scarlet nylon blouse inside it. Her car was a convertible. The wind lifted her dark hair from under a chic little scarlet ribbon beret.

She felt happy. Aunt Belle helped her bring her packages in.

"What's all this about? But you do look lovely, dear."

"Oh, I don't know. I just felt happy. It's the spring starting. Come to think of it, I never felt so happy in my life."

In her room Laura unpacked her purchases and spread them on the bed. Embroidered blouses, rainbow peasant skirts, and for hot days a jade-green wool suit that matched her eyes, half a dozen white and pastel-colored blouses. A gentian-blue sweater for the tweed suit. There were shoes, too—green kid, gold sandals, scarlet-dyed alligator, and a pair of imitation Turkish red velvet slippers.

Laura went down with her old brown coat and her fog-colored suit over her arm and the original Turkish slippers in her hand.

"These are for the Ladies' Aid," she said, putting down the clothes, "they depress me." She handed Aunt Belle the slippers. "And these are yours, and I refuse to take them from you."

Aunt Belle took them without argument. But she still considered Laura the rightful owner. She wrote a letter to Chris' home address in Washington, saying she feared he'd mixed her gift with Laura's and would he please rectify the error.

It brought him back three weeks later with the most sensible solution he could think of, a second pair of the glamorous slippers. It hadn't occurred to him that Laura would wear them, she seemed so austere in her taste, while Aunt Belle wore shawls and stoles that paled the rainbow, and even put camellias in her white hair.

But when Chris saw Laura he wondered why he had carried such a dim picture of her all the years. Actually she was bewitching, dramatic, even beautiful.

"Cinderella does it again," she said, laughing when she found the new slippers fitted her.

She does at that, thought Chris, figuring quickly how much time he dared take to get to know her again before his departure. He began the investigation by sitting beside her and taking a kiss.

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All the theories he had about love and marriage were perfect in a textbook, but when he met the right girl he found his heart was a better guide . . .

DR. GORDON BALDWIN, a lean and hungry man, with coal-black hair, eyes the color of ripe olives, and a size-sixteen neck, which he was continually sticking out, walked into the Oceanrest Clinic through the back door. He had just finished his rounds at the hospital. His nurse, Mrs. McGregor, a gaunt, grey-haired woman of unspecified years and vast composure, looked at him, shook her head, and said, "Oh, brother!" He shrugged himself out of his suit coat, hung it on a hanger and peered at Mrs. McGregor as he reached for his office jacket. "Now what?"

"Now what!" she said. "What are you doing—trying to resign from the human race?"

"Me?"

"Yes, you. Who talked you into that thing, anyway?"

"You mean the panel discussion last night?"

"I don't mean the ball game. I mean the group of pompous idiots gathered around a table in front of a television camera, giving out with 'What's Wrong With American Marriages'."

He got into his office coat and hung a stethoscope around his neck. "Mrs. McGregor," he said severely, "it was not a group of pompous idiots. It was a representative group of thoughtful citizens trying to do something about a national scandal."

"If there weren't any marriages, that would be a national scandal."

"I am not talking about marriage. Do you know how many divorces there were in the United States last year?"

"I'm only sure of one—my sister's."

"Nearly four hundred thousand."

"I know. You quoted that statistic last night. You also stuck your neck out from here to Alaska."

"And how did I do that?"

"By putting the knock on love."

"Love!" Gordon snorted. "Biological nonsense."

"You're going to have trouble selling that idea. Put the chill on Cupid and you'll ride out of town on a rail."

"It's about time someone started talking a little sense. Every time some songwriter wants to make a fast buck, he writes a song about love and has some teenage youngster warble it on the air."

"So what's wrong with that?"

"What's wrong with it!" he yelped. "Thousands of kids are sitting in cars listening to that drivel."

"You don't like kids sitting in cars?"

"I don't like kids believing that nonsense about love. The whole country is saturated with love. Books, magazines, plays, motion pictures, television, radio, the newspapers, the advertisers are all selling the same nauseating bunk—love."

"You're a subversive influence," she said. "I bet I could get you investigated."

"The trouble with this country is that our young people think that marriage follows love because m follows l. Ask any couple about to get married why they're taking the leap, and they say, 'We're in love.' It's ridiculous."

"It may be, but that's the best reason they've come up with yet."

"There are a dozen better prerequisites for marriage."

"Name one."

"Compatibility regarding age, background, and educational level. Emotional stability. Recognising the fact that marriage is a solemn contract, not to be breached at the first sign of disagreement; that marriage is not one long honeymoon of June, moon, and kissing some goon. Why do you suppose some marriages last fifty years or more?"

"Two reasons," Mrs. McGregor said. "They lived a long time, and they loved each other."

"You're half right. They lived a long time, and they forgave each other."

"All right! Shall we get to work?"

"O.K. Who's first?"

"Mrs. Lincoln Reynolds."

"What's wrong with her?"

"Offhand, I'd say nothing. I just hope she doesn't get arrested."

"Arrested? Why?"

"Because it's almost a crime to be as good-looking as that woman."

Mrs. McGregor ushered in Mrs. Reynolds, who was a statistic—one of the 400,000 which Gordon Baldwin had mentioned—and who, in addition, was a blonde and lovely to look at. "Well, Gordon," she said, "you don't look any the worse for wear after last night."

"Any reason why I should?"

"After taking a swing at one of our most hallowed idiocies? I'm surprised you aren't being picketed."

"You don't sound as if you'd be one of the pickets."

"I wouldn't be caught dead picketing a man who's made the first sense I've heard in years."

"Really?"

"I think your analysis last night was brilliant, and I couldn't agree more."

"You do?" He beamed at Mrs. McGregor, who inspected her fingernails as if she were just discovering them.

"Positively brilliant. But it took a man with courage."

"Oh, I merely said what I think."

"It's too bad that more people don't do that. You know, Gordon, I was fed a diet of moonlight and roses, thought a fast heartbeat was a ticket to lifelong happiness, and found out, two weeks after the honeymoon, that we had nothing to talk about except possibly the going price on leg of lamb."

"Yours isn't an unusual case."

"I know," she said, "but if I had only realised before I took the long walk that Lincoln Reynolds' idea of a good time was shooting ducks. I wanted to be on the golf course. He couldn't understand why I wanted to paint, even though I wasn't good enough to sell any of my paintings."

"Why, painting is merely a means of self-expression."

She put her hand on his arm and said, "You do understand, Gordon."

Mrs. McGregor looked as if she had just bitten into a lemon thinking that it was an orange. Gordon said, "You fell into a common trap, Henrietta."

"I know. And I don't intend to have it happen again. You have helped, more than you know, Gordon."

Gordon beamed. Henrietta Reynolds sat down in a chair, lifted her skirt, stretched out one perfect leg and pointed to a small mole, located just above the right ankle. "Gordon, I just want you to have a look at this mole."

Gordon peered closely. Mrs. McGregor glanced negligently. "Nothing to worry about, Henrietta," Gordon said.

She stood up. "Thanks so much. I really shouldn't take your time over something so trivial."

"Not at all, Henrietta. Any time."

"And thank you for last night. By the way, Gordon, there's a two-ball foursome tomorrow at the country club. Would you be interested? I know you're a three handicap, and they're giving turkeys. If we win one, I'll cook it for us."

"Sounds fine. What time?"

"I have a ten o'clock starting time. And if you'd come for cocktails afterward, I'd like to know what you think of some of my paintings."

"It's a date," Gordon said.

Henrietta Reynolds left the office. Then Gordon said, "Now there is a really intelligent woman."

"Oh, brother!" Mrs. McGregor said.

Gordon peered at his nurse. "You don't think she's intelligent."

"Not only that—she's too smart for you. If I were you, I'd run like a purse snatcher."

"What are you talking about?"

"You don't even know what happened, do you? First, she let you know that your analysis of love was positively brilliant, and that she was in complete agreement. Second, she knows you're a golfer and that you paint for relaxation, so she tossed in those two items of hers."

"You make a simple conversation sound like a conspiracy."

"It was a conversation, but not simple. While she was cutting up her ex-husband, she let you know that she does all the things you like to do. And last, but not least, she showed you the best-looking leg on the Pacific Coast. If you don't know what happens next, you don't deserve to be a doctor."

"You're out of your mind."

"At least it's a female mind. I can read that dame like a headline. If you make a pass at her bait, you're hooked."

"Mrs. McGregor, if I were going to get married, which I am not, you must admit that there are valid reasons for considering marriage with Henrietta Reynolds. Who's next?"

Mrs. McGregor consulted her schedule.

"Jill Sinclair."

He frowned. "New patient?"

"New to us, at least." Mrs. McGregor went into the waiting-room and ushered in their newest patient, who was an attractive creature, wearing a white blouse and Bermuda shorts, revealing a pair of flawless legs. Her eyes were large. One of them displayed a lovely shiner, and she was limping noticeably as she entered the office.

"Well, well, Miss Sinclair," he said. "What have we here?"

"We have here," she said, "a black eye, an infected foot, a sprained ankle and, as far as I am concerned, you can have picnics, golf, and clam digging."

"I see—I think."

"I've only been here a week, and look at me. If I ever see the character who wrote that article, I'll bend a nine iron over his head."

Mrs. McGregor beamed. "Sit down, take off your shoe and tell us more."

She sat down and removed a shoe. "We were living right smack in the middle of San Francisco. Now there's a town for you. Knee deep in handsome and solvent young men, great restaurants, wonderful shops. So what happened?"

"We dunno," Mrs. McGregor said. "What happened?"

"Father read an article by some idiot about the joys of the Oregon coast. Three golf courses within ten minutes' drive, miles of unobstructed beach, salmon fishing in the Columbia, clam digging, surf fishing, hiking."

"There's all that and more," Gordon said.

"Mother and I started a campaign that lasted for three days to forestall this back-to-nature movement. While we were talking, he was breaking our lease, calling real-estate people in Surf Pines, packing, and practising deep-breathing exercises."

"You should have slipped a few tranquillisers into his morning tomato juice," Mrs. McGregor said.

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When Gordon joined Jill at the pool he found the black eye did not make her less attractive.

An amusing short story by STEVE McNEIL

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4883629

Continuing . . . THE GIRL WITH A SHINER!

from page 41

"There's nothing so terribly wrong with this country," Gordon said. "He's right about the golf courses, and there's room enough to turn around in."

"Room enough to turn around in!" she yelped. "There's room enough to turn the whole city of San Francisco around in. The first day I went clam digging I stepped on a clamshell and cut my foot."

Gordon examined her foot. "There's infection, all right." He peered at the ankle. "Torn ligaments," he said.

"I know," she said. "I hit a golf ball out into the jungle you call rough around here."

"Uh — the eye?" he said tentatively.

"Picnic," she said succinctly.

"Defending yourself?" Mrs. McGregor asked.

"No! My father, the woodsman, didn't want to eat at home. We had to go down on the beach to cook supper. Sausages, rolls, beans, potato salad."

"Sounds all right," Gordon said.

"Sounded all right when the beans exploded, too," she said. "Later he found that when you put a can of beans in a fire, you're supposed to put a hole in the can." She watched warily with one eye, while Gordon examined the other.

"There isn't any real damage," he said, straightening. "If you'd like, I can give you a patch to go over it."

"What do I do then," she said, "sell shirts?" She peered at him. "Haven't I seen you somewhere before, doctor?"

"I suppose it's possible. I've been in San Francisco several times."

"No," she said, "recently."

"He's branching out," Mrs. McGregor said. "Maybe you saw him on television last night."

"Why, certainly. You're the one with all the clinical ideas on love and marriage. What happened to you along the way?"

"Nothing happened to me," Gordon said stiffly. "I'm a scientist, dealing in facts. And the fact is that we have the highest divorce rate in the world because we use an intangible emotion called 'love' as the only yardstick for marriage."

"Phooey!" Miss Sinclair said. "We have a high divorce rate because it's too easy to get a divorce. You made marriage sound like a recipe for veal scallopine. A pinch of compatibility, a dash of emotional stability, an ounce of similar backgrounds, half a cup of the same hobbies, and simmer until you're bored to death. Love may be all you say it is, but at least it isn't dull."

"I'll strap that ankle," Gordon said.

Gordon taped her ankle and she put on her shoe while he wrote out a prescription. She stood up and tested the tape job. "At least you know how to tape an ankle and you're not bad-looking. You'd be quite a catch for some girl if you didn't have such weird thoughts on what makes the world go round."

She smiled at Mrs. McGregor, wrinkled her nose at Gordon, and left.

"Well, say something," Mrs. McGregor said, "even if it's wrong."

"The man who marries that girl is just asking for trouble," he said.

"You said something," Mrs. McGregor said, "and it's wrong. Joe Marshall is next. He has headaches. I can diagnose the trouble from here. His mother-in-law is living with them."

"I think she's off her rocker."

"Who — Joe's mother-in-law?"

"No, that girl. Miss Sinclair."

Mrs. McGregor shrugged. "She may be, but it's an awfully pretty rocker."

"Which, as I have said before, is no prerequisite for marriage."

They closed up the clinic at noon. Gordon went home, changed clothes and drove over to Gearhart, where he picked up a golf game with three friends. Afterward he went across the street to the Gearhart Hotel, where he had an agreement with John Osburn about the use of the swimming-pool. He changed into his trunks and walked out to the pool.

His newest patient was stretched out on a pad, getting some late-afternoon sun. Professionally Gordon was forced to admit that her bone structure was superb. Personally he had the sensation of moths fluttering in the region of his breastbone. Aesthetically, he found the black eye did not make her any less attractive.

She saw him approaching, lifted a hand and smiled. "Hi, doctor," she said. "Broken up any love affairs lately?"

"No, I don't mind love affairs, as long as they don't lead to marriage."

She raised her eyebrows. "In some circles that could be considered slightly immoral."

"Why is it that everywhere I go today people can't talk about anything but love? I'm tired of hearing about it."

"You should have thought of that last night. People don't like to have tradition jiggled so abruptly." She stood up and dived into the pool. Gordon watched as she swam the length of the pool, then dived in himself. Afterward they climbed out and lighted cigarettes. She picked up her watch and looked at it.

"Five-thirty. Time to get out of this wet suit and into a dry martini. You wouldn't want to buy me a brace of drinks and dinner, would you? Or do you have a date with Henrietta Reynolds?"

He peered at her. "What do you know about Henrietta?"

"Enough," she said. "She's a blonde and preferred. She has you nailed for a two-ball foursome tomorrow, cocktails afterward, and the gossip around town is that you're ripe and she's going to do the harvesting."

"That's ridiculous," he said.

"Sure it is, and you'll be the last to know about it. I'll bet she used everything but an electronic computer for her calculations, and that there's to be no nonsense about love."

"Henrietta is an intelligent woman. You make her sound like a monster."

"Well, she'll do until one comes along. About dinner?"

He found, somewhat to his surprise, that he wanted to take Jill Sinclair to dinner. He grinned at her. "You sandbagged me into it. Pick you up in an hour."

An hour later, when she opened the door to his ring, she looked like a de luxe model from an angel factory, and her black eye had miraculously disappeared.

"The cosmetic people," she said, "do a better job than the medical profession."

They drove over to the Gearhart Hotel, had a brace of drinks in the Driftwood Room, and afterward ate prime ribs of beef at a table overlooking the ocean. Later they went out and walked the beach in an evening as soft as a truckload of cotton, and then he drove her home.

He walked her to the door, she turned and said, "Gordon, even if I did sandbag you, I hope you —" Somehow his arms were around her and she was kissing him. Somehow he found himself kissing her and had the impression that he was coming apart at the seams.

After a while he released her and said, "Holy Toledo!"

"You put it succinctly but well, doctor." She waggled a hand at him, opened her front door, and was gone.

HE drove home as shaken as a malted milk, undressed, and got into bed. He stared at the ceiling in the darkness and tried to sort out his emotions. He knew that he was not in love with this girl because love was nonsense, and, further, he had known her less than twelve hours.

Then why, he asked himself an hour later, can't I get to sleep? There was a valid explanation, he was sure. He wished he could remember what it was.

Finally, when it seemed that he had been asleep for only five minutes, his telephone rang. He picked it up and said hello, his mind already sorting out a list of patients who might need him in the middle of the night.

"Gordon?"

"M'm."

"I can't sleep."

He knew full well who it was. He focused on his wristwatch. It was five minutes to two. "Miss Sinclair—Jill. Do you know what time it is?"

"Just a minute," she said.

Seething, he held the phone. After a long interval she came back on the line. "Two o'clock," she said. "I had to go into the kitchen to look at the clock."

"I know it's two o'clock!" he yelped.

"My, you certainly are grumpy," she said. "I thought doctors were used to being awakened in the middle of the night. I'm as wide-eyed as an owl, and I thought you might be awake, too, and might want to play some gin-rummy or something. You wouldn't have a sleeping-pill, would you?"

"Certainly I have a sleeping-pill."

"I'll be right over." She hung up.

Gordon hung up savagely. He sighed, slid into slippers and a robe and went into the front room. He turned on some lamps and found some sleeping-pills, and she was at his front door. He opened the door. She was wearing a robe over her nightgown and mules; she walked in and looked around.

"Maybe this place has its points at that," she said. "When we lived in San Francisco my doctor lived in Oakland. That would have been a long walk by any standards. You wouldn't want to make some coffee, would you?"

"Coffee is a stimulant," he said. He shook out a sleeping-pill and handed it to her. "Here. Take this." He got her a glass of water and watched as she swallowed the pill. "Now, Miss Sinclair."

"My, you certainly are formal for a man who was kissing me a few hours ago."

He winced. "It is two-twenty in the morning. I have to be—"

"I know. Up early so you can play golf with that blonde. How is she at kissing?"

"I wouldn't know," he said.

"Are you hungry?" she said. "I could make us a sandwich."

"You don't know where things are," he said. "I'll make you a sandwich, fix some cocoa, and then you are going home and going to bed."

"Yes, sir," she said.

"What do your parents think about your wandering off in the middle of the night dressed in a nightgown and robe?"

"Father would probably be over here with a shotgun, but he isn't home. He and mother are in Portland."

He gave thanks, silently, for small favors and went out into the kitchen, where he busied himself making tuna sandwiches and cocoa. He put the whole works on a tray and carried it into the front room. Jill Sinclair was stretched out on his couch fast asleep. He put the tray down and shook her gently.

"Wake up!" he said loudly. She answered him in gibberish, flopped over like a beached trout and mumbled into a pillow. He looked at her helplessly, sat down and munched unhappily on one quarter of a tuna sandwich.

"That sleeping-pill wasn't that strong!" he yelped. Apparently it was. He was wondering about carrying her out to his car, driving her home and putting her to bed when his phone rang.

He picked it up and said hello.

"Gordon." It was the voice of Dr. Peterson, who was on call this night. "Sorry to get you up, but I need help. There's been a three-car wreck. Can you get to the hospital on the double?"

"I'm on the way," Gordon said, and hung up. He went into his bedroom, slipped into shoes, slacks, and a sweater, picked up his bag, and barely glanced at Jill Sinclair as he went out the door.

NO one was seriously injured in the wreck, but he was busy hemstitching cuts until after four o'clock in the morning, and it was five before he got home. It had started to blow and rain, for which he was thankful, since the weather would wash out the two-ball foursome for which he was scheduled.

When he walked in he noted with an odd mixture of relief and regret that Jill Sinclair was gone, as were her sandwich and cocoa. He undressed, got into his pyjamas and into bed and was fast asleep ten seconds after his head hit the pillow.

The next sound he heard was the insistent ringing of his doorbell. He shook himself awake and looked at his watch. It was twenty past nine, and the sun was streaming in his window. He put on his robe and slippers and went to the door. Henrietta Reynolds, wearing a skirt and a cashmere sweater, and looking merely gorgeous, stood in the doorway.

"I thought I'd stop by, have coffee with you, and then we could go to the club together."

He opened the door wide and grinned ruefully. "I was at the hospital till after four," he said, "and it was raining so hard I didn't set the alarm. Sorry."

"Want me to start the coffee?"

"Sure."

Henrietta saw the cups on the coffee table, picked them up and then looked at Gordon. "I suppose I shouldn't ask about the lipstick on this cup."

"Why not?" he said. "One of my patients couldn't sleep last night, came over for a pill, and I made her some cocoa and a sandwich."

"Fair enough. Jealousy is an infantile emotion. I was merely curious."

She picked up the cups and started for the kitchen. Gordon started for his bedroom. The door to the guest-room opened, and Jill Sinclair, the same robe over the same nightgown, her feet in the same mules, walked into the room. She looked at Henrietta Reynolds.

"Why, good morning, Mrs. Reynolds," she said cheerfully. "All set for a snappy eighteen holes, eh?" She looked at Gordon. "Close your mouth. You look like a red snapper just out of the net."

"What's she doing here?" Henrietta said sharply.

"Why — I don't know," Gordon said.

"You don't know!"

"No. You see, she was here earlier, but —"

"I see," Henrietta snapped, overcome by what she had just described as an infantile emotion.

"No, you don't see at all," Gordon said desperately. He turned to Jill. "Miss Sinclair, please explain what happened."

JILL SINCLAIR shrugged. "What can I say?"

"What can you say!" he yelled.

"She's right," Henrietta said. "What can she say?" She dropped both coffee cups with a crash, turned, and went out the door. She slammed it; the house shuddered.

There was a short intermission and then Jill said, "Oh, boy! Care to make an honest woman of me?"

"What were you doing in my guest-room?" he shouted.

"Sleeping," she said. "I woke up, you were gone, and it was raining and blowing, so I couldn't walk home. I drank some cocoa, ate a sandwich, rummaged around until I found the guest-room and crawled in." She grinned. "Did you ever see a madder woman in your life?"

Gordon looked at her and did his best to be as mad as Henrietta Reynolds. It was hard going. A smile cracked his face, then he grinned at Jill, and the two of them started to laugh.

. . . . .

On Monday morning Gordon finished his rounds at the hospital, walked into the clinic, and said to Mrs. McGregor, "Could you arrange to take your vacation a week from Saturday?"

"I imagine," she said. "Something come up?"

"I'm going on my honeymoon."

Mrs. McGregor stared at him and then she said, "I knew it! I told you that woman was too smart for you. I warned you that she —"

"It isn't Henrietta Reynolds," Gordon said. "It's Jill Sinclair."

"You're kidding!" Mrs. McGregor shrieked.

He shook his head. "I know we don't have a thing in common. She's ten years younger than I am, dislikes all the things I like best, and hasn't a brain in her head. I must be out of my head for wanting to marry her."

"Then why are you?"

Gordon looked at Mrs. McGregor helplessly. "I can't help it," he said. "I'm in love with her."

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HAZEL . . . . . by Ted Key

"Don't call us, we'll call you!"

Hazel can be seen on Adelaide's Channel 7 at 7 p.m., Tuesdays; Melbourne's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m., Wednesdays; Brisbane's Channel 7 at 7 p.m., Thursdays; Launceston's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Thursdays; and Sydney's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Fridays.

● Mashed potatoes will be whiter and fluffier than ever if you add warm milk when mashing.

● When a window sticks because of dampness and swelling in the wood, melt some paraffin wax and apply with a small brush to contacting surfaces of the sash and frame. Paraffin not only lubricates, it keeps out moisture.

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The beautiful city abounded with unexpected treasures . . . a romantic short story

THE VENETIAN CAT

By JILL GILL

ILLUSTRATED BY ASTRA

THE September night was sheer magic, and although we'd been travelling since early morning I felt far too excited to sleep. There was plenty of room in the great train, and Miss Briggs had found an empty carriage so that we could watch the light and the dark outline of the Alps, our noses pressed to the cool window.

This magic night was the beginning of my first holiday abroad, and we were going to Venice. Miss Briggs, who's over seventy, is my grandmother's best friend; before we left home, Gran asked me to look after her. And Mum, who thinks I can't look after myself, asked Miss Briggs to look after me.

We're both members of the Meadowfield Club of Drama and Music; each year, quite a number of us go away together, usually to Stratford or the Edinburgh Festival. But this year Miss Briggs, bless her, had suggested Venice, and everyone had said a joyful "yes." Mine was more than joyful, because Venice has always seemed to me to be the most romantic city in the world, and Brian Lane would be one of our party.

Because of Brian, I couldn't help hoping that Miss Briggs wouldn't stick to me like a shadow. She loves Italy; she skimps and saves and goes there almost every year, and she wouldn't want me to miss anything.

She wouldn't think Brian's company important, because I can get that at home, though I don't get much of it. Brian's crazy about Jane; she can't make up her mind, and he only comes to me when he needs the comfort of a sympathetic ear.

Instead of going to the dining-car with the others Miss Briggs and I bought salami-filled rolls and coffee from a sad-looking steward who wandered up and down the corridor wailing "Cof-fee, Ba-na-na!"

One coffee and one large roll cost about one and ten, which meant more lire to spend in Venice. "You can put what you've saved toward your Venetian cat!" Miss Briggs teased. I collect cats, and I hoped to find a glass one to add to my family.

When the meal was over, Miss Briggs switched off the lights, so that it was easier to see through the window. "We can sleep when we get to the tunnel," she said. "We don't want to miss anything, Polly."

I was fascinated by the lights which were clustered in the valleys and dotted up the mountains till they mingled with the stars, and I almost forgot about Brian. Then I heard his guitar and everyone singing; it sounded very gay, and I wanted to join in, but I knew if I went away Miss Briggs would be hurt.

The guitar music and the singing went on and on until at last it stopped, and I heard Brian's voice in the corridor. Jumping up, I switched on the lights, popped my head round the door, and asked him if he'd seen the mountains.

"No!" he said, "Show me!"

He came in and sat beside me, his brown hair untidy, his eyes amused. We were passing a vast lake, with a thousand lights mirrored in the dark water.

"It is rather marvellous!" he said presently. "Enjoying yourself, Squirrel?"

He calls me "Squirrel" because of my hair, which is reddish-brown. "I'm in heaven!" I told him truthfully.

"Tim and Jane are in the next carriage," he said, and I knew he wanted a sympathetic ear.

Tim Beaton and Jane Shaw work at the big factory just outside Meadowfield. Tim's father is one of the directors, and Tim is learning all about the business from the bottom up. He's quiet and thin and dark, with nice grey eyes and a fine tenor voice. Jane's beautiful, and she's almost always cast as leading lady, opposite Brian. Everyone says she should have gone on the stage instead of being a private secretary, but the stage is uncertain and Jane is the family prop. Her mother's a widow, and there are three younger children, still at school.

Jane's so gentle, so beautiful, it's no wonder Brian and Tim love her. And they're so nice it's no wonder she can't choose between them.

In the evening calm Tim and Polly wandered along the charming square.

I did my best to take Brian's mind off his troubles, and when he left us I put my feet up, snuggled down under my coat, and went to sleep. Now and then Miss Briggs woke me to look at something, but I fell asleep again almost at once; that is, until just before sunrise, when she insisted I stay awake.

"Wash now, before the others get up!" she said. "Then you can watch the sunrise." She loved telling me what to do, and not letting me miss anything, so I got my sponge-bag and towel and scurried along the corridor, and on my way back I was rewarded by meeting Brian.

"Hello Squirrel!" he said. "Still trying not to miss anything?"

"The sun's rising!" I told him. "Look! See that peak — the one over there? The pink patch — isn't it heavenly?"

Brian groaned. "You're worse than Miss Briggs!" He leaned forward, peering through the window at the rosy peaks, so I didn't mind his teasing, and anyway I was used to it. I peered, too, glad we were seeing the sunrise together.

"It's sublime!" he said presently. "We'll wake the others. See if you can find Jane."

I didn't want to find Jane, I wanted to be alone with Brian. I was the early bird, and I wanted us to see the sun paint peak after peak with pink and gold. I wanted all that magic to be ours alone. For a moment I almost refused to budge, and then I realised how selfish it would be to let Jane miss so much beauty.

Between us, Brian and I woke everyone. Jane, in her pink coat, her golden hair tumbled, looked as though she were part of the sunrise. Seeing her, I realised how dull I must look in my grey wool crepe.

She stood beside Brian, smiling gently, her blue eyes sparkling. Then Tim joined them, and I saw Brian's mouth tighten, his shoulders go somehow stiff. Poor Brian, I thought, knowing the hurt of unrequited love.

Milan station was so clean, so spacious, so utterly unlike a station that it stunned me. Brian carried Miss Briggs' suitcase down the spotless platform, and I carried my own, wishing I'd brought one instead of two. There were barrows piled high with fruit; and barrows piled high with bottles of chianti; there were tall marble pillars, and small shops selling everything a traveller could possibly want; and beyond the station I saw brilliant, dazzling sunlight.

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Continuing . . . THE VENETIAN CAT

from page 43

We had coffee and rolls for breakfast, and afterwards Miss Briggs helped me to buy a postcard, a picture of the station, to send home.

When we boarded the train for Venice, Jane and I were the first to get in. We sat in window seats at either side of a small table. Then Brian came dashing along the platform, clutching Miss Briggs' case, with Tim close behind, bearing Jane's. Brian won by a couple of feet, and sat beside Jane, so Tim sat beside me, Miss Briggs was just behind us, not letting us miss anything. Sun streamed through the windows; Jane and Brian smiled at each other over an enormous bunch of grapes, which they passed round, and Tim told me I looked as though I'd just woken up from a wonderful dream.

AFTER a while, lulled by the train, Jane fell asleep, her head resting on Brian's shoulder; and then, of course, I felt dreadfully sorry for Tim!

We reached Venice in the early afternoon, and our courier, a young Austrian, led the way to a waiting boat. We were staying on the Lido, and I shall never forget my first glimpse of Venice as the little boat chugged over the lagoon. Miss Briggs pounced on me, determined not to let me miss anything.

"I hoped we'd go by the Grand Canal," she said, "but we're going by the Giudecca."

She began pointing things out: the sailing boats by the tiny island of St. Giorgio on our right; the Grand Canal and the church of the Salute on our left; the Ducal Palace, softly pink. The sun was hot; the water sparkling.

Boats of every size zoomed happily in all directions. There was a great white liner, bound, Miss Briggs said, for Greece; dark, incredibly graceful gondolas; fussy water buses; small, important steamers, and what looked like jet-propelled launches skimming in a shower of spray. Miss Briggs said they were taxis.

After lunch we went swimming, and the water was gloriously warm. I was floating, my eyes closed against the brightness and whiteness of the sky when Brian joined me.

"Enjoying yourself, Squirrel?" he asked.

"Everything's perfect," I told him dreamily.

"Jane's sunbathing outside the huts with Tim," he said, floating beside me. "Do you think — is she — do you think there's anything between them?"

Poor Brian! He felt about Jane as I felt about him! "Jane likes Tim," I told him, "but she likes you, too."

"Tim can give her so much more than I can," he said, splashing sadly with his toes.

Brian works in a bank, and he'll never be rich like Tim. Loving him, I knew exactly how he felt, but what could I say to comfort him? "If Jane loves you—" I began.

"Yes—but does she love me?" he interrupted. "Sometimes I'm sure she does, and then—" he broke off. "I don't know why I'm telling you all this, Squirrel," he said, splashing even more sadly with his toes. Silver drops sparkled against the white-hot sky, and I couldn't help thinking of how much better it would be if Brian loved me instead of Jane.

"You're so kind, Squirrel! You always understand," he added dolefully. "You always make me feel better!"

He was like a small boy, and I longed to comfort him. "Perhaps Jane can't make up her mind," I said. "I mean between you and Tim."

"You think Tim loves her?"

"I don't know! How can I know? Let's go back and lie in the sun," I added, not because I wanted to leave the water, but because I knew Brian yearned to be with Jane, even though Tim was there, too.

That night, after dinner, we boarded a water-bus and went to St Mark's Square, where the orchestras were playing. The square was far more beautiful than I'd expected. The pinnacles and domes of the Basilica gleamed against the dark sky like ivory lace. Miss Briggs stood beside me, gazing up at them. She'd slept on her bed while we were swimming, and now she was bright as a button.

"We'll look at the shops in the arcades," she said presently.

So we left the Basilica and walked from shop to shop, and each was an Aladdin's cave. After a while we came to a shop filled with glittering glass, and found Brian there with Jane. I wanted to go on, but Jane stopped me.

"Polly!" she said excitedly, "suppose someone offered you just one thing from this window, what would you choose?"

The whole window shimmered and gleamed; there were slender vases, enormous rainbow bowls, and a great ice-blue bird, as big as a swan; there were cantering horses a couple of inches high; lanterns of every shape and color; funny little men; brilliant ducks and cockerels; small golden doves and necklaces like cascading jewels. How could anyone choose just one thing from so much treasure?

And then, tucked away in a corner, I saw a tiny pearl-grey cat, with amber eyes. A Venetian cat. A thin, wistful, friendly cat. A hopeful cat, with outsized ears.

"I'd choose that cat!" I said.

"From all the window?" Jane cried, astonished. "A cat costing two thousand five hundred lire—under thirty shillings! You're crazy, Polly! Imagine a magic wand—"

"I'd still choose the cat!" I told her, laughing.

"But why?"

"Because it's sweet! Besides, I collect cats. What would you choose?"

Jane smiled. "I'd choose that fabulous golden necklace, the one all by itself."

"Thirty-five thousand lire!" Miss Briggs said under her breath.

Jane nodded. "I'm going to try it on!"

"But if you're not going to buy it—"

She laughed at me. "They won't mind my trying it on!"

She went in, and Brian followed her. A man took the golden necklace from the window, and we could see Jane standing before a mirror as he fastened it round her neck; and, of course, it was made for her.

"Poor Brian!" Miss Briggs said. "I'll take most of his traveller's cheques! She should have tried it on with Tim—"

"Jane won't let Brian buy it!" I protested. "She's much too kind!"

Miss Briggs looked at me in a way I didn't understand. "Brian may insist on buying it!" she said.

I hadn't thought of that. I saw Jane turn toward him, for him to admire the necklace; I saw the salesman's rapture. Then Brian said something, and Jane shook her head, unclasped the lovely shower of gold, and placed it tenderly in the salesman's hands. He escorted them to the door.

"He was glad to let me try it on!" she told us. "He thinks Brian will go back and buy it for me before we leave! I told him we couldn't buy it tonight."

"I'll buy it tomorrow," Brian said, looking as though he'd decided to buy the moon, sun, and stars.

Jane shook her head. "Not tomorrow. I don't want it yet, Brian. I might see something I like better. But thank you for the kind thought."

So I'd been right after all! Jane wouldn't let Brian buy a necklace he couldn't afford; when the time came, she'd choose something costing only a fraction of the price.

Next day we had breakfast outside on the terrace under striped umbrellas, and Miss Briggs offered to take me sight-seeing. The others were going to the beach, and I was torn between wanting to be a sympathetic ear for Brian and not wanting to hurt Miss Briggs. In the end I went with Miss Briggs.

We spent the morning in the Ducal Palace and the afternoon in St. Mark's. There was just time for a swim before dinner, and it was then that Tim told me about the gondola festival.

"It starts after dark," he said. "We're all going, and you and Miss Briggs must come, too."

So after dinner we boarded a water-bus; Brian kept close to Jane, and Miss Briggs got in Tim in a corner, and seemed to be lecturing him. I sat by myself, watching the last of the sunset turn from pink to violet. We disembarked at San Zaccaria, and the courier led us to our gondolas. Jane and Brian hurried into the first gondola, and before I knew what was happening, Tim bundled me in after them and sat beside me.

It was almost dark when we glided into what was, for me, sheer magic. First, a large, brilliantly lit boat floated slowly down the Grand Canal, with an orchestra and singers aboard; then hundreds of gondolas, each with a small lantern, crept silently out from the dark waterways and followed, so that the canal was alive with gently bobbing lights.

On either side were the palaces, pale and lovely under the stars, like ghost palaces. Violins played softly, singers sang, and my heart ached because it was all so beautiful, and so romantic.

Photographers leapt lightly from gondola to gondola, taking photographs with flash bulbs, and when one came to our gondola I saw by the flash that Jane and Brian were holding hands, and her head was resting on his shoulder. I knew Tim saw them, too. Poor Tim! Why, I wondered, was life so complicated?

Slowly, lulled by the music, bewitched by the bobbing lights, we drifted over the dark water. It was almost midnight when we left the Rialto Bridge behind, and the Festa was over. Our gondolier left the Grand Canal and took us through narrow waterways until, surprised, I saw the Bridge of Sighs, and we knew we were almost back where we'd started.

WHEN we reached the little jetty Tim helped me out, and gave the gondolier some money, but Brian and Jane didn't move. Brian said something in halting Italian, the gondolier grinned, dropped his oar in the water, and they went skimming away into the shadows. Presently we could hear the gondolier singing, and it sounded like a love song.

"We'll go to the Piazza and get something to eat," Tim said savagely, grabbing my arm. He walked so fast that I had to run to keep up with him. He walked like a man who's trying to leave his anger behind. Then suddenly he stopped.

"Polly," he said, "were you with Jane last night when she saw the necklace—the one Brian's going to buy for her?"

I nodded. "Who told you about it?"

"Miss Briggs told me tonight. Can you remember which necklace it is? Can you take me to the shop? I'm sorry to be such bad company, Polly! You're a sweet soul to put up with me!"

We went to the shop and found it still open, the necklace still there, and Tim bought it, tossing the notes on the counter as though they were pennies. My cat was there, too, but I knew I wouldn't be able to buy it because of all the presents I had to take home.

"What would you like to do now?" Tim asked.

"I'd like to look at St. Mark's against the sky," I told him.

So we went and stood under St. Mark's, gazing up at the delicate ivory lace and the velvet-blue sky.

Tim took my hand. "You're so comforting, Polly," he said. "So tranquil! You're one of those people who can pick up the bits and put them together again! I don't believe you ever think of yourself!"

"I do!" I told him, but he wasn't listening. We stood there, hand in hand, for a long time, and then he took me to Florian's for supper before catching the boat back to the Lido. When he said goodnight he told me I'd helped him more than I'd ever know.

Next day I was down early for breakfast but Miss Briggs was even earlier. She'd worked out a sight-seeing itinerary for the morning, and I couldn't disappoint her, though I'd planned to go swimming. There was no sign of Tim or Jane, but Brian came out just as we were leaving the table. He looked as though he'd been up all night.

"Where're you off to?" he asked.

"We're going up the Campanile," Miss Briggs told him gaily. "If you want to join us, meet us there at ten-forty-five. If we're not there, we'll be at the top!"

SHE hurried me away before Brian had time to reply. I hate fights, and I loathe lifts, and much as I loved Miss Briggs I had no intention of going up the Campanile. It was something I'd long ago resolved to miss.

Miss Briggs was a long time in the bank cashing her traveller's cheques, and then she began buying postcards, so that it was after eleven when we reached the Campanile, and Brian wasn't there.

"He'll be waiting at the top!" Miss Briggs said happily. "Come along, Polly."

I knew then she'd tricked me. She was determined not to let me miss anything, and she knew I'd face the most terrifying lift if Brian was at the top.

"Why did you tell Tim about Jane's necklace?" I asked as we were waiting to get our tickets.

"Tim's only half awake!" she said complacently. "He and Jane are made for each other! Maybe his parents are against the match—I don't know—but all he needed was a good push!"

I began to wonder if I knew Miss Briggs. She was a determined woman, a match-maker, pulling strings! Hitherto I'd thought of her as just Gran's special friend.

"Tim and I talked on the boat last night, and I kept him back long enough to let Brian and Jane get on the gondola together. A little competition—"

"But Brian loves Jane!" I cried indignantly, following Miss Briggs into the lift, and forgetting it was a lift.

"Maybe," she said, "but Jane doesn't love Brian!"

Then the lift shot up, and I was too terrified to speak. When the doors opened I tottered out and found Brian waiting. With him on one side of me and Miss Briggs on the other, I was not

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting May 1

ARIES MAR. 21—APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, pink, orange. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
★ May begins with a strong influence which favors luck, lottery, and health, but the rest of the week is muddled, with a tendency to build castles in the air.

TAURUS APR. 21 — MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, pink. Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.
★ Those born April 26—May 6 take the centre of the stage this week. May 1 helps break down restrictions that have fenced you in. Use caution for the rest of the week.

GEMINI MAY 21 — JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 11. Gambling colors, yellow, red. Lucky days, Wed., Thurs.
★ May 1 favors partnership, marriage, courtship, and romance. An excellent time to reconstruct a love affair and place it on a firmer footing. The rest of the week is adverse.

CANCER JUNE 22 — JULY 23
★ Lucky number this week, 10. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
★ The home and hearth mean much to you, and the 1st favors domestic matters, finance, and employment. Make the most of it, there could be disappointments later. Beware of treachery.

LEO JULY 23 — AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, mve. Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
★ You can further your projects on the 1st. Act now, because the rest of the week builds up to an adverse climax. The 5th is bad for love and marriage.

VIRGO AUG. 23 — SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, aqua, black. Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.
★ April 30-May 2 favors personal matters. A time to build anew, especially those born Aug. 31-Sept. 4. May 3-7 is unfavorable, you could be muddled and impractical. Let common sense decide issues.

LIBRA SEPT. 24 — OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, mve., pink. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
★ A friend will help you to realise cherished hopes May 1-2, but from May 3-6 friendship could mean treachery. Be careful with whom you associate, and take no chances.

SCORPIO OCT. 24 — NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, red. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
★ May 1 and 2 could give a boost to your finances, but undermining influences may take your gains away. The 5th is adverse for career and personal matters.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23 — DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, red. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
★ A constructive influence at the beginning of the week will help you with plans and ideas, but the week deteriorates with confusing and deceptive conditions. Be careful on May 5.

CAPRICORN DEC. 21 — JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, aqua, red. Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
★ Capricornians aim high and are prepared to work patiently for success. May 1 and 2 help ambition, love, and romance. Watch out for treachery at the weekend.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20 — FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, mve., green. Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.
★ May 1 and 2 give you the chance to iron out marriage or partnership problems. Act immediately, because the rest of the week brings instability, especially May 5.

PISCES FEB. 20 — MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, yellow, red. Lucky days, Fri., Monday.
★ May 1 and 2 is the time to start a personal promotion campaign to sell your talents. Events could prove uncertain at the weekend, so stick to routine.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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Continuing . . . DROP DEAD

from page 35

"You needn't sound so surprised, either — in case they are listening, which they will be from now on. At every keyhole. Expect them wherever you look."

"Aren't you being a little melodramatic?"

"I don't think so. Aren't you being a little too easy in your mind?"

"I hope not, I'm sure."

"With the trend of their questioning — I admit I'm worried to death."

"It's very good of you to have so much concern for me, and all that, but —"

"But you wish I'd mind my own business."

HER silence before answering almost said yes to this. Then she asked: "Well, what is it, please? I can't talk very long."

"No, naturally. But there's something I've got to say to you. Earlier in the evening, before the detectives came upstairs, while we were hanging about waiting for them, do you remember that your telephone rang in the sitting-room?"

"Yes."

"And you spoke to someone, some friend or other, and then you switched it over to the bedroom."

"Yes. Yes. Where it is now."

"So in the first part of the evening it was in the sitting-room?"

"All day until then, when you saw me change it."

"Well — Anna — is your kitchen clock quite right?"

"What's that?"

"Your kitchen clock."

"Yes, quite." She gave a little half laugh. "I don't catch many express trains, but I'm rather fussy about time and I always have it right."

"Well, listen. Just now, to the detectives, you said you left the kitchen and went down for those strawberries at a quarter to eight."

"So I did; that's so."

"To the minute, you'd say?"

"Yes, yes, to the minute." Her tone was impatient.

"Well, at a quarter to eight —" he screwed up his courage to go on, took out his handkerchief in the hot cage and wiped his face with it: "At a quarter to eight — anyhow, not more than one minute after you'd gone down —I telephoned you."

"You telephoned me?"

"I did. And got no answer. The bell rang and rang and rang. Right there in the sitting-room it was then. Close to the sofa where you said Claude was sitting. I didn't hang up. I thought you might be in the kitchen with a tap on, or you might be out and would come in any moment and hear it. That's why I got a taxi and came over, on the off-chance of these things being so. I must've hung on for— well, for two or three minutes, at the least. It seems so odd that Claude didn't put out a hand and pick up the receiver and answer it. It's sort of irresistible, isn't it, with a bell banging away in your ear?"

A trickle of sweat ran down Bob's forehead. Irresistible? Yes, if you were sitting beside it and not already lying dead in the street below!

"Of course, in somebody else's house," he ploughed on, "you mightn't have the same impulse to answer it: you might feel . . . I mean, that makes a difference . . . Do you think perhaps he thought —? Anna — are you still there?"

"Of course I'm still here." Her voice was sharp. "I'm just trying to work it out. I can't imagine — I can only think that you made a mistake about the time."

"Oh, no, I didn't," he said relentlessly. Brutal how something drove you on to win your point, to pin down your opponent and force him to admit defeat!

"That it wasn't a quarter to eight," she went on, "that it was after that. After someone had come in and quarrelled with Claude and killed him."

"It wasn't. It wasn't. I'll tell you why I'm quite sure. My mother had the radio on and the time signal said a quarter to eight, and I went straight out to the hall to telephone."

"You did? Oh. It isn't a question of the time, then. It must have been just as I left the flat and left him sitting there alone."

Now the victim of his ruthlessness was giving way! He heard the failing emphasis in her voice, and, still more carefully, he waited without speaking.

At last she said — at long last, for the interval seemed an eternity to him: "Well, the only thing I can think is that you dialled the wrong number."

He exhaled a long breath. "Oh. Yes. Perhaps that was it."

"You heard the bell ring and ring and ring, as you said, but it was ringing in somebody else's flat, or in some shop or office shut for the night."

"Yes, that could be the explanation. I must've dialled the wrong number."

"It's a wonder you didn't think of that before. Instead, my dear Bob," she said with a pretence of lightness, "instead of harboring some very questionable thoughts about me!"

"Anna!"

"But don't worry any more about me, please. I really must go back. I'd like to get rid of them if I can. I'm getting devastatingly tired."

"No wonder. Go back, then. I'll see you later." He put down the receiver and stepped out of the booth into the cool night air.

So it seemed there were limits to how far he could go in cutting the last bit of ground from under her feet! For he hadn't been able to bring himself to tell her that her explanation wouldn't wash. That for fear of having made that very mistake he had hung up, then dialled her number again . . . very, very carefully!

. . . . . .

When Anna went across to her bedroom to answer the telephone, shutting the door behind her, Manning took a stroll about the room. Hands clasped behind his back, he roamed from one object to another, staring at it disparagingly as though accusing each one in turn of not coming clean about the events it had so recently witnessed.

Grogan, relaxing for a minute in a pale colored impersonal-looking chair, watched him thoughtfully. He reflected that Claude Nevinson, left to his own devices when his hostess had gone into the kitchen to see about dinner, had probably wandered around just like Les was doing now. Maybe he'd have been feeling pretty good having had her company, both at the hotel over cocktails and here alone, and no doubt he was looking forward more than somewhat to the rest of the evening.

But maybe when he was left alone and taking stock of things—here Grogan got up and took a turn about the room—maybe he might have begun to feel not all that pleased at the evidences that lay around of her other gentlemen visitors! A manuscript by that foreign bloke Stanley; a landscape by Dyason of a broken fence and a bit of burnt-out scrub—and a pretty advertisement it was for Come To Sunny Australia!—and some sketches of at art job signed Noel Fallow. These things might have set Nevinson's mind working in a certain direction, and as he reaches the desk in his meanderings he yields to the temptation to take a peek—opens one of the drawers—sees the wallet—opens that, too . . .

Grogan stopped in front of a vase of flowers and sniffed at them meditatively. The sweet scent can hardly have registered, though.

He was saying: "What did he find inside that wallet and face her with when she came back from the kitchen? Whatever it was, did he hold it out to her, and she snatch it, and they fight over it? A letter? A photograph? A document? Maybe she was out to marry him. He's got a wife, but they're semi-detached."

Manning nodded. "A good-looker like that's bound to have accumulated plenty of past, young as she is." This particular case seemed to be confirming Manning in his puritanical philosophy. "There's not one o' these women playin' the part she should, wife and mother. Five women up on this floor and not a kid among 'em! Not a husband that's stuck! It beats me why there hasn't been murder long before this."

The door opened and Anna came back.

Any hope she might have had of soon getting rid of these men was doomed to perish, she saw.

The inspector seated himself again and said, as though making a fresh start, as though the evening had hardly begun, as though settling down for a cosy chat: "Now this Mrs. Patmore who lives in flat seventy-three."

"Yes?" She sat down, too, since standing, it was clear, would serve her nothing.

"You say she was on the landing when you and Miss Webb got out of the lift. You mean she was already there. What was she doing?"

She sighed. "I can't remember the exact sequence of everything. It all seemed to happen at once. The noise we heard . . . and her scared face . . . and Miss Webb gripping my arm as we ran through here. And then the shock as we looked down."

"I see. Maybe we could have a word with Mrs. Patmore." He looked over his shoulder and spoke to a constable on the balcony.

WHILE they were waiting the lift door clanged, and Bob came in, ripping the paper from a packet of cigarettes. Almost at once the lift whined down and shot up again, and Lizzie Brownlow and Noel Fallow got out and hurried into Anna's flat.

Lizzie, an alert, small businesswoman in a smart little bottle-green suit and a red hat, was voluble. She ran up to Anna and clasped her by the hands.

"Anna—my dear! What a ghastly happening! Noel and I met at the corner, and there were all these policemen about, and we heard the dreadful news. My dear!" Her attractive frog-face was full of concern. She dropped Anna's hands and, turning, caught sight of Bob. "Bob! How nice to see you back!"

Noel's sleepy, fattish face expressed no emotion, nor did Noel. With a nod to Anna and another to Bob and a somewhat cool stare at the two detectives, he moved to the table, murmured "May I?" and poured himself a brandy. Having generously satisfied his own need, the bottle still in hand, he glanced inquiringly at Bob.

Bob read the glance as saying that the women must sigh and groan, but realists like themselves knew what was due to the occasion.

Noel said: "Well, I suppose there's one comfort for Mrs. Nevinson. Death, in a case like this, would be instantaneous. There'd only be that ghastly moment while you were hurtling down. Fearful! Poor chap. So much worse, too," he murmured, "to have to die if you were as rich as all that."

"Did you know the deceased, Mr. Fallow?"

NOEL took a swallow of his brandy. "Not personally," he said, and volunteered that tonight he had gone to a newsreel after having had a meal at the gallery. Leaving there he had met Mrs. Brownlow just now and they had come up together.

These exchanges passed unheard by Bob. Since coming back into the flat he had tried to catch Anna's eye, but she seemed to avoid meeting his glance. Those last few words on the telephone, how false they had been! False on both their parts. He had said he believed her solution of the puzzle that he had dialled the wrong number, but did she believe he believed it?

All he knew was, as he put another cigarette between his dry lips, that the very air in the room seemed to reek of doubt and evasions. The smug, shut faces of the detectives looked like cages behind which mean beasts prowled. Lizzie's gabble was a screen that couldn't hide her sense of triumph at Claude's death. Anna's stillness seemed to speak an unnatural caution.

With a swamping depression inside him, Bob joined Noel at the tray.

"Just," Noel said, and reluctantly handed him the last drink in the bottle.

Watching the other's plump mouth sink greedily on to the glass, Bob thought that Noel Fallow had none of the air of a deposed king. Though Joe had supplanted him in Lizzie's favor, Noel seemed well satisfied to reign over her shop and ledger, if no longer over Lizzie.

What Joe felt was harder to fathom, since his career was still in the making. Young men like Noel and Joe followed each other fairly rapidly in Lizzie's life. She gave her love and a first-class boost at the gallery with equal enthusiasm. Once famous, or failed, they usually vanished from Lizzie's world.

Bob's jaundiced cogitations were cut short by the entrance of Mrs. Patmore. She came tiptoeing into the room with Suzy, her Siamese cat, cradled in her arms. The animal looked nearly as scared and big-eyed as her mistress. One convulsive struggle, and she leaped free and started to race up and down the back of the sofa.

Grogan, standing nearby, put out a hand to stroke her, but a lightning flash of a velvet paw left three red lines down the back of his hand; and Sergeant Manning looked wanly pleased that for once his colleague's confidence in his way with the ladies had had a set-back.

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Continuing . . . THE VENETIAN CAT

from page 44

allowed to miss the views, even though I felt like a sick and wingless bird about to crash to my doom. After the views, they pointed out the enormous bells, so horribly near our heads. They made me buy a postcard and post it home.

"I'm sending this from the top of the Campanile," I wrote. "If there's one thing that scares me more than a lift going up, it's a lift going down. I shall have to stay here for the rest of my life! You'll never see me again!"

Miss Briggs read the card before I put it in the box.

"There's a spiral ramp — the Emperor Frederick III rode his horse up here!" she said. "You'd better walk down, Polly. Brian will go with you."

Brian took my arm, and we were alone, walking slowly down the ramp that twisted round the lift shaft. It was cool and dim and strangely still, after the wind on the top.

Presently Brian stopped by one of the narrow windows. "Squirrel," he said, "last night in the gondola Jane turned me down. She's crazy about Tim."

"Then why did she let you think—"

"She believes in competition," Brian said, with a wry smile. He took a small package from his pocket and handed it to me. "I went to get the necklace for her but it had gone," he added, "and then I saw this and began to remember."

I unwrapped the package and found the Venetian cat; the small, pearl-grey cat, with amber eyes and outsized ears. "Thank you," I said softly, wanting to cry, because I knew how Brian must have felt when he went to buy the necklace. "Thank you, Brian."

He put his hands on my shoulders, and stood looking down at me. "Squirrel, will you help me not to be sorry for myself?" he asked. "Will you stick around? Can we explore Venice together?"

I was torn between joy for me and sorrow for his broken heart. Exploring Venice with Brian would be heaven on earth! Then I remembered Miss Briggs.

"I promised to look after Miss Briggs!" I said sadly.

"We'll both look after her," Brian promised. "That is, if she'll let us! She got rid of us pretty skilfully just now! Please help me, Squirrel! The bottom dropped out of my world; then I saw that cat, and thought of you! You're like a star on a dark night . . ."

I knew then that Brian was giving me his broken heart and asking me to mend it. I knew, too, that the greatest compliment in the world is to be asked to mend a broken heart. I stood there, holding the little cat, with Brian's hands on my shoulders, and tears raining down my cheeks.

"Squirrel," he said softly, "I didn't mean to make you cry! Forgive me."

His kiss was so tender, so cherishing, I knew that everything would come right. Beyond the narrow window I could see the sunshine and the bright sky; we were going to explore Venice together; he'd asked for my help; he'd bought the little cat for me.

"Dear Squirrel," he said fondly, and my heart began to sing.

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Continuing . . . DROP DEAD

from page 45

Apologising profusely, Mrs. Patmore gathered up her pet and waited for the third degree which she felt must inevitably follow on such a misdemeanor.

The inspector, however, was magnanimous. "A one-woman cat, eh?" he said with a laugh, and dabbed at his hand with a handkerchief. "Mrs. Patmore, I understand you were out on the landing when Mr. Nevinson's body was discovered below?"

"Oh, yes, I was." Mrs. Patmore hastened to confirm this, the anxiety on her haggard face deepening.

"Yes. Well now, what was it brought you out there?"

"That's rather — rather difficult to explain," she faltered, looking round with eyes that seemed to appeal for direction. Darling Gerald —if only he were here now! He would tell her what to say, or even say it for her.

HOWEVER, Grogan, with his amiable glance and ingratiating voice, appeared ready to smooth her path. "Yes, it must be a bit hard to sort out what took place at a moment like that. We don't want to put you to any trouble, but we've got to get the picture as clear as we can."

"Oh, of course, of course." Her face cleared a little.

"Mrs. Herbert tells us there was a good deal of noise coming up from the street just then. Did you come out to hear what it was all about?"

"No, I heard nothing until —I heard nothing, I—" She pushed a lock of once-gold hair into place; it fell forward precisely as before.

"Yes?" Grogan prompted.

"You see, I had a message."

"A message? What kind of a message?"

"That I wasn't quite sure of."

"How so?"

"I hadn't quite made up my mind."

"Who was the message for?" he plugged on.

She hesitated, shook her head, gently ran a hand over the cat's sleek head. "Well, I'm afraid you won't understand. It's even hard for me sometimes to get their meaning. But I thought at the time it was some sort of a warning. And how right I was!"

"I take it, Mrs. Patmore, you're interested in spiritualism?" Grogan had tunnelled his way through at last.

She nodded. "Automatic writing. I was sitting at my desk after dinner and two words kept coming through: 'Nevinson. Death.'"

"Just the two words, eh?"

"Yes, but they were repeated again and again in the script, and a feeling of absolute dread invaded me."

"Did you know Mr Nevinson?"

"No, not at all. Once earlier this evening I'd opened my door, trying to screw up my courage to go over to Mrs Nevinson's, whom I do know, and tell her about this warning, but" —there was a long, sad head-shake—"my nerve failed me. Now, of course, I bitterly regret it. Perhaps if I had he'd be alive at this minute."

Once again her eyes looked for understanding from the circle of listeners; from Bob sun' in his gloom, to Anna, gone away, too, into some private realm of her mind; to Lizzie; to Noel Fallow; to the two detectives — all of them stilled with polite scepticism.

"Which balcony did he fall from?" she asked timidly.

With a jerk Grogan withdrew his wandering attention from the charming triangle of the cat's face to Mrs. Patmore. "Eh?" he said sharply.

"I said, which balcony was it he fell from?"

"From this one, of course. Couldn't've been from any other."

Mrs. Patmore dared to challenge this. "Why couldn't it? Why couldn't it have been from his wife's flat when he was in there just a little earlier?"

Mrs. Patmore's air of calm certainly roused her listeners from their ill-concealed boredom with the spirit world and its warnings.

Grogan asked: "Who said he was in his wife's flat a little earlier?"

"I say it," and there was a touch of sharpness in her voice. "I saw him go in."

"You did?"

"Yes, why not? I told you that when this warning first came through in my automatic writing I opened my door, meaning to go over to Mrs. Nevinson and tell her. But just as I did so I saw Mrs. Herbert get into the lift and go down. I drew back and shut the door, but still this warning kept nagging at me, and in two or three minutes I opened it again, and there was Mr. Nevinson entering his wife's flat and shutting the door behind him."

The dim, stringy person that was Mrs. Patmore suddenly blazed forth like an angel of light before Bob's eyes as the full implication of what she had just told them hit him fair and square. Just that! Just that one clear glim.e of Claude leaving Anna's flat and going into Estelle's—the unspeakable relief of it was like the lifting of a ton weight from his chest! Every word Anna had said was the simple truth. She had gon. down for those strawberries, leaving Claude alive and well, and had only returned fifteen or twenty minutes later in time to hear the clamor of the finding of his body.

He looked over at her, eager to share the triumphal moment with her.

But she, of the whole circle, appeared the least interested. With a half smile on her mouth she had put up a finger and was trying to arrest the threshing tip of the cat's tail as it hung over Daisy Patmore's arm.

BUT, of course, of course! Bob exulted. Because she had known all along that she was innocent and had never for one moment imagined that any question of her guilt could be taken seriously.

As for her husband's wallet, there could be only one explanation of that. From some jealous motive, perhaps, Claude must've rooted in that desk drawer when he returned here from Estelle's flat and have had the wallet in his hand when that third person, whoever it was, had come in and fought with him and sent him hurtling to his death. Yes, the wallet now presented little mystery. It couldn't any longer implicate her. He wanted to rush across the room and grovel before her in utter abasement for having harbored a moment's doubt of her.

With the rolling away of that black cloud of doubt the everyday world took on again its accustomed life and color. He saw, and was able to enjoy, the pearly cream of her skin against the smoky-grey of her suit. She had worn a little grey-and-white chiffon scarf this afternoon, he recalled, but it was gone now, and the severe neckline suited her better.

Noel was trying to squeeze another drop out of the bottle. His colorless hair was damp on his brow. Lizzie, a trim little figure, had her head slightly back and through half-closed lids was squinting at Joe's painting leaning against the wall. Joe, now her sure winner at next month's show! Everyone surged back to life in Bob's consciousness like people born again.

To cap his joy was the knowledge of what the two detectives must be feeling. Blank dismay at the falling apart of their case against Anna Herbert!

Sergeant Manning was saying: "Look, you say you saw Nevinson right there within a few feet of you. Why didn't you take the opportunity to tell him about this warnin' you reckoned had come to you from the spirits?"

"I know, I know," Mrs. Patmore murmured. "But he looked so—how shall I put it? —so safe, so solid, so well able to take care of himself, I— well, I just balked. I detest being laughed at by the Philistines in their ignorance of this subject."

Manning looked at her long and mournfully. "Yeah. How long was he in there with his wife?"

"I don't know."

"Did you see him come back?"

"No. No."

"Because — there's no two ways about it—he did come back here and was tossed over that balcony. See? Someone came back with him or followed him in here."

"No doubt."

"Did you see anyone else at all?"

"No."

"Hear any raised voices?"

"No. I went back to my desk, and again this sense of dread came over me. I sat there and thought about it, but I couldn't settle to anything, so I went out again, but only just in time, as I told you, to see Mrs. Herbert and Miss Webb get out of the lift and to hear the shouts from below."

When no varying version of this short statement could be extracted from Mrs. Patmore, Grogan and Manning retreated—with not half the bland self-confidence, Bob noticed gleefully, with which they had entered.

In Estelle's flat the interval that had elapsed had been filled with attempts to bring her back to some measure of calm after her hysterical exit. Finally, this had been achieved by Willy administering a heavy tranquilliser. Now she sat silent and with glazed eye, while Willy hovered beside her.

Hermione and Joe shuttled back and forth with relays of black coffee and rum, proving the rule that there is no tragedy so great that it will not yield some small compensation, the greatest of these perhaps being the relaxing of those everyday self-imposed disciplines. Normally, Hermione and Joe were dedicated souls, she to her complexion, he to brush and canvas, but tonight they had tilted the bottle considerably.

So the entrance of the two detectives was less formidable to them than might have been expected.

Coming right to the point, Grogan went up to the sofa and shot at Estelle: "Mrs. Nevinson, did you have any communication with your husband this evening? Shortly before his death, say?"

Estelle lifted lids almost too heavy to stay open, but was silent, as though not having fully understood the inspector's words.

GROGAN was used to people employing all kinds of delaying tactics while they groped around for the answer that would serve them best, so he repeated the question.

"Yes," Estelle said thickly, "I saw him."

"Where'd you see him?"

"Here."

"When?"

"Some time." She put up a hand and laid it on a dazed brow. "He came in. He just walked in. He had a key."

Manning asked, looking at her sourly: "Why didn't you tell us this when you were in next door?"

"What?" she said stupidly. "What?"

"Why'd you keep that back?"

"I didn't keep anything back. I — I — just —" She shook her head in a bewildered fashion.

"I'll say you did! We were led to believe that the last person that saw him alive was Mrs. Herbert. The fact that he was wanderin' around in here alters things a lot. See?"

"Does it? I don't know anything about that."

Murmuring that Mrs. Nevinson might be able to think a little more clearly if she had some strong coffee, Hermione poured out a cup and took it over to her.

Estelle sipped the hot drink obediently like a hospital patient.

Chafing till she had drunk it and put down the cup, Manning asked: "Just what did happen between the two of you when he came in here?"

"Nothing. Nothing. He came in and I said, 'Claude—I didn't know you were coming. Have you had dinner?' and he said something about not wanting to trouble me, that he was dining with Mrs. Herbert."

"How'd he seem?"

"Well he wasn't very cheerful, he looked rather grim and absent . . . as though he might have had something on his mind. I talked for a minute, I can't remember quite what about, but he didn't answer. Then he looked up and said, 'Do you remember — What was the name of that chap who—?' and walked over and picked up the telephone book."

"The telephone book?"

"Yes. I said, 'What chap?' But he opened the book and turned some of the pages, and in a minute he said, 'I remember . . . yes, here he is. Now, he might know.'"

"Did he ring this feller?"

"No, he didn't ring anyone, he just shut the book."

"He didn't ..ing anyone, he didn't say his name, or what it was he might know?" Manning glared at her indignantly.

"No."

"Didn't you ask him?"

"No, I didn't."

"And what happened then?"

"Nothing. I don't remember anything else we said. He stayed such a little while, and . ." She trailed off.

"And you let him clear out without discovering any more about it? My word, I don't know why ladies have got this reputation for curiosity!"

Like a fencer with rapier levelled, Willy sprang forward. "Do you not understand that she is in a state of shock?" he exploded. "It is all this terrible happening. Shock!" He touched his forehead as though to explain some mental process of which the sergeant would naturally be ignorant.

Interposing his lean frame between him and Estelle, Willy went on in his crackling speech to protest against Mrs. Nevinson being questioned tonight or any further strain being put on her. He said it was "a bad show," that what she needed was "a spot of shut-eye" and that they must come back in the morning.

In a somewhat retaliatory tone, Manning asked Willy about his movements at the time.

Willy said that he had had a meal in his own room in Darlinghurst and had arrived at Braham Court at eight-thirty. About that, he thought, or it might have been eight-forty.

Joe's account of his movements was equally open to official scepticism. He told that he had left the gallery at about seven o'clock, after having had a dinner of sorts, and had walked to the Cross, gone to an espresso bar, drank coffee and read an evening paper. After that he had thought he would look in on Mrs. Brownlow, and had come to Braham Court only to see the rubberneck crowd in the street round Mr. Nevinson's body.

. . . . . .

Much later that night when Grogan and Manning left Braham Court they strolled into the milk-bar at the corner, and presently were breasting the counter, straw in mouth, chocolate malted in hand.

His eye busy on the shelves behind the eighteen-year-old girl attending on them, Grogan paused in his intake of the sweet, icy drink. "A while ago," he inquired of her, "did a good-looking chap in a grey suit come in here and buy some cigarettes?"

She spread a scarlet-tipped hand over her pompadour and looked at him pityingly. "Can't you do better than that?"

"Give us a break, I'd only just started. About thirty, close on 6ft., straight, dark brown hair, bit of a widow's peak on the forehead, dark blue eyes, thickish mouth and well-spaced teeth, longish, inquisitive sort of nose, shaving nick on the edge of the left jaw."

While he talked the girl's eyes were on the inspector, doing their own summing-up: Not too bad-looking himself, a bit of Irish in him in more ways than one, could put it over you all right, too old, of course, shouldn't be drinking all that cholesterol, pity he was a cop.

SHE said: "Yes, I remember the fellow you describe."

"You do, eh?"

"Yes, he bought a packet of cigarettes. Don't tell me he had anything to do with that terrible thing that happened at Braham Court?"

"No, don't worry, we won't take him from you. He was in a taxi half-way between here and Killara when it happened. No, I just wondered if by any chance he asked to use the phone or got pennies for a call?"

"Well, he did, as a matter of fact. I changed sixpence for him and he went into that box over there at the corner."

Outside again on the pavement, Grogan mused. "Now I wonder what he had on his mind, what he wanted to tell

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"I'll say one thing for it — it covers up the tie you knitted for Christmas."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

Teenagers' WEEKLY

May 8, 1963

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately

PATSY ANN CHOOSES LATEST HATS

– page 3

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LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Troubles don't end at 21

BEING probably older than "Pip" (T.W., 27/3/63), I would like to say a few words about her letter, which maintained that being young was not all it might be.

She was quite right in saying that from the age of 14 young people are crowded with examinations, doubts, skin troubles, etc. But what makes her think that this crowding stops when you reach adulthood?

Maturity does not mean freedom from these pressures, but rather an ability to cope with them.

Many adults are dissatisfied with their occupations, or unsure that they have chosen the right one. Many have skin blemishes, and, sooner or later, wrinkles. Many never overcome a feeling of inferiority.

Unfortunately, we do not get an automatic guarantee of security and maturity when we reach adulthood.—*"Big Sister," Landsborough, Qld.*

Fireworks

COMMONWEALTH DAY is next on the list of national celebrations, and recently I have noticed that older members of our community have complained about fireworks, saying they are dangerous and a waste of money.

These people are past the age of playing with fireworks, and forget all the fun they used to have.

They should face the fact that children *will* buy crackers —the point is that they must be made aware of the dangers, and supervised while they are lighting them. — *M. Phillips, Lugarno, N.S.W.*

Boys as cooks

I HAVE been called a sissy by other boys because my mother taught me to cook. Recently she was taken to hospital seriously ill, and because I did know how to cook I took over at home.

Do other readers think boys should learn cooking? — *"Chief Cook," Mylor, S.A.*

PUZZLE

THREE men, travelling with their wives, came to a river which they had to cross. There was but one small boat and only two could cross at one time. Since the husbands were jealous, no woman could be left with a man unless her husband was present. How did they get across the river? *Answer, page 7.*

Wrong approach

HOW many times have girls been confronted by a boy who says, "Are you doing anything tonight?"

The girl feels trapped and is immediately on her guard. Why can't the boy come to the point and say, for example, "Joan, there's a good movie on at the local. Would you like to come with me tonight?"

Then the girl knows exactly what sort of entertainment is planned and if she cares to go. —*"Liz," Fairy Meadow, N.S.W.*

Song pirates

I WOULD like to protest about the trend of "jazzing up" classical music and folksongs.

These so-called musicians take a lovely piece of music such as a waltz from "Swan Lake" or "Greensleeves," and mutilate it beyond recognition. Then, and this is the crowning insult, they sign their names at the bottom to declare it their own composition.

Surely there must be a way to stop this piracy.—*M. Linklater, Drummoyne, N.S.W.*

Compulsive mimic

I AM one of those awful people who cannot talk to anyone without mimicking their accent. For instance, if I meet a Scotsman I rrroll my rr's something terrrible! Quite unconsciously I assure you. Now I am going out with a boy who, although Australian by birth, has Scandinavian parents—both with extremely pronounced accents. I am scared stiff that one day I will forget myself and copy them. Could someone help me, please, so this embarrassing thing won't happen? — *"Mimic," W.A.*

Writing on wall

THOSE who are still at school and find it difficult to memorise formulae might try my idea which I have found most successful.

I make a chart listing formulae (or whatever else I can't grasp) and hang it on my bedroom wall. While I'm in bed or pottering about in my room I can glance at it, and it's not until exam time that you realise just how much you've learnt by just having it under your nose all the time.—*Pam Unwin, Gymea, N.S.W.*

Chicken

RECENTLY my daughter's boy-friend was invited to stay for dinner. We were having a roast dinner, and had gone to the trouble of getting a special type of meat which we thought he liked.

At five o'clock he phoned his parents to tell them he was dining out, but was told that they were having chicken.

He then made up an excuse to us and went home to eat the chicken. We were left wondering what teenagers were coming to. — *"Annoyed," Tas.*

Nothing new

MANY older people criticise and sometimes condemn teenagers of today for their pin-ups of current stars.

A generation ago their pin-ups were Rudy Vallee, Valentino, Clara Bow, Mae West, Jean Harlow, etc. What is the difference? — *Janice Pryor, Greenslopes, Brisbane.*

Dull weekends

WHAT am I to do on weekends to get out of the old routine of going to town on Saturday morning, going to the pictures Saturday afternoon, going to a party Saturday night, going to church on Sunday morning, doing my homework Sunday afternoon, going to bed Sunday night? — *"Bored," Brisbane.*

BEATNIK

"You call that sculpture! Man, you would have no sense of beauty whatsoever."

Blood sports

SEVERAL deaths have recently resulted from the so-called sport of boxing, yet thousands of people find recreation in watching two men punch each other until one succumbs to the brutal punishment.

How can we criticise Spanish bull-fighting when we tolerate steeplechasing, boxing, and fox-hunting, which all involve cruelty and suffering?—*Patricia Eddy, Albury, N.S.W.*

Next week

• Do you know which gem is your birthstone and the magical properties it is said to possess? Next week we list them all, with fascinating information about each one. Our cover pin-up will be the new vocal trio, the Bee Gees.

Marriage of teenagers

• Lynne Herrington (T.W., 10/4/63) spoke out against teenage marriage, saying that teenage wives were always tired and testy looking. Although divorce statistics show a high failure rate for such marriages, the only replies we received were from happy teenage wives.

NOT all teenage wives are unhappy. I, for one, am only 18 years old with two lovely little boys. I have never regretted my marriage, even though sometimes my babies have almost driven me mad.

And sometimes I'm so happy I could jump with joy.

To any teenage bride I say that there are two things you have to learn to keep — your patience and your sense of humor. — *R. Beeck, Bairnsdale, Vic.*

I HAVE just turned 20 and have been married for two years. My husband's parents and mine were against our marriage, but at last they gave in.

We migrated to Australia one week after our wedding and are sure we have done right. Though we have our quarrels sometimes, there are no mothers to give "good advice."

We are a happy family with one baby daughter, and have a lot of fun together and go to dances, theatres, and cinemas.

I think it is much better to marry and start a family while you are young, and learn to stand on your own feet.

You will have more joy together now than if you wait till you are 30 or more. — *Gudrun Stocker, Edithvale, Vic.*

IS Lynne Herrington a marriage counsellor? Or has she been embittered by experience? What's wrong with teenage marriages?

As a bride a girl receives more than a wedding ring from her man — she receives his life, his name, and his love. What more could a girl in love want?

True, some teenage marriages fail because of immaturity, but surely that depends on the couple themselves, their stamina to make their marriage work, and sometimes that is a tough job.

I am 20 and I have a little girl of two and a baby boy, I have my man and my happiness.—*"Stella," Ryde, N.S.W.*

HAPPINESS in a teenage marriage is not something that is supplied with the ring; it has to be worked for and achieved by the couple.

The tired and testy wife is just feeling sorry for herself instead of trying to make the marriage a success.— *Norma Faint, Newcastle, N.S.W.*

OPEN your eyes a bit wider and you will find that there are many happy, well-dressed, and loving teenage wives around (including me) who wouldn't trade places with the single girls for anything in the world. — *I. Kokshoam, Morwell, Vic.*

IF you are truly in love, missing out on the freedom and frivolity of the teen years is a very small price to pay for a wedding ring.

Sure, there are a lot of setbacks and hardships, but if overcome together there is a feeling of great reward and happiness.—*"Teenage Bride," Merrylands, N.S.W.*

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NEW HATS FOR PATSY

● Teenage singing star Patsy Ann Noble went shopping in London recently and picked out the hats she models on this page and on our cover. These mannish styles — bowlers, cowboy hats, and felt Tyroleans—are the latest craze. Patsy Ann, who arrived in London last September, has toured with Cliff Richard, is appearing in six Dave King TV shows, and has recorded four new numbers with Norrie Paramor. Her latest Australian disc to be released by E.M.I. is "Heartbreak Avenue" backed by "I'm Nobody's Baby."

WESTERN influence in one of Patsy's favorites (above) — a high-crowned stetson in felt, trimmed with petersham. The brim is wide and upturned.

FELT BOWLER is seen everywhere in London — on the girls. The brim is shaped and rolled up, and the hat sits squarely on Patsy's head.

ON OUR COVER Patsy Ann looks elegant in a coarse natural straw cartwheel trimmed with a multi-colored band. Hats are either very small or enormous like this one.

THE LATEST in Tyrolean hats (left). Made in felt, they're pulled down over one eye, turned up at the back, and finished off with a colored feather.

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Elvis at

1 *Mike Edwards (Elvis Presley) and Danny Burke (Gary Lockwood) are crop-dusting pilots with a weakness for girls and gambling. Their plane is seized for unpaid debts and they hitch a ride to Seattle with a Chinese former and his six-year-old niece, Sue-Lin (Vicky Tiu).*

2 *In Seattle, Sue-Lin's uncle disappears, and Mike volunteers to take her round the Fair while Danny goes in search of an old friend, a shady character named Vince Bradley, who they hope will help them pay their debts and get back their crop-dusting plane.*

3 *Sue-Lin samples every kind of food at the Fair and takes in every ride and exhibit. She soon becomes ill with stomach-ache, and Mike takes her to the Fair's dispensary. While she recovers he sings "What Would You Like To Be?"*

4 *The nurse in the dispensary is Dianne Warren (Joan O'Brien), a lovely blonde, and to attract her attention Mike pretends to have something in both eyes. Despite his best techniques, however, he fails to get to first base.*

5 *Never faint-hearted, Mike returns to the Fair later, hires a boy to kick him on the ankle, and gets Dianne to treat the injury. This time she agrees to a date in the Space Needle Restaurant, but their romance again hits the rocks when Mike is told that Dianne has reported Sue-Lin to the Welfare Board.*

6 *Meanwhile, Danny has found his friend Vince, who gets their plane out of hock in return for the boys' flying a freight to Canada. When Mike discovers the cargo is stolen furs, Vince (H. M. Wynant) pulls a gun on them.*

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World Fair

Seattle World Fair is ting for the next film ch Australia will see Presley. Due for re- pon, this M.G.M. film, ppened At The World is a romantic musical y in which the co-stars n O'Brien, Gary Lock- and six-year-old Vicky Elvis, now 28, is be- g more of an actor, still hit the top with his records.

7 Danny helps Mike overcome the hoodlum, and then admits it was he, not Dianne, who reported Sue-Lin. With the path of love smooth again, Mike and Dianne return to the Fair to celebrate their happiness.

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Sister's steady

"I AM a 19-year-old girl who has fallen in love with my sister's steady, who is 20. When he comes to take her out he is always very attentive toward me. He has invited me to a dance, which I am going to with my parents' permission. I have not told my sister of this invitation. Should I tell her or take the risk of her seeing him coming to pick me up on the night?"

"Undecided," W.A.

It would be pretty mean to let your sister find out you've stolen her steady by meeting him when he calls for you. You should ask the young man in question to straighten out the position with your sister himself before he takes you out. If he has been going steady with her it seems to me he should have done this before inviting you out.

Teasing troubles

"I AM 16 and my mother and father 'sling off' at me about the girls I bring home for tea. They pick them to pieces and at times I think they are both critics. It seems as though it is they who are going to take the girl out. After I have taken her home they tease me and say that my taste is no good. Whenever I ask if I can have the car, Dad says, 'All right, who is she?' I had been taking a girl out for several months before I asked her home to tea. We liked each other very much, but are now parted because I think my mother and father offended her. I felt like running away, but I soon realised that many misfortunes would occur in my life. I have some friends that make me feel very small in front of a girl. Should I forget about them and try to find some others? Please try to help me solve these problems."

"Embarrassed," S.A.

It's often hard for parents to accept the fact that their son is growing up. The teasing and criticism you receive from your mother and father is no doubt the result of their anxiety to protect you from associations which they do not feel are right for you.

Have you told your parents how much more their remarks upset you? If they knew, it might change their attitude.

If it doesn't, try not to be too sensitive about it. It will ease as you grow older, and, hard though it sounds, you will have to learn to take teasing.

You might even try a little gentle banter in return. Like kidding Dad about his waistline (if it's spreading!) and Mother about her driving (or new hats). It helps to keep the atmosphere light.

If you feel your friends are deliberately cruel in their remarks, their friendship certainly isn't worth bothering about. But if they are only teasing, don't rise to the bait. And answer them in their own coin.

Cutting question

"I AM a girl of 18 years and very much in love with my boy-friend, who is 21. He is very sensible for his age and I take his advice on most matters. As he works for a ladies' hairdresser he is able to cut my hair for me at our house. My problem is that a lot of hair grows down my neck. It shows and I believe it should not be cut, as it makes it grow thicker.

Do you know if this is right? My boy-friend insists on using either electric or hand clippers, and every time I ask him not to he insists and we invariably argue. I realise that this is a trivial matter, but would appreciate your advice as to whether I should stand up to him or allow him to do as he wants."

"Bewildered," N.S.W.

It is not—definitely not—true that cutting hair makes it grow thicker.

Let him trim your hair the way he wants to. He should know his job, so don't injure his professional pride.

Besides, you're lucky that he wants to cut your hair. Many a woman married to a house-painter has had to paint her own kitchen . . .

Unruly brothers

"I AM an only girl in a family of four children. We have no mother and therefore I have to do all the work around the house. I find this work very hard just by itself, but on top of that I have my school work. I am 17. My father's work keeps him away from home a lot and I have to look after my brothers, who are aged 13, 8, and 7. During recent holidays I have found my brothers very hard to get on with. They refuse to help with the work as they used to. I think this is because of my eldest brother, who 'leads' my younger brothers. If only I could get the eldest to help, the others would, too. He has begun calling me 'the slave' to his friends and I detest this. Could you please help me? This is becoming unbearable, especially with the Leaving ahead."

L.J., N.S.W.

Boys of 13 CAN be cruelly thoughtless, but if appealed to in the right way they often show a keen sense of responsibility. How about having a quiet talk to your brother one evening when the younger boys are in bed? Don't make any accusations — just point out to him that he is virtually the man of the house while your father is away, and tell him you need his help in organising the household.

If he is responsive, draw up a roster of daily chores between you.

If this does not work out satisfactorily after a fair trial, your best plan is to tell your father about your difficulties. I'm sure he fully appreciates the woman-size job you are doing and will do his best to make things easier for you. He may be able to arrange for a neighbor or friend to give you some occasional help in the house—at least while you are studying for the Leaving Certificate.

Beauty in brief: EYEBROW MAGIC

THE eyebrows may not be your star feature, but shapely ones do more for your face than just form a crescent over the eye-sockets.

Properly shaped eyebrows can make the eyes look larger, deeper, wider apart, and much more attractive. This in turn often imparts quite a different look to the whole face.

Just for fun let's suppose that your eyes are naturally rather small and you want them to look bigger.

What you would do in this instance is to give slightly more arch to the brows with a soft, sharp cosmetic pencil, and widen the distance between browline and eyes by carefully tweezing out a few hairs under the natural browline.

If your face is long and thin, try a straight browline, with a very slightly winged effect at the outer corners to offset narrowness.

If it's round, arch the brows slightly, keeping the highest point over the centre of the eye, and give a fairly thick outline for balance.

Are your eyes too close together? Plucking the brows farther apart above the nose bridge is the trick here, even if it means starting your browline a hair or two farther out from the inner corner of your eyelid than usual.

Prominent eyes need depth; to get this effect, keep the arch of brows shallow, tweezing out a few top hairs if the natural arch is too high. (In the ordinary way, of course, you always tweeze on the UNDER side of the arch.) Then, with eyebrow-pencil, give brows depth and extra width to divert attention.

Whatever you do, don't run wild with eye-pencil and tweezers; pencil with short, hairlike strokes and always aim for natural effects. It's a safe bet that you won't achieve them the first — or even the fifth — time, but try, try again until you do.

—*Carolyn Earle*

A word from Debbie

WANT to raise some money for your pet charity? Then stage a mannequin parade.

Ask your headmistress if you can use the assembly hall or a classroom as the "salon," and hold the parade one lunch-hour. Invite the whole school along and charge admission at the door.

Make it a class affair, with everyone modelling at least one garment. Anyone who doesn't want to model can act as "money collector" or usherette.

The start of a new season is the best time, because nearly everyone has something new. The theme? "Every girl's dream wardrobe," for, with one garment from everyone, you'll have a wardrobe any teenager will envy.

Organise it into sections — casual, town wear, party wear, for example.

A word of caution — don't let any of the arrangements interfere with school work, that's fatal.

You'll need a compere, a snappy description of the clothes, and one rehearsal to check your timing.

A model way to raise money? You said it!

Boarder trouble

"I AM a girl of 15. I have a serious problem and hope you can help me, as I am desperate. We have a boarder at our house who is quite a few years older than I and I don't like him in particular. Last week he kissed me, but I told him to leave me alone and forget the whole situation. He said that if I said nothing, he would do the same. Now I am afraid that if my parents found out they wouldn't trust me any more, as I have never done anything behind their backs before. Do you think I should tell my parents or hope for the best that they won't find out? The boarder already has a girl-friend and I don't want anything to do with them both, because she is my sister-in-law's sister. Please help me."

C.P., Vic.

I feel you should have a quiet talk to your mother about this. If your behaviour has always been straightforward to your parents in the past, her trust in you will be strengthened because you came to her.

As you say you do not particularly like this man, I am assuming you haven't been acting in the provocative sort of manner toward him which might have invited a kiss. (You haven't, have you?)

Your mother is the best person to decide what should be done in this situation. To avoid difficulty with relatives she may decide to find some tactful excuse to ask him to find board elsewhere.

Even if this is not arranged you will have an ally in preventing your being left alone with him.

● *Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.*

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LISTEN HERE — *with Ainslie Baker*

English pop singer to settle in Australia

● If you happened to see a rather interesting new dark-haired, dark-eyed singer on a recent "Bandstand," he was James Mahar, recently arrived from England to settle in Australia.

NOW under contract to Sydney's Channel 9, he'll soon be seen on the same show again and also on "Saturday Date."

James is 24 years old.

Well-dressed and with polished manners, he's a pop singer who likes to swing. His musical hobbies are playing Conga drums and working out modern treatments for popular songs of the past.

In England he has appeared in shows with Cliff Richard, Bobby Darin, the Everly Brothers, Tommy Steele, and Frank Ifield, and has also made records and done TV work.

As well, he's interested in acting and has played non-singing roles in two British film comedies. He says he would like to do some stage work here.

In at least two ways James is a good deal different from the average pop singer—he trained as an accountant, and collects antiques and old prints.

He hasn't signed a recording contract yet, but is having discussions with several companies and hopes soon to cut his first Australian disc.

JAMES MAHAR, the English singer and actor who made his first Australian appearance on "Bandstand."

Local talent: That good, round sound of **The Delltones,** plus a fine show of versatility, should make their Leedon LP "Come a Little Bit Closer" one of the most popular locally recorded albums.

Another thing I like about it is that you hear them in most of the songs ("Lear," "Outsider," "Passion Flower") for the first time.

HOW I wish disc jockeys would forget State pride and get together behind worthwhile discs. **The Strangers'** steamy, fascinating "Torlido" (W and G), written by group leader Laurie Arthur, is the sort of thing that, given a chance, could become a nationwide hit single.

IT'S rather a disappointment that **Rob. E.G.** didn't come up with something fresh for his new Festival single. However, he's a good guitarist and certainly gives a successful facelift to the old "Jezebel," making it seem fresher and more interesting than "Stage To Cimmaron" on the other side.

Pops: Sophisticated, quiet in tone, and coolly jazzy, **Joe Harnell's** "Fly Me to the Moon" (Kapp LP) will prove a lasting delight to people who fell in love with his single of the same title.

It's full of that same attractive quality and there isn't a poor track on it. Some of the numbers are "Cry Me A River," "Midnight Sun," and "You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To."

FOR something like 20 years experts have been claiming that **Peggy Lee** is the greatest singing stylist of them all. If you'd like to make your own rating of this indestructible singer listen to her "Love Me Or Leave Me" (Festival EP).

As well as the title tune there's "My Heart Belongs To Daddy," "They Can't Take That Away From Me," and "There's A Small Hotel."

BRASS and bounce are out with the **Melachrino** orchestra, and it's all strings and sweetness on "Our Man From London" (R.C.A. LP). With English standards ("A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square," "Roses Of Picardy") on one side and American pop classics ("Tennessee Waltz," "Body And Soul") on the other side the listening's soothing and soulful.

TWO of the best-known Australian singers, **Col Joye** and **Johnny O'Keefe,** alternate with American stars **Dion, Ray Charles,** and **Teddy Randazzo** on a Festival LP "Twist The Limbo." A good disc for a party, with the boys heard again in some of their big hit singles.

A FOUR-MAN, mixed-race (two whites, two negro) folksinging group who seem to have something new to say, and say it in a pleasant way, are **"The Tarriers"** (Festival LP).

They're not arty, their material's fresh, and they don't make every song sound the same. The disc is the recording of a performance at the Greenwich Village Bitter End Club in New York.

THERE'S something likeable about the way **Perry Como** sings such songs as "My Favorite Things," "I'll Remember April," and "Once Upon A Time"; the **Ray Charles Singers** are excellent support, and the **Mitchell Ayres Orchestra** is O.K., too. So that makes "By Request" (R.C.A. LP) a pretty good disc.

Light classies. Under the title of **"Ferrante and Teicher** Play Light Classics" (Ampar LP) the duo pianists set out on an easy-to-listen-to pop classic spree that includes a Brahms waltz, a Chopin polonaise, "Malaguena," and "To a Wild Rose."

FRESH POSTURE IS GREENER!

● I am more convinced than ever that girls are unhappy with their natural appearance.

I HAVE previously pointed out girls' unflagging efforts to change their normal skin, hair, shape, lips, etc., with traditional cosmetics and other "beauty aids."

And recently I have seen mention of two other unusual ways in which sugars add a heck of a lot of spice to their original all things nice.

Firstly, I saw a story which said that thousands of American girls are buying contact lenses (you know, the specs that fit over the eyeballs) when their vision does not need correction.

It seems they are buying the lenses to simply change the colors of their eyes.

The second thing that tickled my fancy was a story about a drug that turned brunettes blond.

On the subject of the apt pupils of the art of eye-color changing, let me warn that such a girl — particularly if named Rose — would lead an unreal life.

For it is not very practical to look at things through Rose's colored glasses.

The old saying "Men never make passes at girls who wear glasses" might well become "Men talk in past tenses about girls in contact lenses."

I suppose the principle of the blonding drug is to impress men — sort of "Fake Well Before Amusing."

Because gentlemen traditionally prefer blonde dates, I suppose the drug could also be marked, "One teasepoonful before dinner."

Those bottle-blond beach boys, the Surfies, might be interested in the drug.

They should remember, however, that the drug's effects do not last long. In their case, one might say, one swallow doesn't make a summer.

—Robin Adair

Puzzle answer

HERE is the answer to the puzzle on page 2:

(1) A and his wife go over and A returns.

(2) B's and C's wives go over and A's returns.

(3) B and C go over, and B and his wife return.

(4) A and B go over, and C's wife returns.

(5) A's wife and B's wife go over and C returns.

(6) C and his wife go over.

(From "Mathematical Fun, Games and Puzzles," by Jack Frohlichstein. Published by Dover Publications, Inc., New York, and reprinted through permission of the publisher.)

WORTH HEARING

HAYDN and SCHUBERT: Symphonies

HAYDN'S "Oxford" Symphony, which has been recorded for C.B.S. by the Cleveland Orchestra under conductor George Szell, recalls the occasion in July, 1791, when Haydn received an honorary degree of Doctor of Music from Oxford University.

Haydn had already had a great success with the musical public of London in this first visit to England, and does not appear to have been greatly impressed by the offer of an Oxford degree. At any rate, the "new" work that he provided — this symphony—was, in fact, about three years old; he merely touched it up for the occasion by adding trumpets and drums.

But, new or not, Haydn honored Oxford with one of his finest and most characteristic symphonies, in which you can find all his qualities of vitality, good humor, warmth of feeling, and unerring sureness of touch.

On the other side of the disc is a favorite that needs no introduction: Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony.

Both these works are presented with skill and sympathy by Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra, one of America's best.

—Martin Long

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TOP TEENS IN SPORT

By Cynthia Robinson **No. 2**

Big break for leading junior

● Most teenagers lucky enough to make a world trip do it on a shoestring, but 17-year-old Tony Roche is doing it in luxury style, thanks to his talent in hitting tennis balls.

FOR Tony (pictured at right), a powerful left-hander regarded by experts as the best player of his age in the world, recently left on a six-month trip with the official 1963 Australian men's tennis touring team.

It's a glamor trip which will cost him nothing, but if he had to pay for it himself it would add up to about £4000.

On this trip, Tony — the "baby" of the four-man team—will play in Singapore, Penang, the Middle East, Rome, Paris, London, New York, Los Angeles, Japan, Hong Kong, and Manila.

Tony, who has already been on two tennis-playing trips to the States and one to Indonesia, was born in Tarcutta, N.S.W., and began to play tennis at school when he was nine.

His mother and father played tennis locally "just for fun" and encouraged his interest.

Tony's first break came through an N.S.W. junior development programme which provides divisional coaching schools in country areas.

From the time he was 13 he kept receiving invitations to play in Sydney, so he decided to move to the city and concentrate on breaking into "big tennis."

And it didn't take him long. By 1960 he'd made a name as an up-and-coming star, and in the following two years he was chosen to represent Australia in the Junior Davis Cup matches in Miami, U.S.A.

Tony—who, when he's not playing tennis, works on the promotions staff of a Sydney sporting-goods firm—showed his brilliance during the latter tour when he won the Orange Bowl Tournament. This is, in effect, the world junior title.

During the past Australian season he won the junior singles titles of three States and the Australian Hardcourt title.

His best senior performances were his victory over Roy Emerson in the Queensland singles and his narrow loss to Rod Laver in the Victorian singles.

Tony, a bronzed champion of 5ft. 10in. and 12 stone, thinks much of his success could be due to the fact that his father is a butcher and he's always been enthusiastic about steak for "breakfast, dinner, and tea."

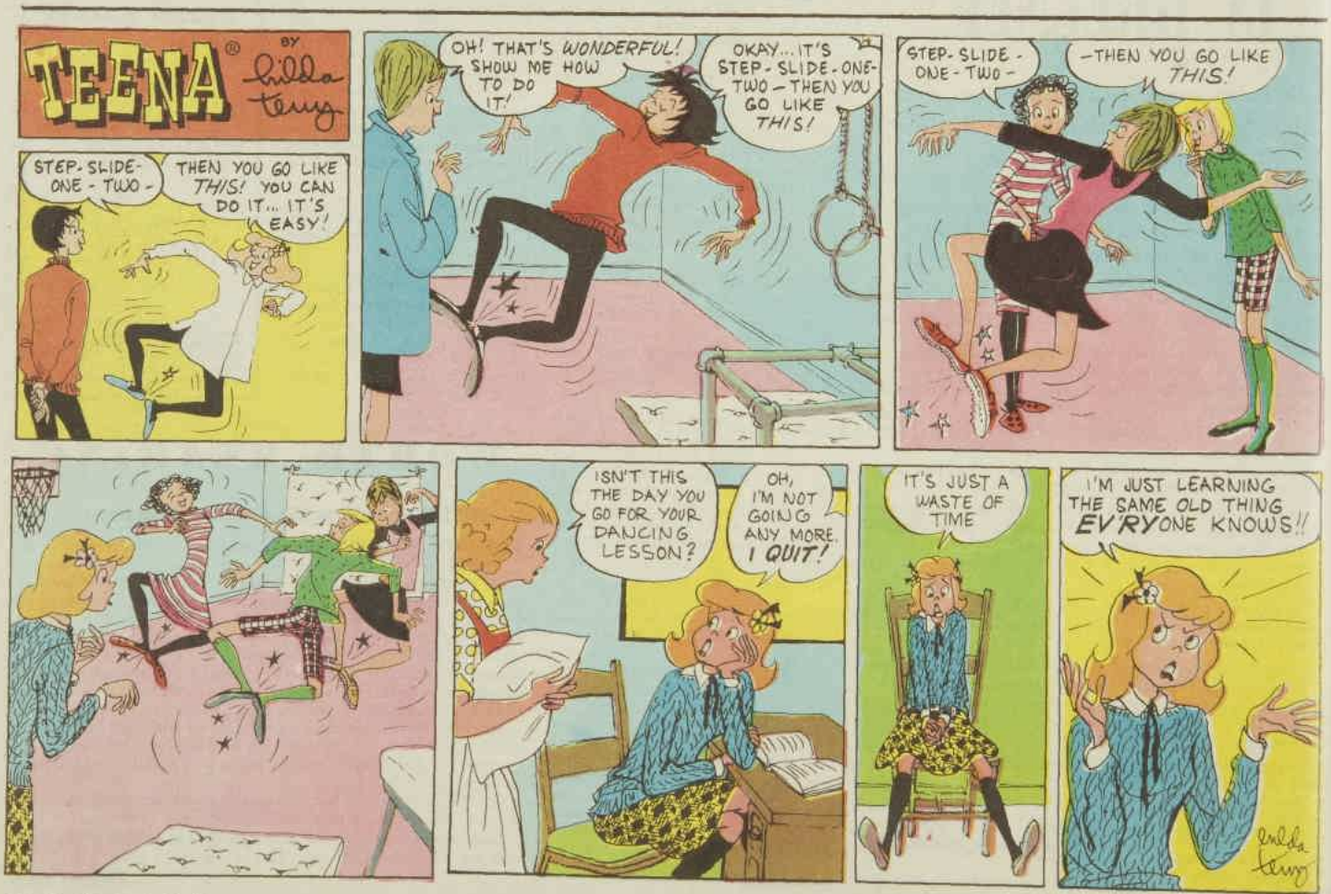
"I'm sure all this steak has helped to toughen me up for the physical endurance tests which really close matches can develop into," he said with one of his beguiling grins.

Tony, who plays golf when tennis permits and keeps in shape with a little weightlifting and a lot of running, enjoys parties after tournaments, but has no special girl-friends at present.

This year will be his first Wimbledon. It probably won't be his year to win the title, but stranger things have happened.

And everyone who knows Tony wishes him luck — for he's a delightfully natural, straightforward teenager . . . unspoiled by his success.

NEXT WEEK:
Dianne Bowering



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The Australian Women's Weekly, May 8, 1963

AUSTRALIAN - MADE

Gift Guide FOR *Mothers' Day*

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RONSON

"Take me to your lady"—a perfect Mother's Day gift suggestion . . . at left: the lightest, most compact gas lighter made . . . Firestar—gold with black enamel, 130/-; chrome, 105/-. Centre: elegant, lipstick-size, gold-plated Ladylite, 189/-. Varaflame gas table models: Adelphi, 199/6; Queen Anne, 210/-.

Revlon's luxurious Aquamarine and Intimate, specially packaged for Mother's Day.

Left to right: Talcum Powder, Aquamarine, 14/9; Intimate, 15/9; Talcum Powder and Eau de Toilette, Aquamarine, 37/3; Intimate, 43/3; 2 oz. Eau de Toilette, Aquamarine, 22/6; Intimate, 27/6; 1 oz. Eau de Toilette, Aquamarine, 12/6; Intimate, 14/6. "Aquamarine," the classique of all floral fragrances. "Intimate," the cherished fragrance.

Nicest thought yet – Nestle's Chocolates on Mother's Day. "Variety": a creamy smooth chocolate collection of 12 of her favourite centres (each named on its own bright wrapper). "Winning Post": the famous selection for those who love rich dark chocolate. (Each box in a flower-decked gift-wrap.) And "My Fair Lady": an elegantly boxed assortment of 48 of Nestlé's most taste-tempting milk-and-dark chocolates.

½ lb. Variety 5/6
1 lb. Variety 11/-
½ lb. Winning Post . . . 6/-
1 lb. Winning Post . . . 12/-
2 lb. My Fair Lady . . . 30/-

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CROWN GIFTS

for the Queen of the Castle

Crown Artglass or Agee Pyrex

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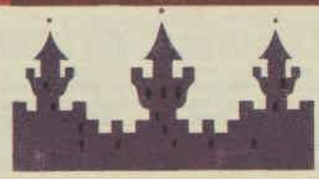

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Healing 23" TV gives better picture even areas. With new 'Halo-screen'. 'Golden Vo 'CAPITOL' (above). Maple, walnut, mahogany 'WASHINGTON' has special cabinet bas

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'AUTOMAGIC' (illustrated) has sud-saver, easy-to-read, easy-to-reach controls. You can change cycles during wash to suit garments. Standard, 142 gns. Built-in heater, 159 gns.

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HEALING

the Finest, so, Darling, just put a tick ✓ against

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PORTABLE 19" TV, 159 gns.
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Crosley 'Thinsulation' gives 40% more space, protects food better with less wall thickness. 'ROYALE' (above) 14 cu. ft. Wide freezer, 225 gns. With automatic defrost, 249 gns. 'ELEGANTE' 12 cu. ft. With 'Thinsulation', 210 gns. Automatic, 230 gns. 'COMPACT' 10 cu. ft. also has 'Thinsulation', 169 gns. Automatic, 189 gns.

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your mother knows—nothing equals the gleaming radiance of silver . . . . . *so inexpensive too!*

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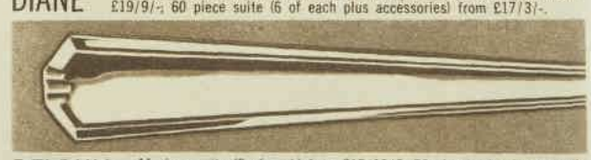

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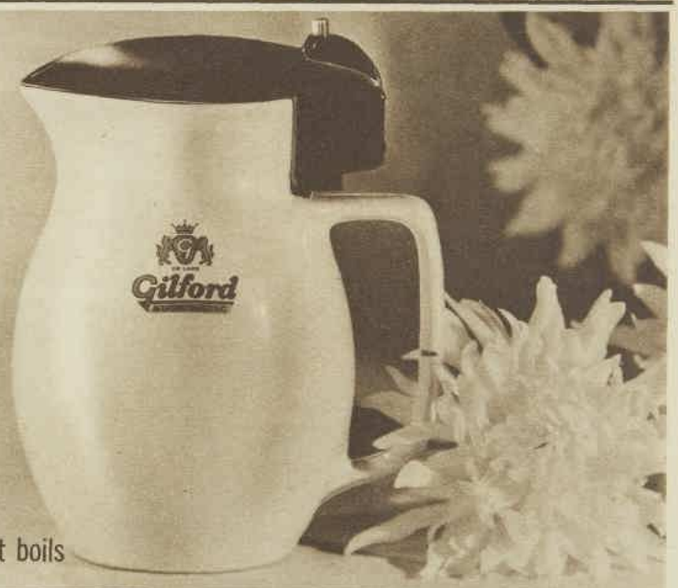
The ideal gift for her

A famous Gilford Automatic helps lighten Mother's work every day of the year . . . it boils up to 3¼ pints of water in a fraction over 5 minutes, and then **automatically switches off when it boils!** Beautiful to look at, too—Gilford is gracefully styled in fine craze-free porcelain in colours of gleaming White or Primrose. At electrical and departmental stores everywhere, priced from **67/6** (slightly higher in W.A.).



Gilford *AUTOMATIC

*it switches itself off when it boils

Really pamper her... give her Hotpoint

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TO MUMMY WITH LOVE xxx

. . . a special gift. Bought from months of penny-saving, chosen with thought and care, painstakingly wrapped . . . and one that will be given with a burst of joy and excitement the moment Mother's Day dawns! It's a gift with a future . . . an Australian-made gift. One of many thousands of such gifts that will be given and joyfully received on that very special day. Why don't you give Australian, too. When you do, you help maintain our happy and prosperous way of life. You help make job security for other Australians. And, when they go gift-shopping for Australian goods . . . they benefit you. So, think about the future as well as the present, when you go to buy your gift for Mother. **The wise Australian buys Australian.**

AUSTRALIAN MADE

Inserted by: THE ASSOCIATED CHAMBERS OF MANUFACTURES OF AUSTRALIA.

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her or ask her or warn her about?"

"Ask him," Manning said. "I reckon you're dead sure to find him right under your feet whenever you visit her."

In this disgruntled mood, Manning went on to express his profound pessimism about the case, his conviction that it was a cert that the whole boilin' of 'em would clam up on the police and obstruct justice. He then proceeded to mourn the absence, so far, of clues and motives, and the presence of unlimited opportunity for everyone.

This discouraging attitude on Manning's part was all too familiar to Grogan, so that as he stood on the kerb, hat tilted back and face raised to the heavens, he seemed little, if at all, affected by it. His expression was particularly cheerful as he commented on the beauty of the night and gave his opinion that they wouldn't ever be able to land on the moon.

When Manning had wrung the last bitter drop from the shape of things as he saw them, Grogan said mildly: "Course it's a bit early yet. Can't expect to have it handed to you on a gold plate. There was one little point, though, that I noticed. Mightn't mean a thing. Might've been just pure chance. But—"

Manning looked at him suspiciously. "But what?"

Grogan told him.

. . .

Almost immediately after the detectives had left Anna's flat and turned their attention to Estelle, Bob left, too.

On the landing, the short flight of steps leading to the roof-top confronted him, and he took himself up there and sat down in a deck-chair conveniently left by a sunbather. He had felt little inclined for the post-mortem and supper set in train by Lizzie Brownlow. There assembled, he thought wryly, were all the ingredients needed for Lizzie to exercise her talents: to feed the hungry, to instruct the passive, and to find the solution of any problem unsolvable by others.

Yet he couldn't bring himself to leave Braham Court until he had seen Anna again, and alone, if only for ten minutes.

He stretched himself out in the long chair. The air was balmy; the distant stars wheeled comfortingly overhead; the world receded. He had slept little on the plane last night, and today — and tonight — had been more than enough. In five minutes he was asleep.

He slept for over an hour, and woke dazed and at sea for a few moments. Collecting himself with difficulty, he left the roof-top and went down to the seventh floor.

All the doors were shut, the police seemed to have gone, and everything was quiet. He glanced at his watch, wondering if it was too late to see Anna. He hesitated before stepping across and knocking lightly on her door.

There was no answer. He waited a little, tapped again, then, deciding that she had gone to bed and to sleep, turned away and started to walk down the stairs. The occupants of the seventh floor would want a little peace now, he reflected, and the whine of the ascending lift and the clang of its door might shatter somebody's first sleep.

On the sixth floor there was a vacant flat. In one of his many loiterings below this evening, he had found himself talking to Cavanagh, the caretaker of Braham Court, and in the course of those desultory chats about the tenants there, he had learnt that this flat on the sixth floor had recently been vacated and had been taken by the Trade Commissioner for one of the Latin American Republics.

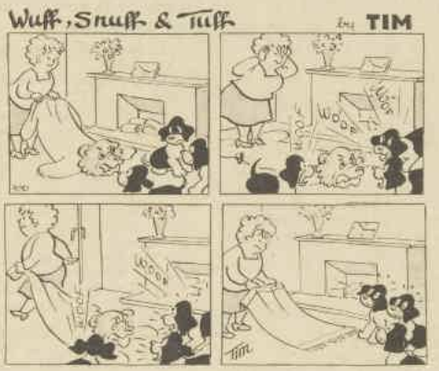
The gentleman's taste apparently bordered on the flamboyant, and Mrs. Brownlow, who knew him slightly, had persuaded him to have a mural painted in the newly decorated drawing-room.

Mr. Fallow was doing it from a design by Mr. Dyason.

As Bob reached the sixth floor he noticed that the door of this empty flat was standing open. Curtainless and blindless, moonlight was flooding it, and, pausing, he could see right through to the drawing-room, where workmen's trestles and tarpaulins and brushes and tins of paint were lying around. Taken by a mild interest in the job Fallow was doing, Bob pushed the door wider and went in.

The flat was a replica of Anna's directly above it, and, looking about him as he entered the drawing-room, Bob thought what a relief it was to see a room completely empty, to see walls and floor space unencumbered by pictures and chairs and tables.

FOR THE CHILDREN



Even the moonlight looked brighter with nothing to hinder its passage across the floor. Its blue light was powerful enough to show him the almost finished mural; and very good it looked, he decided: a shadowy design of pale green tree-ferns and uncurling bracken fronds. He turned away and looked about him.

Here in this stillness empty of all distracting sights and sounds he allowed himself to think freely about Claude's death. Here for the first time since it had happened he could clear his mind of all preconceived ideas and let it rove unchecked. When he got home, he knew, the household would be waiting for him — he'd rung them earlier and told them what had happened—and he'd have to go over it all again. But here alone in the stillness—

A GUST of wind banged shut the door that led into the bedroom on the right.

The sudden noise made Bob jump. He took out a cigarette and lit it. Standing there smoking, presently he found that a disturbing query had floated up from the depths of his mind, a query which maybe would never have arisen but for the events of the hours just past: Why had the wind banged shut the door at that particular moment? A gusty southerly had been blowing since early evening, and if the workmen had left the bedroom door on to the balcony open when they went away at four-thirty —?

Odd.

Or was it so odd? The wind was a very capricious element.

But was it as capricious as all that? To blow all the evening in those recurring gusts, yet wait so many hours to bang that door?

Continuing . . . DROP DEAD

from page 46

He stepped across and turned the handle.

The door was locked.

Amazement fixed him, kept him standing still with his hand on the knob. Though he'd questioned the banging of the door, the last thing he'd actually expected was to find what his over-stimulated imagination had called up, that there was someone inside the empty bedroom.

Someone. Who? And what was that someone there for? An inquisitive stroller like himself would have emerged and explained, wouldn't have needed to lock himself in. Or if by any chance a police guard—for some inexplicable reason — had been posted there, he wouldn't have hidden, either. He would have come out and challenged him. It must, it must be someone who expected to be recognised and for some reason dared not be. Some guilty reason, therefore. Good grief, where was that line of thought going to lead him?

Quickly he shut down on it. His hand dropped from the knob and he stepped back a pace or two as though to get a clearer view of both the door and the mystery.

That lightly dismissed intruder — suppose he wasn't just an "inquisitive stroller" like himself, but someone whose intentions hadn't been so clean and yet rather paltry; someone trying to pinch a couple of paintbrushes or a tin of paint?

Still, even that possible petty thief needn't have been caught red-handed. He could have claimed for himself innocent curiosity. No, it was someone who dared not be seen—though for what reason heaven only knew—someone who had been on the balcony, had heard his footsteps coming in, and had opened the balcony door into the bedroom and slipped inside, letting in that scurry of wind.

Well, this was the damnedest situation ever! The sort of thing that seemed to demand something of you, and yet for the life of you you couldn't think what.

And there was another question, too: Whoever it was, how had he got into the flat in the first place? Of course, the rooms reeked of paint from all the freshly done woodwork and walls. It could be that the caretaker had left the door ajar to let out the smell. He drew on his cigarette deeply as though to draw in some inspiration that would aid him to solve the puzzle.

But nothing came.

What next, then? Walk away and leave it? He couldn't do that. He just could not find out what it was all about.

Suddenly he thought of the glass door on the balcony into the bedroom—of course, it would be locked by now as well—but what would be the use of going out and peering in there? Whoever was inside wouldn't be exposing himself to view. He would be standing hidden in the angle of the wall or have got into a built-in cupboard, perhaps.

UNEXPECTEDLY he heard his own voice in the stillness: "Who's in there?" — so unexpectedly that it gave him a shock as though the voice had come from the other side of the door.

Not surprisingly, there was no answer.

"O.K.," he spoke again. "You wait and so shall I. I'm in no hurry. I know there's someone in there and I mean to find out who it is. Waiting'll be a bit boring, I admit, but I expect you'll find it that, too."

A few minutes went by in the silence.

And what a weighted silence it was! Was the other person sitting? Standing? Was he panic-stricken? Laughing? In a murderous rage at having been cornered like this?

Bob went over and stubbed his cigarette in a saucer full of butts left by the workmen. His first astonishment at the situation had given place to an obstinacy that was mixed with curiosity. He sat down on the floor with his back against the wall and stared across at the freshly painted dead-white, expressionless door. He took out another cigarette and lit it and smoked for a while. Wild surmises shot into his mind.

Mrs. Patmore was holding a seance in there, hoping to get in touch with Claude! —and, poor witch, she'd said how she hated ridicule. Joe, at variance with Noel's execution of the mural, had come in to tamper with it! Hermione had a lover and the pair of them were trembling in there with their guilty secret! Willy Stanley, having been turned out by Estelle, had been trying to do a cat-burglar act up to her window!

A fast-moving shred of cloud moved across the moon and momentarily dimmed its light; then it raced on, and out flooded the silver radiance as before.

The silence began to get altogether too oppressive. Bob broke it again in a tone sweetly mild and conversational: "Hi — you inside there. If only I could get a glimmer of a notion why you're hiding like this, what you're up to! If, as I thought at first, idle curiosity brought you in here — well, I'm a pretty inquisitive sort of bloke myself and can well understand that. I'm certainly a very reasonable one, and if you'll come out and explain that you're just a rubberneck who got into a flap and locked the door when you heard me come in, I'm sure we'll be able to shake hands and part amicably. Now look, could anything be fairer than that? Why don't you answer?"

Another silence.

"For the simple reason that you're up to no good, and somehow or other you don't think you could kid me. You've done something, or mean to do something, that's going to land you in a lot of trouble if you're spotted."

One more long minute dragged itself out.

"Well, you're not leaving me any alternative but to call the police. Because you begin to seem to me every minute less and less the innocent character."

Propped on a box in one corner of the room was the telephone. Bob got to his feet and went across and crouched down beside it. He lifted the receiver.

"Still silent?" he inquired over his shoulder. "All right, here goes," and very slowly he dialled, speaking aloud: "Two double two two . . . Police? You're urgently wanted at Braham Court, flat sixty-one."

But the call was never answered, the message was never sent, for before his finger had finished dialling the last "two" a misgiving assailed him and he noiselessly cradled the receiver.

That moment when they would arrive — those brash cops in their over-filled uniforms clattering into the room! That moment when the bedroom door was opened! How could he deliver some person unknown into the hands of the police for behaviour equally obscure to him?

HE stood up and strode back to the maddening offending, immovable door. Beaten by the telephone, or rather by the weakening of his own resolve, his invention was running out.

But a little bit of trickery was worth a try.

"Now," he announced, "it's only a matter of minutes before the patrol car arrives, but if you open up there's still time for us both to get clear. If you'll—"

Before he could finish the sentence the door was thrown wide and the doorway was filled with an upheld obscuring white cloud, one of the painters' voluminous tarvanced on Bob before he could recover from his surprise, was flung over him, enveloped him. In its heavy, smothering folds his struggles were futile. He was spun round, lost his balance, crashed to the floor, and lay like a cocoon wrapped in the dense darkness of the dusty plaster-covered tent-like stuff.

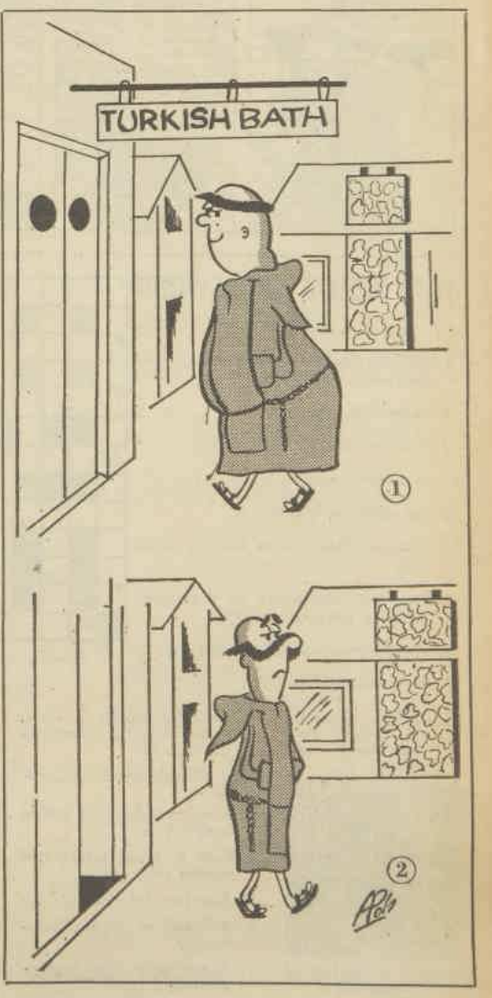
. . . . . .

Not many hours later Grogan was having his breakfast, or rather, his breakfast was but one of several activities that were occupying him just then: eating with hearty appetite, reading his newspaper, dwelling on the more puzzling aspects of the murder of Nevinson, and listening to his wife's conversation. Added to these, he was casting an occasional glance out of the window to where the glorious summer morning sunshine was lying invitingly on lawn and flowerbeds, and wishing he could find time to get out and stake the delphiniums.

His wife, Mame, was also worth more than a glance as she sat opposite him in the dinette of their suburban villa. Dark and creamy skinned, she looked queenly behind the teapot, reigning securely as she did over the flowered china, the lightly curling bacon, the skilfully centred golden egg-yolks, the golden brown toast — and just as securely, though less obviously, over Kevin Grogan himself.

Though Mame was prone to complain that once her husband was stuck into a case he might have been on Mount Everest for all she saw of him, there was little bite in her grousing. This morning she was snatching the opportunity —breakfast-time was likely to be the only one that day—to tell him about the holiday she

To page 48



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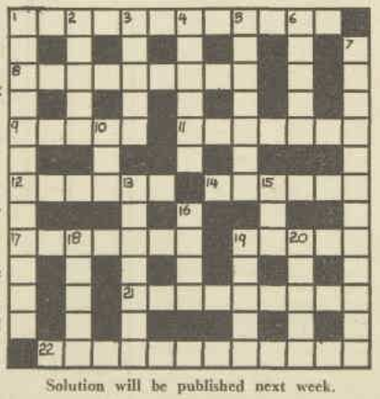
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE searches the ocean for the strange space visitors. Suddenly he sees four octopuses with a leather case. He doesn't know three of them are creatures from space trying to trade rare crystals. NOW READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. He had his forty winks, each lasting six months (3, 3, 6).
8. Store dirt (anagr., 9).
9. Unit of electrical capacity (5).
11. Triumphed holding a broken lute (7).
12. An opera by Wagner (6).
14. Examine closely with the ear inside (6).
17. Dead-leaf color where life is scattered before a witty saying (7).
19. A dowdy woman full of spirit (5).
21. Pertaining to navel (9).
22. These quantities are bigger than their name indicates (6, 6).

DOWN

1. Look for disaster or travel to the U.S.A. to see autumn (4, 3, 1, 4).
2. A difficult question in prose (5).
3. Accost nothing in a broken bard (5).
4. Fade it inside before that woman (6).
5. Run true for food (7).
6. Boundary of chemical imitation (5).
7. A way to swallow unpleasant things (4, 3, 5).
10. Beard to be found in a jackdaw nest (3).
13. West African buffalo is mostly a mouse (7).
15. Atmospheric gaseous mixture (3).
16. Remnant of pencil or cigar (4).
18. Sayings attributed to a religious leader (5).
19. Page number in a book makes a mixture when headless (5).
20. Overrun clergy have such near relative (5).

Solution of last week's crossword

Continuing . . . DROP DEAD

from page 47

had in view for them next month.

Grogan nodded, turned a page of the paper, reached for the butter, and said, "That'll be fine, I'll try and make that," and handed her his cup for more tea.

Mame knew from long experience that it would need many such promotion talks before she would be able to prise her husband away from his job and turn his thoughts holiday-ward. Tactfully, she refrained from saying this. Instead she said: "It's just the right time of year for there. You'd get all the fishing you want and I'd — What've you done to your hand?" she broke off to ask.

Grogan lowered his paper and glanced at his hand. "Nothing," he said. "Nothing at all," and tried to look caught out and hid it behind his back.

"Don't be silly, it's all over scratches."

"My word, so it is! Can't hide anything from you, sweetheart! Some of these little girls are real tigers!"

"Don't try and kid me, Kev, that you've been girl-chasing. You haven't got the time! More like some old trout hauled in for being drunk and disorderly!"

Overlooking her hark back to his once humble status in the Force, he said: "Well, you're wrong for once. This was a very pretty young thing. Brown hair, blue eyes, soft as silk to touch. Only thing was she had just the least bit of a squint."

"Animal, vegetable or mineral?"

"Animal."

"A Siamese cat."

"Right." He spread his hand and looked down at it . . . went on looking at it long after he had ceased to see the three red lines that scored the skin from wrist to knuckles. He sat very still and let the dawning conjecture form itself into a near-certainty in his mind.

Mame sighed. "Oh, no, you're not off again!"

He got up, kissed her good-bye and went and got into his car and drove to headquarters.

Police inquiries were building up a picture of Claude Nevinson's life not very different from that of many another successful businessman. The financial concern of which he was the head was in "good standing," he was in no debt or difficulty, his will was conventional and in good order, he was apparently well thought of, he was staying temporarily at his club, he drove a Rolls-Royce, owned a house at Vaucluse, another at Pelli Beach and an ocean-going yacht.

Brooding over this barren field in his office, at last Grogan decided that the line—or, rather, the three lines—that led to Mrs. Patmore were worth following.

. . . .

Mrs. Patmore had got up late after a somewhat sounder sleep than usual. She had taken out a less sombre dress than any she had worn lately, and after doing up the white buttons of the brown silk frock from neck to hem had even added a string of white beads and clipped on a pair of white earrings.

Later she had eaten half a roll and drunk tea, glancing meanwhile at the morning paper with its incomprehensible headlines. She had tidied and dusted the flat, spent twenty minutes with the brush on Suzy's coat, tied a blue ribbon round her neck and liberated her to go leaping over the tops of bookcases and sharpen her claws on chairs and sofas. She had just decided to go out and do a little shopping when there was a ring at the bell.

Grogan's appearance wiped the dawning cheerfulness from Mrs. Patmore's face. She stood aside and held the door wider as though he were some sort of stormy weather against which it was wiser to shorten sail.

Inside the sitting-room she waited submissively for him to declare his will of her. His introductory small-talk was received in silence. No extra-sensory perception on Mrs. Patmore's part was needed to tell her that this big bull of a man hadn't come here to praise the morning or the view from her window of the coral tree in bloom!

Civility costs nothing, and buys everything.
—*Lady M. W. Montague*

Since nothing more substantial in the way of support was to hand, she gathered Suzy into her arms and stood holding her closely.

Grogan viewed the animal with respect. "Yes, she's a very pretty little cat," he said, "but her looks are better than her manners!"

Still Mrs. Patmore waited. This wasn't it, this wasn't it!

"However, I won't say I'm ungrateful to her," he went on with a laugh. "I reckon she might've bowled you out without she meant to."

"Yes?" she faltered.

"My word, yes! You said you didn't know Mr. Nevinson, but I say that you had more than a nodding acquaintance with him. I say that he visited you here in your flat three or four days previous to his death."

Suzy's sudden yowl as her mistress' hands tightened convulsively round her made unnecessary Mrs. Patmore's whispered: "That's so, he did."

"Apart from the deceased's multiple injuries from his fall," he told her, "there were scratches just like mine on the back of his hand. The medical man says they were nearly healed, about three days old, he'd say. It was clear to see that Mr. Nevinson came in here and tried to make friends with your pet, and she led with her right, like she did last night."

MRS. PATMORE'S face flushed. She said neither yes nor no, but looked dumbly back at him.

"Now, Mrs. Patmore, why did you say you didn't know him?"

"Because — because it wasn't my secret." She dropped the cat and turned and walked across the room and sank on to the sofa among the scattered sheets of newspaper and pieces of half-finished sewing and half-read library books, all testifying to her half-lived life.

Grogan sat down, too. "Somebody else's secret, was it?" he said; and reflected cynically that that should make her spill it a bit more readily!

Sure enough, she volunteered now: "It was for Mrs. Nevinson's sake. I didn't want anyone to know what had happened. Owing to my fatal indiscretion it had gone too far already." She stood up and sat down again. "And now it's got to go the whole way! If I'd kept my mouth shut in the first place you'd never have doubted that Mrs. Nevinson was on the best of terms with her husband. And that Mr. Stanley was, too."

Grogan leant back and looked at her with interest. Leading with her right like Suzy, was she? Or didn't she see what she was handing him?

"So there was trouble between them, was there?" he asked. "What kind of trouble?"

"There was trouble, yes. He was pressing for a divorce."

"And she wouldn't have it, eh?"

"No. She naturally felt, perhaps — However, she wouldn't have it. But I didn't want to be dragged into it and tortured as I've been for the last few days." The restless hand ran up and down the buttons on her dress. "Oh, I know it was my own fault! I gossiped. My husband always told me never to gossip. Especially living in flats and being friendly with people. Of course, when I had him it was different," she said plaintively. "But it's so lonely with not a soul to tell anything to!"

"Yes, you're right there. I don't see you've got anything to blame yourself for." He was all tolerance and understanding. "A bit of gossip! Who doesn't? Everyone needs one person to get sort of confidential with." He leant forward in his chair and looked at her encouragingly, his own tone and manner suggesting that the present interview was in itself just a harmless little gossip between friends. "What was it you told?"

She looked full at him now, as though to gather strength to answer this thorny question. Why, there was just the teeniest bit of a cast like Suzy's in her big tawny eyes! he thought.

"It was a few days ago," she said. "I opened my front door and there quite by accident I saw him. He was—"

"Who was this?"

"Mr. Stanley."

"That's the foreign feller that's so friendly with Mrs. Nevinson?"

"Yes. His name isn't really Stanley, but no one could possibly pronounce his real name. This incident was terribly unfortunate, because it was only six o'clock. Six o'clock in the morning, I mean. I often get up early, and that morning I thought I'd take my cat for a walk and as I opened my door there was Mr. Stanley leaving Mrs. Nevinson's flat, saying good-bye to her. I drew back at once and hoped they hadn't seen me. I didn't want to embarrass them. After all, it's their affair."

"I see. And you just happened to mention it to someone for a bit of a gossip? Who was it you told?"

"Miss Hermione Webb. She came in that very evening. She's such a friendly person and sometimes she drops in on me for a chat and perhaps a glass of sherry before she goes into her own flat. I suppose I had been rather surprised by what I'd seen and I'd been thinking rather a lot about it all day. So, of course, when we got talking —" She heaved a desperate sigh. "But imagine my horror when the very next day Mr. Nevinson was up here to see me."

"Mr. Nevinson?"

"Yes. Just as I told you up to then I didn't know him, and when I opened the door and saw him standing there I couldn't think what in the

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world he could want with me. I asked him in and he sat down — that was after he'd tried to be friendly with Sory and she'd scratched him. I apologised for her, but he hardly seemed to notice what had happened. His mind was so full of the other thing, I suppose. He was perfectly charming. Such an extraordinarily good-looking man, and—well, I don't think anyone could have stood out against him."

"That's right. I'm told he was a man with a great deal of force about him, used to getting what he wanted."

"Oh, he was! When he opened the subject — what Miss Webb had told him I'd told her—I began to see how serious it was, that I should never have spoken of what I'd seen—not to anyone, not to Miss Webb or anyone!—and I tried to make light of it and sort of suggest that perhaps Mr. Stanley—but—" She twisted the string of white beads helplessly, shrugged her thin shoulders, turned her head from side to side as though to dodge a blow.

But there was no escape.

"However, he wasn't going to be put off," she went on. "Not by me! Oh, dear no! He had me where he wanted me! He sat there, just where you're sitting now, and though he was as pleasant as anyone could be he forced me to go over everything I'd told Miss Webb. And more, more! Because he riddled me with questions, and he even got out of me that Mrs. Nevinson was opening her door very gently and— Oh, it was horrible! And then he broke it to me that I'd have to give evidence in the witness-box, because Mrs. Nevinson wouldn't divorce him, so now he meant to divorce her. I felt dreadful!"

"So that's the way it was . . ." Grogan sat back in his chair and drummed on the arm of it thoughtfully. He was pleased with the neat pattern that was beginning to take shape. "Of course, he'd've needed a lot more evidence than that, but no doubt it would've been plenty to frighten his wife into doing the divorcing without scandal, for desertion and that."

"I don't know. I don't know anything about the law. I only know that he went to her straight away and told her everything."

"How do you know that? Did she face you with it?"

She was silent and looked aside again, swallowing convulsively. "No, not she," she managed to bring out at last, "but Mr. Stanley did. He stood at the door glaring at me with the most awful look on his face. I thought he was going to strike me there and then. He put his face close to mine and said, 'You talk too much. You have talked once too often. If you talk in the witness-box you will never talk again.'"

"Did he! Is that what he said?"

A nod. "I was terrified. I was paralysed. I shut the door and went in and stayed in all day. I was afraid to go out, for fear that something might happen to me . . . even in the street . . . perhaps I'd be crossing a road . . . he has a very fast car!"

"H'm. Did you take any action as the result of this Stanley's threat, Mrs. Patmore?" He saw the indecision in her sideways-darting eyes. "Did you see or phone Mr. Nevinson, for instance?" he pressed.

Patiently for fear of denying what perhaps this policeman knew already, she murmured: "I rang him yesterday."

A few easy guesses on Grogan's part finished the picture. "And you told him you wouldn't go on with it? In the witness-box or anywhere else."

"Yes."

"And he said he could make you?"

"Yes."

"And he said it'd be contempt of court or something if you went on refusing, and told you the penalties that sort of thing carried?"

"Yes."

"What did you say?"

"I? Nothing. I—I didn't know which way to turn. I thought it over during the afternoon, and then I wrote him a letter refusing again, but Miss Webb advised me not to send it. So you see, between the two of them . . . Mr. Nevinson and Mr. Stanley—!"

He saw indeed. Yes, between the two of 'em, he thought, she was in a hell of a jam. She wouldn't doubt for a minute that one of 'em could have her thrown into gaol or the other knock her off like a rabbit. And last night in her automatic writing—didn't that warning of death for Nevinson float up from her unconscious and maybe point the way out?

Or maybe not.

. . . . . .

Down below a few minutes later Grogan met Manning. The sergeant was downcast at their failure to elicit from a single person in Braham Court, or any of the houses near, anything that let them fix a more exact time for Nevinson's death fall.

THE two detectives stood on the steps and looked up and down the street, oblivious of the pleasant prospects it had to offer. A street with one or two newer taller blocks of flats but, for the most part, of sedate houses set back in well-kept gardens, with swimming-pools and rocky terraces and flowering trees and great-leaved shrubs, and all bathed in the early summer's moist warmth.

Grogan spun for the other Mrs. Patmore's story. Then, "This girl Webb," he mused aloud. "She runs straight to Nevinson with the cheering evidence of his wife's infidelity. She must've known him well."

"She must've known him real well!" Manning sniffed.

"Nevinson . . . He'd only met Mrs. Herbert six weeks ago, but he'd started to ease loose from his marriage six months ago."

"Was it Webb he was mixed up with before he fell for this latest siren?"

"Two women and his wife on the one floor." Manning fixed the inspector with an incredulous eye.

"Look, Les, some of these big tycoons like taking risks. I don't doubt he thought he could get away with it. He was using a reasonable amount of caution, I suppose. Did you happen to notice the Webb girl when we arrived?"

"I still got me eyesight!"

"No, I mean the dress she was wearing, sort of semi-evening, the shoes, every little thing about her. Now what I'm wondering is, why would she bother to change from the dress she'd wear to the office just to slip around the corner for a bite of food alone? And pay for her own dinner at a restaurant as pricey as the Venetian!"

Still interested in this point about Hermione Webb, Grogan took time that morning to drop in at the Venetian restaurant, and since it was wrapped in its morning hush he had no difficulty in gaining the full attention of the waiter who had just arrived and who, naturally enough, had no difficulty in remembering the lady who had sat at one of his tables last night.

There were several features about her to mark her in his mind: her beauty, her smartness, and the fact that she had eaten alone. She had arrived a while before seven, he said, and had sat in the lounge waiting for someone.

"Waiting for someone, was she?" Grogan inquired, pleased with his own acumen. Waiting for Claude Nevinson, who slipped her up!

"Yes. She sat there a fair time," the waiter recalled, "before the lady arrived."

"The lady! But I thought you said she dined alone?"

"So she did. The other lady didn't eat."

"Oh? How was that? What was this other lady like?" he inquired, and was given a picture which he was able to put a name to. A little woman with dark, prominent eyes, dressed in a dark dress with a grey summer coat over it. They had talked together very closely and earnestly for a while, and then the older lady had left and the younger one had waited a bit longer and had had a cocktail, and then she'd gone into the dining-room and eaten a plate of oysters and left, too.

Would the waiter have any idea what the time would have been?

To the minute, no, but he'd guess she'd left about a quarter to eight.

Grogan left the restaurant and strolled round to Braham Court.

Though the Brownlow woman, he reflected, had looked in at the Venetian, it wasn't her pal Lizzie the girl had been there to meet. That was made clear by the fact that she'd gone on waiting after her friend had left, had filled in time with a cocktail, and then, giving him up apparently, gone in and eaten some oysters alone.

The way it could be was that Nevinson had made one of those easy arrangements, "All right, Friday night, we'll have a bite of dinner and see a film if you like, you make the arrangements," and then, having a cocktail with the Herbert girl and finding that she was free for the evening, that she was ready to let him come home to her flat with her, have dinner there for the first time—well, in the excitement of that, the poor little lady waiting alone at the restaurant passed out of his mind like bathwater down the drain!

At a quarter to eight Miss Hermione Webb had left the restaurant a very angry girl, if he knew anything about women. Which Mame always said he didn't. But that was the way wives liked to think. Anyhow, Miss Webb of the big dark eyes and the ash-blond hair must've been pretty near murderous if she got home and found her bloke had clean forgotten her for a new love. That could've been the first time she discovered he'd been playing her false with pretty Mrs. Herbert.

Because only late that afternoon before she dressed herself to go out to dinner, she'd stopped Mrs. Patmore sending that letter to Nevinson reneging on giving evidence in the divorce. Why, right up to then she must've thought he was busy about a divorce on her account, to make her the next Mrs. Claude Nevinson.

Speculating thus, the inspector made his way up to Lizzie Brownlow's flat.

Lizzie was alone. Miss Webb, she told him on inquiry, was out doing the weekend marketing. She apologised for being in a dressing-gown at this hour, but she was only just up, she explained. She doubted if anyone had slept much at Braham Court last night!

Grogan put over his usual entrance lines. He wanted a few words with Miss Webb, a routine business, to check up on everyone's movements last night. Mrs. Brownlow's own, for instance?

Lizzie smiled agreeably and drew her tailored gown more closely around her as she recounted how she had stayed on at the gallery writing letters until a little after seven. Then she had gone out to post them, and as she passed the Venetian restaurant had dropped in, wondering if Miss Webb was eating there or had gone home for dinner, and finding that she was at the restaurant, she herself had gone back to the gallery and had a sandwich and stayed on working.

The dreadful catastrophe to Mr. Nevinson had already happened by the time she got home to Braham Court, accompanied by Mr. Fallow, whom she had met at the corner of the road.

LIZZIE'S manner was as affable as the inspector's own as she went on to comment on the affair, and on the police's extremely considerate handling of it. It was as though Grogan had been a customer in the shop, to be courted and softened-up before he was shown the books of prints or the Javanese silver.

As they talked, Grogan's eyes were scanning the entrance hall, and before turning away he said: "That's an interesting picture. Mind if I have a look at it?"

"Oh, do." She held the door wider and he stepped inside.

"That's one of Noel Fallow's. He's a talented young man, but he's not a worker, and he's not sufficiently original. A lovely piece of color, though, isn't it?"

"My word, it is."

"Are you interested in pictures, Inspector?"

"Interested, I'm afraid, Mrs. Brownlow, to know why a man like meself—the feller in the street, I mean—hasn't got the foggiest what a thing like this is meant to be."

Though he had stepped close to the picture and his head was lifted to it, his eyes, unseen by Lizzie standing behind him, were lowered to a coat lying on a chair underneath the picture.

"Very interesting indeed," he said again. "But like I say, I don't quite know what it means. However, if I gave it enough thought I might begin to make sense of it." He put on his hat and bade her good-bye and went out.

Whether these last rambling comments referred to Noel's rather splashy abstract or to the coat on the chair was not apparent.

. . . . . .

Bob was back at Braham

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Fashion PATTERNS

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● *Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

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Court by mid-morning. He jumped out of his car and ran up the steps, casting an oblique glance at that spot on the other side of the cypress tree where Claude had lain last night.

When he had witnessed the meeting between Anna and Claude yesterday afternoon, his first bleak thought, born of dismay, had been that she was in love with Claude. But last night it had been made clear, by the way in which she reacted to his death, that she hadn't been emotionally involved. Horrified, yes, shocked, bewildered, but not grief-stricken.

Bob's escape from last night's canvas prison had been easier than he had imagined possible in that first moment of panic when the tarpaulin had closed over him and borne him to the floor. Odd, it seemed to him this morning, to have been so easily vanquished when you were so keenly on the alert. Alert for a possible assailant with a knife or a gun, yes, but hardly for the grotesque nature of his enemy's weapon!

Then as he had lain struggling he had realised that he was alone, that no blow on the head with a "blunt instrument" was going to finish him off, that no one was going to hold the stifling wrap around him till he suffocated. There had been a quick rush of footsteps past him — man's or woman's he couldn't have told—and then silence, and the next moment he had struggled to his feet, brushed himself down and shaken his clothes free of the dust and chalky plaster that covered him.

He had still felt shocked from that moment of imagining death so near, and little interested any more to know what the incident was all about. His one thought had been to get away from the building and out into the clean free air of the street.

But here he was back again. Everything since then had been just a preparation for getting back, and as he crossed the lobby to the lift he wondered if from now on all times spent away from Anna wouldn't be simply a tedious interval for food and sleep and office routine before hurrying back to her.

His ring at her bell was unanswered for several minutes, but at last he heard a door inside opening and shutting, her footsteps in the hall and she opened the door.

Her cool, grey-clad calm of last night was gone. In a vivid blue-and-white wrap and with her hair spiky in disarray she stood blinking at him as though trying to gather herself together. Over her shoulder he could see the sitting-room, the violent black and tans of Joe Dyason's picture, a flaming spray of scarlet japonica against the silvery wall, and books in bright jackets on the table. That room of last night's unbelievable happenings! The brilliant sunlight now flooding it and its ghosts — the ghosts of all that had been done and felt and spoken — the sun like a clean sea was washing over them.

"I woke you up," he said contritely.

"Just as well. What time is it?"

"Eleven-thirty," he hastened to tell her by way of excuse.

"I didn't go to sleep till it was daylight. But come in; I shan't be long. You can make our coffee while I dress."

Heavenly invitation — our coffee!

He followed her inside, and she went through to the bedroom.

In the kitchen he found the percolator anl made coffee. By peering into this cupboard and opening that he managed to assemble a breakfast-tray and carried it into the sitting-room as Anna appeared bathed and dressed.

He took it over and put it down on the table in front of the sofa. "I hope I've got everything. Working in somebody else's kitchen must be very like what Mrs. Patmore's spirit friends feel, trying to function with her brain and hands instead of their own."

Absently she cast an eye over the tray. "Seems to be all right . . . They didn't make too bad a job of it last night! The spirits, I mean. That warning about Claude."

Firmly, he put a cup of coffee into her hand and spread butter on bread. "Anna," he said, "we shall be returning to that subject heaven knows how many times. Eat first!"

He sat back in the opposite corner with his own cup, trying to mix gravity with his irrepressible delight at being here with her in this seemingly domestic scene, with the breakfast-tray between them, and she looking so early-morningish, her fawn-gold hair a little damp and sleek, her pale skin with the glow behind it in the strong light, and her wonderful eyes rid of some of last night's horror.

She was wearing a pretty-patterned dress, and looked, as she sat back sipping her coffee, as though worry or difficulty could never come near her. Which they never need do now Mrs. Patmore's statement, confirmed by Estelle, about Claude's visit after Anna had gone down had cleared Anna of all suspicion.

She finished her coffee and handed him her cup for more. "Still, you'll have to talk to me about it, Bob. Last night seems unbelievable this morning, and the few hours I did sleep were filled with the maddest dreams."

"Yes, all right. We'll talk about it presently."

"Did anything happen, afterwards that I don't know about?"

He hesitated, thinking of his midnight adventure immediately below the room in which they were now sitting, but he only said, "Yes, but that's for presently, too. I'm not going to let anything, dead or alive, come between me and this."

"This," comprehensively, took in not only Anna herself, but the silver-tone room, the scarlet blossom on its black stem, the smell of the coffee, the very crust of the crisp bread between his teeth. All too grimly he realised how Claude's dying had sharpened his own appetite for living!

He said: "This is the kind of moment I used to picture when I was rushing about Europe looking into the restaurant racket. Picking up hints on how to win gourmets and influence guzzlers!" He leant toward her and lit her cigarette, then his own.

"I only took the job on because I was seized by a rush of ambition to the head. I was all out to improve myself, my position in the firm, I mean. I pictured coming back here and buying a magnificent suburban mansion full of deep freezes and wall-to-wall carpets!"

He looked at her with an ironical lift of an eyebrow. If he didn't ridicule himself for his pretensions she might! —pretensions, she must see, to install her in that "dream home."

"Anyhow, I felt sure that Claude would reward me handsomely, because he had been so insistent on my going. There were at least two other men in the firm better able to do the job, but no, it had to be me. However, I came back before Claude meant me to, and there doesn't seem to be any great reward waiting for me, and poor Claude's dead, and one doesn't know what's going to happen in the firm. But one thing's sure, I can't look on myself any longer as a wall-to-wall man, and —by the way, the name Uriah," he broke off abruptly to ask: "Who was he?"

"Uriah Heep," she said. "Mr. Wickfield's clerk in 'David Copperfield.' You remember?"

"Yes. . ."

"Or, if you don't, you ought to brush up on your culture!"

"Yes . . ." he said again. "Nobody else?"

"Not that I know of. Why, what's it got to do with it?"

His hand strayed to the pocket of his coat, felt in it, and then in the other pocket. He went through them all.

She watched him. "What is it? Have you lost something?"

"I—I seem to have. Nothing very much. It was a cable I got while I was away." He stood up. An uneasy thought had flashed into his mind. "I'll just run down and have a look for it, see if I've dropped it somewhere." He went to the door. "I shan't be long, I'll be back in a minute, if I may." He hurried out and ran down the flight of stairs to the sixth floor.

He was hardly daring to hope that the door of Flat Sixty-one would still be open, but here, to his relief, he saw that it stood wide. It was Saturday morning, so there were no men at work, and he went in and hurried through to the sitting-room.

Everything was as he had left it last night, but robbed of the mystery that the moonlight and that locked door had given it. Now it was just a very desirable, big, airy apartment, with its parquet floors and its pale vistas and Noel Fallow's cool mural greenery. The dirty canvas that had imprisoned him lay in a pile in the middle of the floor. He crossed and stooped about to lift it.

A voice behind him said: "Good morning, Mr. Rivers"; and Grogan and Cavanagh, the caretaker, walked out of the bedroom.

To be continued

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

FROM THE BIBLE

● ***"But if thou shalt seek the Lord thy God, thou shalt find Him, if thou seek Him with all thy heart and with all thy soul."***

— Deuteronomy 4.29.

A reminder that God is easily accessible comes from this very old book of the Old Testament.

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A READER'S STORY

"BEING A WIDOW"

● There are more widows in the world than widowers. But although a woman can get advice on nearly every wifely matter, nobody tells her how to cope with widowhood — how to make the huge adjustments to a life that suddenly has to be lived without her man.

By Daphne Ballard

FOR the change in status is always sudden.

It does not matter if her husband has died of a lingering illness and she has had time to get used to the idea of the inevitable outcome. The fact remains that one minute she is a wife, the next a widow, and all at once she has a lot to learn.

"If there's anything we can do . . ." sympathetic friends tell her, and she knows they mean it.

All the same, from now on she has to fill in her own income-tax form, and knock up a trellis herself for the wisteria.

She has to take sole responsibility for family decisions — whether her son should study bookkeeping or classics, how late her daughter should be allowed out at night, whether the car needs new tyres.

(If she does not have a son, daughter, or car, the principle is the same.)

And she will have to do her own locking-up at night.

This is the shift to independence that every widow has to make, whether her marriage has been happy or not.

But the woman who has lost a beloved companion has all this and more to contend with.

Time, the great leveller, sees to it that she can't have it both ways, and the easier her marriage has been, the more difficult widowhood is going to be.

Andrew, my husband, was forty-seven when he died three years ago.

I have never seen a man with a more glowing look—"pride of life" was the phrase to describe him, I used to think, catching his eye at a party, or watching him stride, head up and shoulders square, along a street.

We were in love and in accord. No one's company pleased us as much as each other's.

Then one day I noticed he left the house walking with a stick. He began to come home tired out from the office, to skip his Friday nights at the Club.

Apologetically he accepted my offer on two or three occasions to bring him supper to bed. Then it became a regular and secretly frightening ritual, and the apologies ceased.

In two months he was dead.

Looking back over my own widowhood, I realise there are things I know now that I wish someone could have told me in the beginning.

Beware of . . .

For the benefit of any other woman who may find herself plunged headlong into this role for which nothing in life has prepared her, here is what widowhood has taught me.

Beware, in the first place and like the plague, of pity. Stefan Zweig wrote a book with this title, "Beware of Pity," and it is a phrase that every widow should have, metaphorically, tattooed above her heart.

Beware, for a start, of the pity of others which, if you give it house-room, can lead to self-pity, one of the least attractive of the emotions.

The best armor against self-pity, I find, is to look out and not in. Trite as it may sound, there is always someone worse off than you are. You do not have to look far . . .

I had only to look at the plight of a friend whose husband had left her for another woman.

She came to me in humiliation and despair, and I knew as she talked how much lighter my load was than hers.

At least I had not known the sickening loss of love. My husband had left me while still wanting to be with me, and I had years of happy memories.

If you can look back on shared delight, that in itself is comfort.

(If your marriage has not been happy, you would be a hypocrite not to realise that you, too, have something to be thankful for in your honorable release.)

Beware, in the second place, of music. (This was something I learned by hard experience.)

No matter how controlled a woman may have been at the time of her husband's death, how careful for the family's sake to weep (when she must) behind the locked door of the bathroom, under cover of running taps, music will catch her out for months to come.

It can be Leslie Caron singing "Lili," the Platters crooning "Twilight Time," Mozart, Handel's "Messiah" — any music at all that brings back a situation she and her husband have shared.

But there need be no invocation of the past to touch off this desolate weeping.

It comes upon the widow with completeness, without warning, and with almost primitive violence with the opening bars of the music.

"Strange," wrote Noel Coward in "Private Lives," "how potent cheap music is."

Cheap or good, the effect is the same if it brings your husband back to you, even momentarily, and I am serious when I say to any new widow: keep away from music in public if you want to avoid the hideous embarrassment of weeping in front of your friends.

A widow soon learns that the world — the business world, at any rate—is made up of two kinds of men: those who go out of their way to help her because she is without her husband, and those who are ready to do her a shot in the eye for the same reason.

In business

She learns, if not to be suspicious, at least to be on her guard, and if she is wise she deals as far as possible with firms who have a reputation for honesty.

Unless she has a plumber, a motor mechanic, and an electrician she can trust, she is likely to be taken for a considerable ride.

She will find that plausible-sounding accounts are dropped into her letter box for repairs that she suspects (often, quite rightly) were never necessary in the first place.

The law

Every widow should find herself a reliable lawyer without delay, if she does not already have one.

She will find that she is required, almost immediately, to put her name to countless legal documents in triplicate, and it is good to have someone knowledgeable to turn to when in doubt.

If she and her husband have been wise, his will will have been made long ago, and kept up-to-date with any change in the family fortunes.

If he has died intestate (it is surprising how many otherwise responsible men do not bother to make a will) the State will have to step in and divide his assets between her and any other beneficiaries there may be, following that State's laws.

A woman should acquaint herself with the law as it affects her, and it is a good idea to find out about it while you are a wife and not a widow.

Spiritualism

The widow is rare (and again I have in mind the woman who has been happy with her husband) who does not explore to some extent the claims of spiritualists.

"What if he is trying to get in touch with me, and I don't know how to hear him?" she agonises.

I, too, delved into the findings of occultism.

But at the end of it all I felt a great unwillingness to pursue the subject in practice. Too often, it seemed to me, "messages" that purported to come from "the other side" were trivial, unsatisfactory, or even downright foolish.

In any case—I know many will be cynical on reading this, but nevertheless it seemed very true to me — my husband appeared to me once, vividly, and without the help of a medium. I have been disappointed that it was only that once.

It was dawn when I saw him, that dewy, sparrow-lively hour.

I was fully awake, and I saw Andrew quite clearly, standing in front of the long mirror in our bedroom.

He had his back toward me, and was knotting a cravat I had never seen before. It had a Paisley design in yellow and red (his own had been polka-dotted blue) and I looked at it with curiosity.

Soon after, he was gone.

Loneliness

I do not know the answer to the problem of physical loneliness. I think you just have to bear it.

Marian, a charming childless widow of my acquaintance, has become more or less of a recluse since the death of her husband a few years ago.

Friends make strenuous efforts to get her away from her home for the day, the evening, or even the weekend. But she politely resists them all.

"If only they realised," she told me, "I don't *mind* being alone at home. It's the getting back to an empty house that devastates me."

That is something I can understand.

Marian, incidentally, has a home so lovely that it is in any case a deprivation to leave it, and she does not have to earn her living.

But the same problem is enormous to the woman who has to go to work and returns at the end of the day to a house where her husband no longer waits to share the day's experiences with her over a cup of tea or a drink.

Hardest of all is the lot of the woman who has had to sell up her home and dear possessions and begin life anew and alone, without her familiar background.

Sleeplessness can become a monumental problem to a widow. Night after night she will lie awake, hearing every quarter-hour strike, until she is utterly unfitted to meet the demands of the day.

But fortunately this is one cross that there is no need to bear.

Her doctor will almost certainly prescribe a sedative, and she is foolish if she allows prejudice against sleeping pills to prevent her from taking it.

Solutions?

One hears sometimes of a husband and wife who die within a few months, or even days, of each other, and there must be many widows who envy this tidy arrangement.

When Sir Alfred Morton died in the last century, his wife was so distraught with grief that she soon followed him, and was buried beside him.

Wotton's couplet has a whole volume in seventeen words:

"He first deceased; she for a little tried
To live without him, liked it not, and died."

But it is not easy to die of grief, and to the average widow life stretches ahead to be faced with what courage and resource she can muster.

Religion, which can give strength and comfort in many aspects of widowhood, does not help her much in the sphere of physical loneliness. She has to find the solution in her own way.

I have found help in almost fanatical gardening and a wide range of reading.

There are, of course, books that are virtually "prescribed reading" for widows — Catherine Marshall's "To Live Again," Rose Henniker Heaton's light-hearted but sensible "Live Alone and Like It," Norman Vincent Peale's "The Power of Positive Thinking." Each deals with some aspect of bereavement.

For myself, I have found consolation and delight in the little-known "Anthology of Immortality" — a collection of writings from East and West selected by an anonymous father after the death of his 21-year-old son.

It is published by Faber and Faber with a foreword by T. S. Eliot.

Remarriage

Almost every widow considers at some time the question of whether or not to marry again.

To the not-so-old widow it will probably not be a purely hypothetical problem, as she is likely to have the chance to do so.

It has been one of the astonishments of middle-age, to me, to find that romantic situations (I suppose they still deserve the adjective?) continue to arise in one's life, even after silver threads are crowding out the gold.

Widows remarry for a variety of reasons — for financial security, for a home, for blessed relief from loneliness. But my friend Meriel had a reason of her own.

All her life Merry has had a thing about physical beauty.

She has a goodly share of it herself, and looks after it with unflagging care.

("The only good thing about being a widow," she said to me once, "is that you can go to bed with your hair in rollers and anti-wrinkle cream round your eyes.") She chose her husband, Douglas, primarily for his good looks, and certainly he was a handsome specimen.

Theirs was a spectacularly happy marriage, and when Douglas died of a coronary thrombosis Merry declared most vehemently she would never, never marry again.

So I was surprised to see, about a year later, a notice in the morning paper of her forthcoming marriage.

"He must be quite something," I sounded her when we met in town for coffee one morning, "to bring about such a change of heart."

Merry fluttered her eyelashes in a guilty sort of way and looked down at her cup.

"Actually," she said defensively, "he has a heart of purest gold. But he is a little thick round the middle and thin on top."

I didn't say anything, but she read my thoughts.

"Yes—all right—I know what I've always said!" she burst out defiantly, "but the thing is, I've simply got to have someone to tell me once a day that I'm wonderful."

This seems to me to be an entirely valid reason for remarriage. There is no way in which one misses a good husband more than in the daily boost he gave to one's self-confidence.

"Disloyalty"

Widows' reasons for not marrying again vary from that of the woman whose memories are unhappy ones, and who tells you: "Stick my head into that noose again? Never!" to the woman whose marriage has been so happy that she says: "Nothing could ever be as good again. I won't risk second-best."

But the most commonly given reason of all seems to me to hold the least water.

Time and again a widow has told me that she hesitates to choose a second husband lest it should seem disloyal to the memory of her first.

Yet, life's journey on earth, heaven knows, is an uphill climb, and if you should choose a companion to help you on the way (and to help in return), who could blame you?

Certainly not a man who has truly loved you, who wants the journey to be made as smooth as possible for you.

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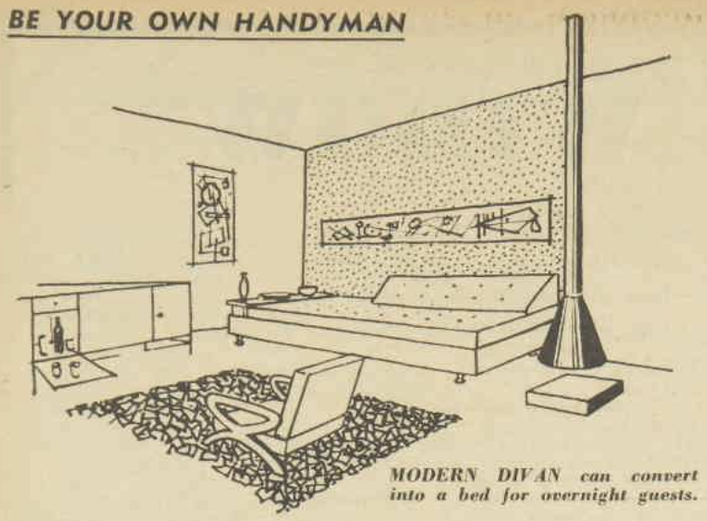
BE YOUR OWN HANDYMAN



MODERN DIVAN can convert into a bed for overnight guests.

MAKE A MODERN DIVAN

● The handyman can make this smart divan in a few hours, and the handywoman can help with the sewing.

BELOW are instructions for making the divan, mattress cover, and triangular back-rest cushion.

Materials required for divan:

Top: One piece hardboard 7ft. x 4ft. x 3-16th in. (cut to 6ft. 2½in. x 2ft. 4½in.).

Front and back: Two lengths dressed Pacific maple each 6ft. 4in. x 5in. x 1in.

Ends: Two lengths dressed Pacific maple each 2ft. 4½in. x 5in. x 1in.

Battens: Five lengths oregon each 2ft. 4½in. x 2in. x 1in.

Battens to support legs: Two lengths oregon each 2ft. 4½in. x 4in. x 1½in.

Top of removable shelf: One length dressed Pacific maple 2ft. 6in. x 5in. x 1in.

Shelf side: One length dressed Pacific maple 2ft. 4½in. x 5in. x 1in.

Shelf ends: Two lengths dressed Pacific maple, each 3½in. x 5in. x 1in.

Four 5in. ready-made legs (or lengths of 4in. x 1in. maple), P.V.A. glue, nails or screws, woodfiller, paint.

When buying timber, remember the dressed size is always slightly smaller than the original measurements. This is why an extra ¼in. is added to length of cross battens.

To make divan: Join outer framework, nailing or screwing through from long pieces. Punch heads below surface and fill. The five centre supporting battens are fixed next—at regular intervals along length of divan.

Drill the 2 leg-supporting battens 3½in. from each end to take legs, then fix battens 1in. from bottom edge so legs are 6in. in from the 2ft. 6in. ends. P.V.A. glue is used at all joints, and small glue blocks can be used at corners and under battens for extra strength.

Hardboard covers the entire top of divan. End shelf is made separately and should fit tightly into divan without screws or nails. If divan is moved to another room, this section can be moved to the other end if necessary.

Materials for mattress cover and cushion: Four yards vinyl fabric, 50in. wide; 1½yds. hessian for mattress backing; filling for cushion (foam-rubber pieces or kapok etc.); 1 2-3rd yds. 54in. calico or ticking for cushion casing.

To make cover: Mattress is a standard 6ft. x 2ft. 6in. size, about 7in. deep. Allow about ⅝in. for seams, and sew with a long stitch. The material is heavy, so have ample counter room or a chair beside machine to take up weight. Take care to cut fabric just big enough to cover mattress and stay taut. If cut too big, it will wrinkle and fit badly.

To make cushion: Cushion is 4ft. long, in a triangle measuring 12in. x 12in. x 16in.

Sew a calico bag to hold selected filling, then make up vinyl cushion cover, completely inside out. Leave two end seams open so filling can enter, hand-sew to finish.

Next Week: Small Home Plan.

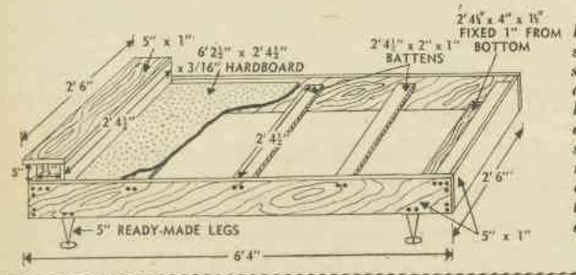


DIAGRAM shows assembly of divan under hardboard covering. End section is made separately and fits tightly into divan without attaching.

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AT HOME *with*

Margaret Sydney

● I was interested to read that in a newspaper poll conducted by a London paper, four out of every five people questioned voted against the automatic use of the National Anthem at theatres and cinemas and dance halls and meetings.

THIS was not a measure of their disloyalty to the Queen, but only a measure of their boredom with hearing the same old tune raced through in a perfunctory manner at every public entertainment they went to.

One woman said, "It's become nothing but a chucking-out tune, played to let you know it's time to go home."

The Queen's cousin the Earl of Harewood was one of those who thought "God Save the Queen" was played far too often; so also was The Master of Queen's Musick, Sir Arthur Bliss, who said, "I must say I loathe the frequency with which it is played in cinemas and theatres. Nobody listens, and people stand with their hats on, smoking cigarettes and longing to get away. Bearing in mind that the Anthem is a prayer, the whole thing is an insult."

Don't we usually play it at the beginning of entertainments in Australia rather than at the end? I know we do at picture theatres, with the result that people who have just got comfortably settled, with their coats and bags and shopping parcels arranged round them, are usually still struggling to their feet by the time the Anthem is half over.

If we used it less often, keeping it for great and State occasions, maybe people would go back to the habit of joining in and singing the words of the Anthem.

New pain-killer — spray-on style

IN South Africa they are marketing a do-it-yourself, spray-on painkiller, which the manufacturers claim will cure the pain of anything from fibrositis to migraine. "Simply Spray the Pain Away" the advertisements say.

I can't see any reason why it shouldn't work, especially in those areas where the G.P. usually called in for consultations is the local witch-doctor!

Not that we're not all of us a bit open to suggestion and magic in the way of cures.

Time and time again I've decided to take a headache remedy, got the bottle out from the kitchen cupboard where it lives, and then perhaps been interrupted by the phone. Then maybe I've heard the postman and gone out to collect the letters, got side-tracked into doing some weeding or watering, and come back into the house an hour later, completely free from headache, to find the capsule and the glass of water waiting for me on the sink.

And I can't claim that the headache had gone because I'd forgotten about it—each time I've been absolutely certain that I'd swallowed the remedy!

"Cure" for warts is — witch-doctory

THE best bit of witch-doctory I've seen in operation was Hugh's "charming away" of a crop of warts.

When Di was about six she developed half-a-dozen quite large and unsightly warts on her fingers.

Our doctor, visiting someone else in the family one day, noticed these and said to me: "Bring her down to the surgery one day and I'll burn those off." Di immediately burst into yells of terror and rushed to Hugh for protection.

He said to her: "Don't you bother about these—I know a much better way of curing them."

Together they wandered round the garden, with Hugh apparently doing a lot of heavy scientific thinking, and collected odd leaves from this and that and the petals of a flower or two and half a handful of berries from a hedge that grows at the bottom of the garden.

These were all solemnly mashed up on a dinner-plate with a fork and then stirred into a paste with flour and water.

The resulting odd-colored mixture was solemnly bottled and solemnly labelled:

WART CURE
DEADLY POISON
VERY STRONG
Use With Care

Every morning and every evening, with a solemnity which matched the making of the mixture, a little of this was put on to each of the warts with the end of a match.

In ten days there was absolutely no sign of the warts on Di's fingers—cross my heart!

I was astonished by this result, but our doctor was delighted with the story and told me that from time immemorial warts have been charmed away (and great local reputations made by the charmer) with practically any substance under the sun that the wart sufferer had complete faith in.

Plastic driftwood (and shower-curtains)

IF the world is lucky and The Bomb never goes off, this will probably go down in history as the Plastic Age.

In England, where I suppose flowers are harder to come by than they are here, more than half the homes in the country are decorated with plastic flowers.

Now there's a new aid to interior decoration—plastic driftwood.

Real driftwood, aged in water and whitened by the sun, is pretty hard to find round English beaches, but the plastic variety can be changed to look like a new piece any time the fancy takes you.

It's made in small segments, with lots of knotty bits and twigs and stems that snap into position like the poppet beads that were so popular a couple of years ago.

I wonder whether there are any housewives who **really** like all their plastic goods, or any housewives who **don't** use plastic goods, while still grumbling about their faults?

My pet hate is the plastic shower-curtain I seem to have to replace so often.

I can't do without one unless I use towelling, which is unsuitable in this humid climate, where things don't dry well indoors.

But it annoys me to pay 22/6 or more for a plastic curtain which I know is very soon going to tear away from its stitching at the top where the hem is turned over and the eyelets put in.

And why can't the plastic be treated with something (silicone, Deadly Wart Cure!) so that it won't grow revolting fungi unless it's taken down and scrubbed every week?

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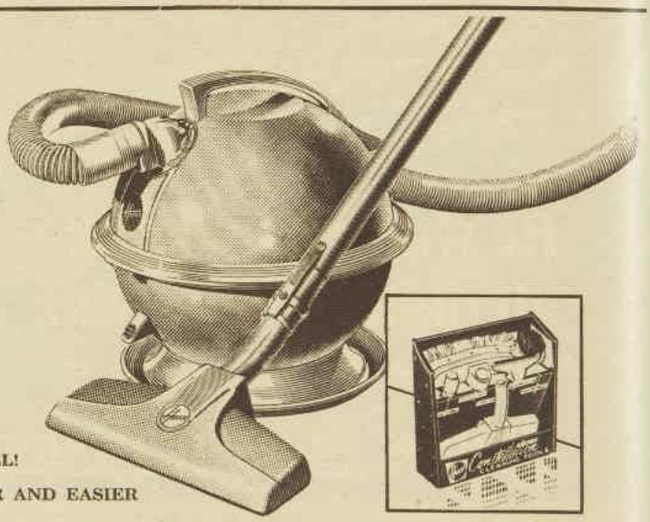
YOUNG WINTER FASHIONS

7847.—A cute winter party dress that's easy for the beginner to make has inverted front pleat trimmed with detachable organdie rose. This dress could be made in ribbed wool or corduroy velvet. Requires 2⅜ to 3⅜yds. 36in. material. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 years. Price is 3/6.

7845.—This high-waisted dress in cosy-red lightweight wool or velveteen is lace trimmed. It has a separate white slip with under-ruffles for added flare. Requires 2⅛ to 3¼yds. 36in. material; ⅜yd. 36in. contrast material. Sizes, 6, 8, 10, 12 years. Price of pattern, 3/6.

7536.—Warm all-purpose coat with hood lined in contrasting material would thrill any fashion-conscious young girl (see back view left). Note neat front. Coat requires 2⅛ to 3yds. 54in. material; 2 to 3yds. 36in. lining. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 years. Price of this pattern, 3/9.

5 extra reasons why Hoover Constellation out-performs any other cleaner



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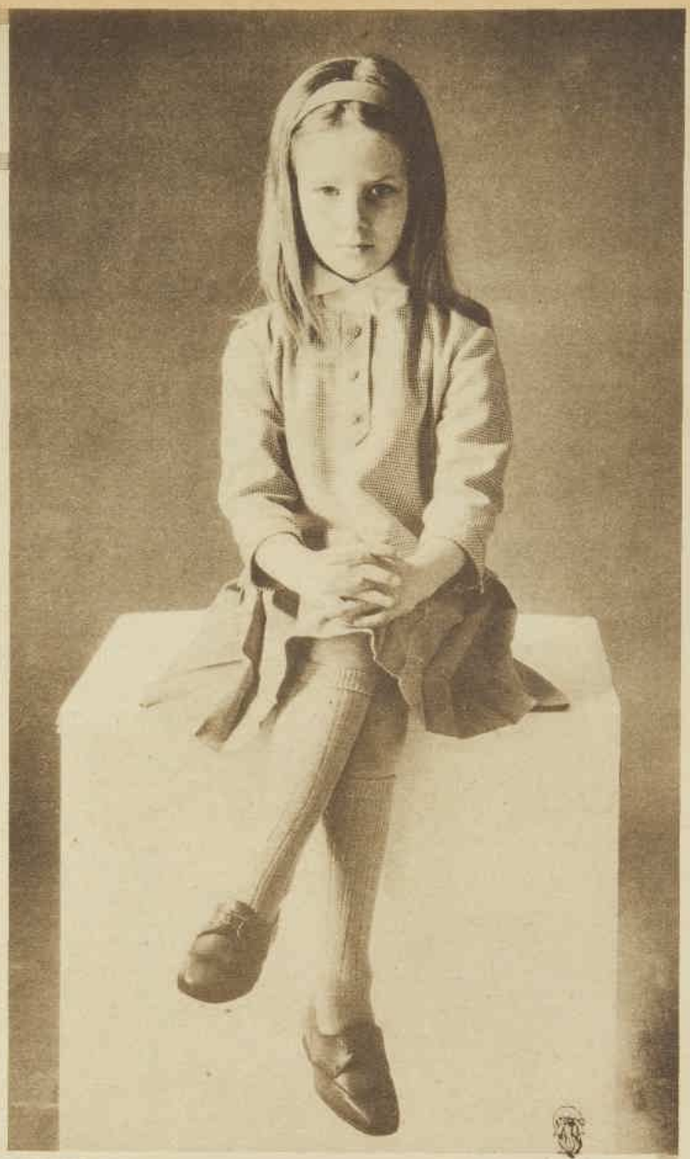
6-12 YEARS

● *Proving that little girls can be winter smart, too, here are seven refreshing styles to make for fashion-conscious daughters from six to 12 years. (All the patterns on these two pages can be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.)*

7537.—Grey flannel coat is finished with fur fabric collar, has matching pill-box hat. Double-breasted coat (back view above) requires 1¾ to 2¾yds. 54in. material; ½yd. 46in. fur fabric. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 years. Price 3/9.



7539.—Casual outfit above shows definite fashion flair. Pleated skirt requires 1½ to 2¼yds. 36in. material or 1⅛ to 1⅝yds. 54in. material. Underblouse, 1⅛ to 1½yds. 36in. material. Overblouse 1⅛ to 1⅝yds. 36in. material or ¾ to 1yd. 54in. material. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 years. Price 3/9.

7846.—Plain jacket covers striped sleeveless dress. (See left.) Frock requires 2⅛ to 3⅛yds. 36in. material; jacket — 1 to 1⅜yds. 36in. material, ⅜yd. 36in. contrast. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 years. Price 3/9.

7538. — Double-breasted coat (left) is teamed with tartan beret. Coat takes 1¾ to 2⅝yds. 54in. material; 1⅝ to 2½yds. 36in. lining. Beret — ⅝yd. 54in. tartan. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 yrs. Price 3/9.

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Freedom From Hunger Campaign

ECONOMICAL MEALS

● Economy menus from many countries in this four-page feature will help you plan your family's "Vanquish Hunger" austerity meal in support of the Freedom From Hunger Campaign this month.

EVERY family in Australia will be asked to have one austerity meal during the last week in May, and to give the money thus saved to the Freedom From Hunger Campaign on "Vanquish Hunger Day" on May 26.

In doing this you will be assisting the appeal committee in its target of £1,300,000 to be spent this year in helping underdeveloped countries to improve their own food production.

Remember that only one-third of the world's population is well fed, one-third is undernourished, and one-third is really hungry.

The menus in this feature will also help any housewife trying to budget for nourishing meals to keep down housekeeping costs.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce-cup measure are used throughout.

SECTION 1: To serve four

● All the dishes in this section will serve 4 at an average cost of 1/7 to 1/9 per person for each two-dish menu.

AMERICA

Pumpkin-Beef Soup with Savory Pumpkin Pancakes.

Coffee Ice Cream with Caramel Crunch.

PUMPKIN-BEEF SOUP

Half-pound shin of beef, 1lb. pumpkin, 2 potatoes, water, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne, ½ cup vermicelli, ½ cup milk, small lump margarine.

Cut meat into small cubes, cover with water, simmer until tender. Remove from heat, add enough water to saucepan to make 1½ pints in all. Peel pumpkin and potatoes, cut up roughly, place in saucepan with meat, salt and pepper. Simmer slowly until quite soft (about ½ hour). Rub through coarse sieve, return to saucepan, bring to boil, add vermicelli. Stir well; simmer, uncovered, 15 minutes. Remove from heat, add milk, reheat but do not allow to boil. Add margarine just before serving. Serve hot, accompanied by Savory Pumpkin Pancakes.

SAVORY PUMPKIN PANCAKES

One and a half cups cooked mashed pumpkin, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon cream cheese, 1 dessertspoon milk, salt and pepper to taste.

Make sure pumpkin is well drained and mashed to puree. Combine all ingredients well. Drop by spoonfuls on lightly greased pan or hotplate. When underside of pancake is lightly browned, turn and cook other side. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, serve hot.

COFFEE ICE-CREAM WITH CARAMEL CRUNCH

Ice-cream: One small can evaporated milk, ½ teaspoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon water, 1 dessertspoon butter, vanilla to taste, 1 dessertspoon instant coffee, 4 walnut halves.

Soften gelatine in water, add sugar and butter, stir over low heat just until sugar is dissolved; stir in instant coffee and vanilla. Beat well-chilled evaporated milk until thick, whip in gelatine mixture. Pour into refrigerator tray, refrigerate until mixture is set round edges. Whip again, refrigerate until firm. Put good scoop of coffee ice-cream on top of Caramel Crunch square, top with half walnut.

Caramel Crunch: One ounce margarine, ½ cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon chopped nuts, 1½ cups cornflakes.

Melt margarine, add brown sugar, boil, stirring, 30 seconds. Stir in chopped nuts, continue cooking 30 seconds. Remove from heat, stir in cornflakes. Scoop up syrup from bottom of saucepan so all cornflakes are coated with caramel. Spoon mixture into small square pan, pack down with a spoon. Cut into 4 squares while still warm. Allow to cool.

AUSTRALIA

Tomato-Veal Casserole

Coconut-Meringue Apples

TOMATO-VEAL CASSEROLE

Two small veal shanks, 1oz. flour seasoned with salt and pepper, 2 large carrots, 2 tomatoes, 1 onion, 1 pint stock (or 1 chicken bouillon cube dissolved in 1 pint hot water), salt and pepper, 1 bayleaf, sprig of parsley, pinch mixed herbs, few peppercorns, fat for frying, 8oz. rice, finely chopped parsley.

Cut meat from bones and into 1in. cubes, toss in seasoned flour. Peel carrots, cut into small dice. Slice tomatoes, peel and chop onion. Melt fat in large saucepan, add meat, fry lightly 5 minutes. Add carrots, tomatoes, and onion; cook further 5 minutes. Add stock, salt and pepper to taste. Tie bayleaf, herbs, parsley, and peppercorns in small piece of muslin, put into saucepan with veal bones. Bring to boil, cover, simmer 1½ hours. Remove bag of herbs and veal bones from saucepan. Serve Tomato Veal on warm dish within border of hot, cooked rice, generously sprinkled with the parsley.

COCONUT-MERINGUE APPLES

Four small apples, 4 dessertspoons brown sugar, 4 cloves, 1 banana, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 egg-white, 3 tablespoons sugar, vanilla, shredded coconut, 4 glace cherry halves.

Peel and core apples. Place 1 dessertspoon brown sugar and 1 clove in each core cavity. Stand apples in large saucepan with water ¼in. deep in bottom. Cover with tightly fitting lid, cook gently 10-12 minutes or until soft. Remove apples from saucepan with slotted spoon, pour off sugar syrup in centre cavity; cool. Fill cavity with mashed banana mixed with lemon juice. Beat egg-white stiffly, add sugar gradually, beat to meringue consistency, add few drops vanilla. Pipe or swirl meringue over top of apples, sprinkle with coconut. Bake in moderate oven until meringue is set. Top with cherry half.

Continued on page 84

Is your baby BREAST FED?

Soon it will be time to wean baby. When the time comes for bottle feeding you should know what type of teat to choose so that baby is weaned without difficulty.

Most baby authorities recommend a teat with similar softness to mother's breast.

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CAKE sank in centre? See picture below.

WHAT WENT WRONG?

THEY didn't rise? Transform as below.

● It's a good cook who makes few mistakes, but it's a clever cook who knows how to disguise them when they do occur, and turn a catastrophe into an edible creation.

HOW TO PUT IT RIGHT

MAKE ring-cake by cutting out sunken centre; frost and trim as shown. Use cut-out piece for Rum Balls.

● Cookery mishaps are rather like birthdays—we all seem to have them at one time or another; and it's a wise woman who knows how to make the best of both. Birthdays are inevitable, but cookery mishaps are not.

SANDWICH together too-flat cakes to make "specials" like these. Use luscious fillings, decorate prettily.

WE can all learn from our cookery mishaps. In this six-page feature we tell you what makes them happen, how to avoid them in future, and when, in spite of everything, they do happen how to retrieve the mistake and turn it into a success.

Also in this feature we reply to cookery queries sent in by readers to our Letterbox for Cooks.

Level spoon measures and the eight-liquid-ounce-cup measures are used in all the recipes.

CAKES

ALMOST anything can happen to cakes. They can burn, be coarse, heavy, soggy—or too dry; they can rise unevenly, or sink in the middle. Here's why these things happen, and what to do.

The cake that burnt

WHY: Oven too hot, or cake in the wrong position for baking.

WHAT TO DO: Let cake cool completely so it is easier to handle and less likely to break. Take a small, fine grater, rub gently over burnt surface until all burn is removed; brush cake with dry pastry brush to remove all loose crumbs. Coat cake well with a good-flavored icing.

Sunk in the middle

WHY: If a fruit cake, this may be caused by damp fruit or too much liquid. When fruit is washed, it should be dried well and little flour sprinkled over before adding fruit to batter. With other types of cakes, cause could be too hot an oven to start (this sets outer crust before heat has reached and set the centre); moving tins in oven before mixture has set; incorrect proportions of shortening and sugar; too much rising agent; insufficient flour. You will probably know which applied to your cake.

WHAT TO DO: Use large cutter (about same size as sunken centre) to cut as far down as possible into centre of cake, then continue to cut through to base with small, sharp-pointed knife; remove sunken centre completely, making ring-cake. Ice and decorate as ring-cake. The soft centre can be used to make little Rum Balls. (See picture above left.)

Rum Balls: Mix 4oz. crumbled cake crumbs with 3oz. castor sugar, 3oz. marzipan meal, ½ cup coconut, and 3 tablespoons cocoa. Beat 1 egg-yolk with 2 tablespoons sherry, 3 tablespoons rum, and 1 dessertspoon plum jam. Mix into dry ingredients, using more or less rum according to taste. Shape into small balls, dip into thin chocolate icing, roll in coconut or chocolate sprinkles; chill.

Did not rise

WHY: There could be any one of 3 reasons for this: not enough baking-powder or other rising agent; cake-tin too large for amount of batter; incorrect baking temperature.

WHAT TO DO: Turn it into a luscious layer cake, such as this Continental Mocha Torte.

Continental Mocha Torte: Filling: Four ounces cream cheese, 2oz. butter, 1 cup icing-sugar, 1 tablespoon rum, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence, 4oz. dark chocolate.

Topping: One and a half cups icing-sugar, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 teaspoon instant coffee, ½ teaspoon almond essence, milk, chopped walnuts.

Take 2 round cakes, cut each carefully into 2 layers, making 4 layers in all. For filling, beat butter and cream cheese until smooth, gradually add sifted icing-sugar, rum, coffee essence. Melt chocolate over hot water, beat into butter mixture. Allow to cool and thicken, then spread between 3 layers, leaving top layer plain.

For top icing, sift icing-sugar with cocoa and coffee, add just enough milk to make icing of good spreading consistency; add essence. Swirl over top of cake; decorate round edges with chopped walnuts.

Continued overleaf

Advice and recipes from our Leila Howard Test Kitchen

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Continuing . . .

WHAT WENT WRONG? How to put it right

CAKE too coarse - textured? Make it a luscious dessert.

CAKES . . . from previous page

Rises unevenly

WHY: Cake incorrectly positioned in oven (too close to one side, or too far back); or oven too hot, causing over-quick baking; or too much flour or too much raising agent in cake mixture.

WHAT TO DO: If not too uneven, cover top with nice thick icing, regulating icing to equalise and even up top surface as much as possible. Unevenness can then be expertly camouflaged with nuts, crystallised fruits, etc.

If unevenness is very pronounced, trim top with sharp knife until it is slightly rounded, brush off surplus crumbs, and ice cake. If a fruit cake, the top should be cut level, not rounded.

Coarse, heavy texture

WHY: Several things could cause this: too much shortening, or flour, or liquid; over-mixing after flour was added; insufficient cooking time allowed, or cooking cake too slowly.

WHAT TO DO: If you feel you cannot risk your reputation as a cook by offering it as a cake, then it can be converted quite easily into a number of really special sweets. One of the nicest, which completely camouflages the texture, is Apricot Dessert Cake; Nougat Tart and Rum-Date Cake are also good.

Apricot Dessert Cake: Cut cake horizontally into 2 or 3 layers. Cook ¼lb. dried apricots until tender; drain and mash. Combine in saucepan with ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, and 1 tablespoon cornflour blended with 1 cup apricot juice. Cook over low heat, stirring until thickened; cool. Spread between layers and over top of cake, sprinkle top with shredded coconut.

Nougat Tart: Crumble cake; mix 1½ cups finely crumbled cake crumbs with 1 beaten egg, 2oz. coconut or marzipan meal, few drops almond essence, little grated lemon rind and juice; moisten further with little milk. Spoon into unbaked 8in. pastry-shell, base of which has been spread with apricot or raspberry jam; sprinkle top of filling with brown sugar mixed with cinnamon. Bake in hot oven until pastry is golden, reduce heat to moderate; cook further 20 to 25 minutes.

Rum-Date Cake: Cut cake horizontally into 2 layers. Sprinkle each well with rum or sherry. Spread Date Filling between layers, ice with thin chocolate icing. To make Date Filling, combine in saucepan ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, pinch salt. Gradually add 2 cups milk, ¼lb. dates (cut fine). Bring to boil, cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until very thick. Blend little of hot mixture into 2 slightly beaten egg-yolks, add to hot mixture; cook 2 minutes, stirring constantly; stir in 1 teaspoon vanilla, cool.

Too dry

WHY: Usually caused by insufficient liquid which gives too stiff a mixture, or by cooking too long at too low a temperature.

WHAT TO DO: Too dry a cake tastes very often like stale cake; try using it in any of the following:

Strawberry Ice-Cream Dessert: Cut cake into slices to fit individual serving-dishes. Heat 1 cup strawberry (or other) jam with 1½ tablespoons water or sherry; push through strainer. Spoon over cake slices, let stand. When ready to serve, top with scoop of ice-cream, sprinkle with coconut.

Peach Crumble Crisp: Two cups crumbled cake-crumbs, 1-3rd cup melted butter, ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ cup chopped nuts, 1 can sliced peaches.

Mix melted butter with cake-crumbs. Arrange in buttered casserole, first a layer of crumbs, then layer of peach slices. Sprinkle peaches with some of the mixed sugar, cinnamon, and nuts. Repeat until fruit and crumbs are used, topping dish with crumbs. Carefully pour over ½ cup peach syrup. Bake in moderate oven approximately 30 to 40 minutes. If crumbs become too brown before cooking time is completed, cover dish. Serve garnished with whipped cream, additional peach slices.

Pineapple Neenish Tarts: Line small patty-tins with thinly rolled biscuit pastry. Bake in moderately hot oven until lightly colored; cool. Mix 4oz. fine cake-crumbs with 2oz. icing-sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon condensed milk, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 3 tablespoons shredded pineapple, and few drops almond essence, making soft, moist consistency. Fill into pastry-cases. Ice half of each top with warm white icing, other half with chocolate icing. Refrigerate until set.

CUSTARD TARTS

UNLESS you're one of those lucky people for whom custard tarts always behave, you've probably had to encounter a custard which did not set properly or—that terrible catastrophe!—the pastry rising to the top over the custard.

There is little to be done about these things, but here are the causes for them, so you will know how to avoid them in future.

Custard didn't set

WHY: Incorrect oven heat, or not enough eggs added in ratio to milk.

HOW TO AVOID IT: Bake in hot oven 10 minutes (to set pastry), then reduce temperature to moderate to cook custard slowly. For deep custard tart, allow 4 eggs to 3 cups milk. One tablespoon of powdered milk beaten into custard mixture will ensure creamy, firm custard.

Pastry that rises

WHY: Oven may be too hot throughout cooking; a little of custard mixture may have got under pastry; air may have got between pastry and dish when lining dish; self-raising flour instead of plain flour may have been used for pastry; pastry base may have small cracks or been inadvertently pricked.

HOW TO AVOID IT: It is a good idea to refrigerate pastry-case an hour or so before filling with custard, to give pastry time to settle. Once custard mixture has been carefully spooned into pastry-shell, do not allow it to stand — put immediately into oven.

Hints on custard tarts

Always heat milk to scalding before combining with eggs; if this is done, undercrust will be crisp and will not become soggy. Also, custard will cook in shorter time.

If you like the topping on custard to be a rich brown, beat eggs well instead of just lightly. This forms a foam that rises to surface after custard is spooned in; this foam browns beautifully during baking.

For crisp topping to custard tart, sprinkle crumbled macaroon crumbs over custard before baking.

To avoid soggy pastry base, brush over with egg-white before spooning in custard.

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VEGETABLES

JUST when you're on the point of taking vegetables from the stove, something seems to happen—the telephone rings, there's a caller at the door, or there's a cut knee to bandage. The result, all too often, is overcooked vegetables—and they do look unappetising; or else water has boiled away and vegetables have burnt. Here's what can be done to bring about a happy ending.

Potatoes

For overcooked potatoes, drain off all remaining moisture, cover pan with tightly fitting lid, shake 3 to 4 minutes over low heat. Then mash with a little butter but omit usual milk; beat until creamy. Chopped parsley or finely grated onion adds extra flavor.

(Have you tried using a rotary beater on potatoes? Mash them, add butter and little hot milk, then beat rapidly. They're extra-creamy in texture and color.)

Or, if time allows, turn the overcooked potatoes into Savory Potato Cakes; or, if potatoes are not essential to the main meal, turn them into creamy potato soup.

Savory Potato Cakes: For each ½lb. potatoes allow 1oz. butter, ¼ cup plain flour, ¼ cup self-raising flour, salt and pepper to taste, little grated onion, finely chopped parsley. Mix all together, combine well with 1 beaten egg. Press out lightly, cut into squares or diamonds, or long finger-shapes; fry 5 or 6 minutes in hot oil.

Creamy Potato Soup: Beat potatoes to pulp, add grated onion, salt, pepper, chopped parsley; add enough milk to thin mixture to soup consistency, stir well, heat slowly. A little cream can also be added, just before serving.

Peas

Burning is generally the main mishap here — the water does seem to boil away rapidly. Sometimes there is very little that can be done. If burning is not too bad, shake peas into another pot (remove any burnt ones), rinse with hot water, drain. Saute in little butter with some finely chopped bacon and little grated onion; a peeled chopped tomato can also be added.

Cauliflower

Even a few minutes of overcooking seems to destroy the delicate texture, flavor, and just-crisp whiteness of cauliflower. If overcooked, there are several things that can be done. Drain cauliflower well, fold into medium white sauce which has been well flavored with grated cheese. Spoon into ovenware dish, top with grated cheese and breadcrumbs, dot with butter. Bake until cheese is melted and crumbs lightly brown. Curry powder can be added to the white sauce, and additional cooked vegetables such as peas, diced carrots provide flavor.

Cabbage

Overcooked cabbage is a sad, sad thing. Drain it very well, pressing out as much water as possible, then chop cabbage finely. Saute some chopped bacon and chopped celery in little butter, add finely chopped cabbage, and heat through. Or fry with assorted cooked vegetables, including potato, to make bubble and squeak.

Cabbage takes such a short time to cook —and there is so little that can be done when it is overcooked—that it is well worth clock-watching to make sure it comes off the heat at the right moment. Cabbage can be a delicious vegetable. Have you tried preparing it in the French or Chinese manner?

French Cabbage: Place well-washed shredded cabbage in large saucepan with generous nut of butter, 2 tablespoons water (or barely enough to cover base of saucepan), light sprinkling of salt. Cover closely, cook 8 to 10 minutes, shaking pan occasionally. All water should be evaporated by end of cooking time. Add pepper, few drops of lemon juice or vinegar, toss lightly.

Chinese Cabbage: Shred cabbage finely, mix with 1 cup chopped celery. Cover with boiling water. Bring rapidly to boil, add salt to taste, boil 2 minutes. Drain and serve. The cabbage is tender yet crisp.

POTATOES watery? Make into potato cakes or creamy soup.

OTHER DISHES

CUSTARD and cooked mayonnaise will both curdle if overheated. Here's the remedy:

Curdled custard

Remove custard from saucepan immediately, add small quantity of cold water and beat briskly with electric or rotary beater, or mix in blender.

Curdled mayonnaise

Break an egg-yolk into basin, add curdled mixture a little at a time, stirring gently.

This will also correct uncooked mayonnaise which may have curdled because oil was added too quickly.

Over-salted foods

For over-salted soups, stews, or casseroles, add small pieces of raw potato and cook 10 to 12 minutes. Potato absorbs large amount of the excess salt. The potato can be served with the dish, if it forms a logical part of it, or discarded before serving.

For over-salted sauces, add little milk, cream, or beaten egg.

For brown sauces, small teaspoon of brown sugar will help disguise salty taste.

Stew that burnt

We've dealt with over-salted stews; now for the stew that burnt. Carefully lift top or unburnt layer of meat and vegetables into clean saucepan; add little more stock or water and reheat. If burnt taste is very pronounced, brown sliced onion in little butter or substitute, add curry powder to taste, stir into stew. Few drops of vinegar or lemon juice and sprinkle of sugar will also help disguise the burnt flavor.

Milk puddings

If the pudding is cooked too close to top of stove, it may be spoilt by being too dry or having burnt top. Remove burnt skin carefully, stir little extra milk into pudding, dot with butter, re-bake at lower temperature until top is lightly browned.

SAUCES

SAUCES are like children—take your eye off them and they're into mischief. And how mischievous a sauce can be—lumpy, too thin, burnt; almost anything can happen to sauces—and generally does.

Lumpy sauce

WHY: Too much flour; insufficient butter; failure to remove pan from heat while adding liquid; inconstant or insufficient stirring while thickening.

WHAT TO DO: Strain mixture through fine strainer; or beat well with rotary beater. Reheat sauce, gently stirring, before serving.

Sauce too thin

WHY: Insufficient thickening; check quantity used. Three tablespoons flour or 2 tablespoons cornflour should thicken 1 pint liquid to pouring consistency.

WHAT TO DO: To thicken sauce, blend extra flour or cornflour with small quantity of cold water or milk, depending on type of sauce (generally water for brown sauces, milk for white or creamy sauces), stir into the thin sauce. Continue stirring while mixture simmers 3 or 4 minutes.

Burnt sauce

WHAT TO DO: Sometimes it is worth starting all over again. However, if sauce is not too badly burnt, strain out into clean saucepan — leaving behind, of course, any burnt part; flavor with little curry powder. For sweet sauces try adding little caramel or nutmeg; or blending in instant coffee or cocoa.

Letterbox for Cooks, page 63

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OUR LETTERBOX FOR COOKS

● This Letterbox for Cooks contains cookery advice of general interest to all housewives. It is given in reply to readers who have asked for solutions to their cookery problems.

● Will readers please address their cookery queries to Letterbox for Cooks, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Replies will be published in our next Letterbox or will be sent by mail.

"WILL peaches bottled in water instead of sugar syrup keep in good condition for one year?"

Yes. Fruit bottled in water will remain sound up to one year after bottling.

To preserve fruit without sugar it is necessary to select fruit in good condition. Pack prepared fruit in cleansed jars, fill to overflowing with cold boiled water, seal and process in usual way (by oven method, fruit-bottling outfit, boiling water bath, etc.). Store processed fruit in cool, dry place away from strong light. Label each jar with date to ensure contents are used within one year.

Once the jars are opened the contents should be used as quickly as possible.

★ ★ ★

"Recipes in my English cookbook mention Demerara sugar. Could you tell me what it is?"

Demerara sugar is a light brown crystalline or raw sugar commonly used in Britain. The crystals undergo further refining to become the soft, moist brown sugar used for cooking in Australia.

★ ★ ★

"Why does the pastry always come to the top when I make a custard tart although I brush the pastry with white of egg and pour in the custard slowly over a tablespoon?"

This subject is discussed fully on page 60. There are several ways to lessen the chances of pastry rising to top of tart. One of them is to use a pastry recipe with little or no raising in the flour.

After uncooked pastry has been lightly brushed with egg-white, allow to stand 15 minutes to dry out, then spread base of tart with smooth jam. Use a tablespoon to add custard to tart, a spoonful at a time; this is more satisfactory than pouring in the custard over a tablespoon.

Put tart in a hot oven for the first 10 minutes to seal pastry, then lower heat to moderate to complete cooking custard.

"Why does fruit cake sink in the middle?"

This is discussed on page 59. Plain flour should be used for rich fruit cakes (self-raising flour contains too much raising agent); proportions of sugar and shortening are important.

The average 8in. rich fruit cake contains ½lb. butter, ½lb. sugar, 4 eggs, ½ cup liquid, 10 to 12oz. flour, and 2 to 2½lb. fruit. It should take 3½ to 4 hours to cook in moderately slow oven.

"What makes butter and sugar appear curdled after beating and why is the appearance of cooked cakes sometimes marred by air-holes?"

Butter and sugar creamed together appear curdled after addition of liquid in the form of beaten eggs or milk, or mixture of both. This is because the creamed mixture is incapable of absorbing any more liquid, which, in turn, causes mixture to separate and the liquid washes the sugar free of the butter.

To minimise the effect, try adding liquids in small amounts, beating well after each addition; or sift in a little flour to help prevent curdling. Cold liquids will also cause the fats to solidify, thus preventing absorption.

Open air-holes and coarse open texture may be due to insufficient creaming of shortening and sugar; or excessive mixing after flour is added; or too much baking-powder or other raising agent being used; or too-slow an oven.

★ ★ ★

"Having acquired a new electric range, I am finding my cake-making less successful than it was with the old gas stove. Would you tell me why a cornflour sponge becomes very brown and shrinks after it is cooked? Why patty-cakes spread? If used in conjunction with sour milk, should bicarbonate of soda be sifted with the flour? What points should be considered when preparing cakes for a competition?

A cornflour sponge which is very

brown and shrinks excessively apparently has been cooked too long or at too high a temperature. Refer to the chart supplied with your range. If you still have failures, ask your electricity authority to check the temperature gauge.

Patty-cakes spread if the mixture is too soft or oven is not hot enough. Patty-cakes should be cooked below the centre in electric oven; above the centre in gas oven.

If sour milk and bicarbonate of soda are used as the raising agent in cake mixture, the bicarbonate of soda can be dissolved in liquid or finely crushed and sifted with flour.

Points for preparing cakes for competitions are too numerous to include here, but main ones are:

A successful cake should be evenly risen, top only slightly rounded, with no cracks or peaks (except fruit cake, which should be level on top); evenly browned all over; texture fine, even, light, and moist.

★ ★ ★

"Letterbox for Cooks" in your issue of October 24, 1962, recommended leaving pavlovas to cool in the oven with the door open. If I do this, will it be possible to remove the pavlova from the tray? I use a well-greased tray dusted lightly with cornflour."

The pavlova, after cooling, should be easy to remove from a tray prepared as you suggest. Another method is to pipe or spoon meringue on to a circle of lightly greased paper on oven-tray. Carefully remove paper when pavlova is cooked and cooled.

Continued on page 72

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This is a woman's lotion, especially formulated to delay the obvious signs of your biological age. Turtle Oil—the finest moisturiser for all types of skin — has all the nutritive materials to maintain a youthful skin as well as rejuvenate an ageing one. 3 oz. Bottle - **11/9.**

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A scientific treatment for all types of fabrics which rejuvenates faded and discoloured garments by bringing back their life and colour and leaving them crisp and clean. **5/6** per tube.

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OLIVOL SHAMPOO

Soft, shiny hair — not just **clean** but **shining** with health. That's the way HERCO OLIVOL SHAMPOO leaves your hair . . . because it has absorbed the full benefit of HERCO's pure Olive Oil content.

HERCO OLIVOL SHAMPOO lathers instantly in any water to provide rich, foaming suds which deep-clean your hair . . . making it soft, silky and easy to manage.

1½ oz. Bottle, 3/3 - 3 oz. Bottle, 4/9 - 6 oz. Bottle, 7/6

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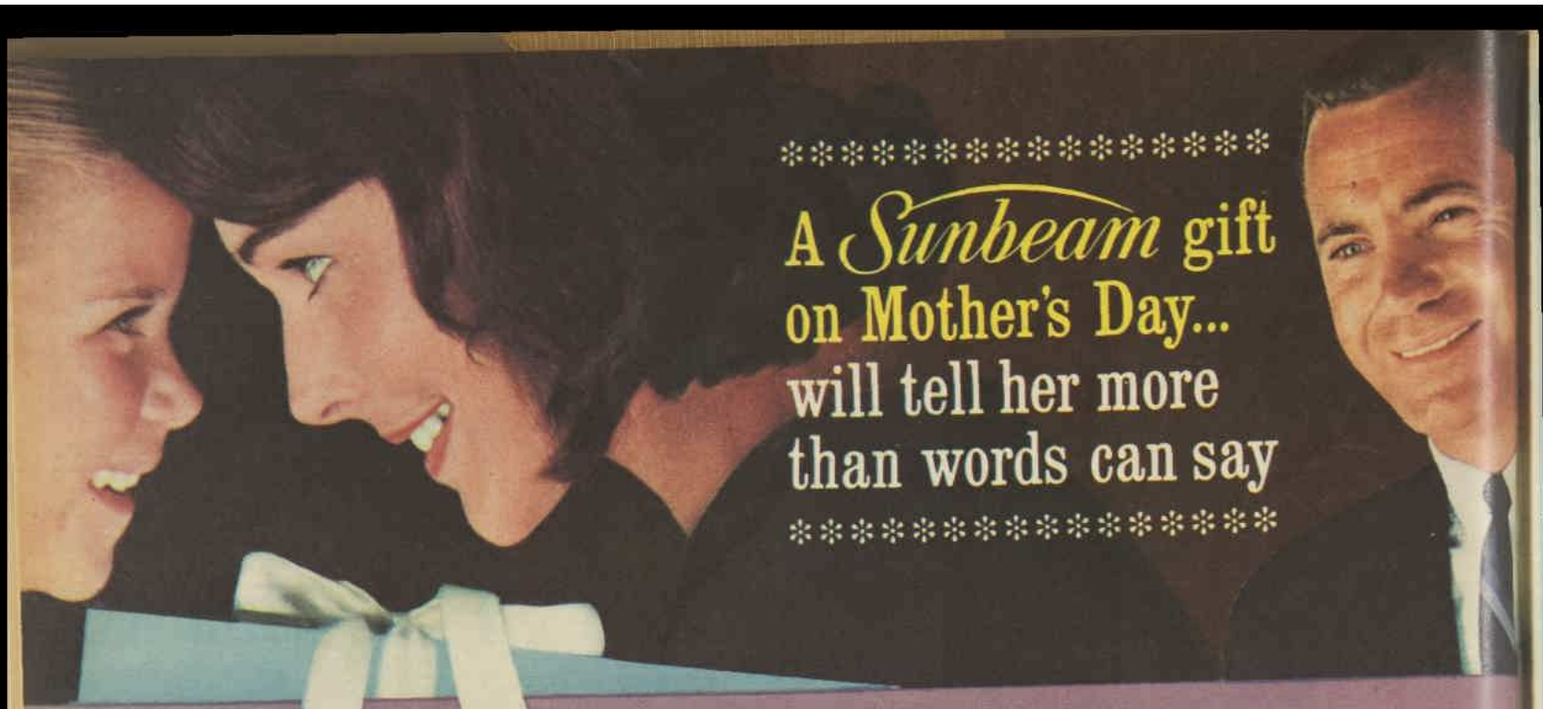

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Give her the gift of sleek, lovely legs with the gentlest, most efficient cosmetic shaver ever made! The Lady Sunbeam smooths away unwanted hair like magic, saves mess and trouble, can't nick or scratch the tenderest skin. Once she's used her new Lady Sunbeam she'll wonder how she ever did without it! £9.9.0.

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BIG IDEAS FOR SMALL GARDENS

● *THIS FOUR-PAGE COLOR FEATURE shows how a careful selection of trees, shrubs, and plants, coupled with simple landscaping, can give a feeling of spaciousness to small gardens. One of the most effective ideas, where possible, is to carry your garden scheme on to the footpath. All the pictures on this and the following three pages were taken in springtime.*

AN ILLUSION of spaciousness is created by this lovely Japanese cherry tree (Prunus serrulata apple blossom) in the small front garden of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. O. Martin's home, Meadow Cottage, Bowral, N.S.W. Although the land frontage is 90ft., the front verandah is less than 15ft. from the fence. The tiny lawn is dotted with snowdrops and bluebells in spring, and the garden has been extended into the street with flowering apricot trees (Armeniacas), seven Prunus vesuvius, and a port wine magnolia (Magnolia fuscata) outside the fence.

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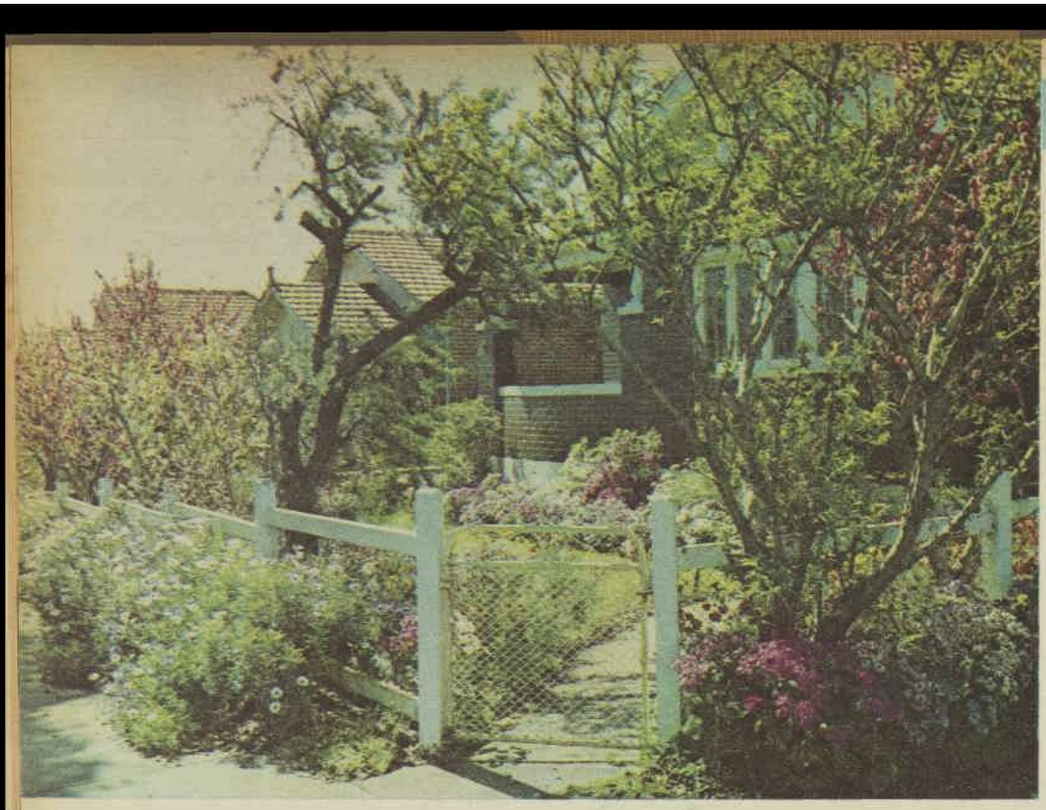

BIG IDEAS FOR

USE THE FOOTPATH AS PART OF GARDEN

● One of the best ways to gain space is to cultivate part of the footpath beyond the front fence.

THIS is usually welcomed by neighbors and the local council, provided a pathway is left for pedestrians.

In some areas, councils will supply shrubs and trees free of charge to property owners who want to beautify their footpaths.

An excellent example of "footpath gardening" is seen in the pictures, at left and below, of Mr. R. N. Hope's garden in the Sydney suburb of Bexley.

Mr. Hope's block of land measures only 40ft. by 140ft., with 16ft. between the front of his house and the fence.

With the small garden and the edges of the footpath filled with flowers and spring-flowering peach trees, his garden is the pride of the neighborhood.

When staff photographer Ron Berg visited the garden in early spring, trees and shrubs were at their peak.

Azaleas, wallflowers, ranunculi, daisies of all varieties, pelargoniums, cinerarias, geraniums, stocks, Queen Anne's lace, and irises were a mass of beautiful color.

The front of the house overlooks Bexley Park, and the back garden is given over to roses, shrubs, seedboxes, and an Aunty Becky, a fine fruiting variety of peach tree which Mr. Hope describes as "the best in Sydney."

Mr. Hope's mother, who died recently, was also a keen gardener and spent many hours in her garden.

PLANNED FOR MINIMUM WORK

● With only one day a week spent in the garden, Mr. and Mrs. Grahame Jolliffe, who live in the Adelaide suburb of Wattle Park, have achieved a picturesque result.

AFTER the initial garden plan was designed for them, and laid out, the Jolliffes planted a lippia lawn in both front and back gardens.

Both areas are landscaped on two levels with the help of small slate walls.

The lawns require constant care and cutting, but the Jolliffes' garden is mostly planted with perennials which require little or no attention.

Focal point of the neat little front garden—the block is 62ft. by 147ft. deep—is a walled patio near the front door of the house.

Measuring 12ft. by 25ft., the patio serves as a neat entrance and an ideal spot to sit on warm, sunny days.

It is protected from wind by a 4ft.-high wall in slate, and partly covered by a 4ft. overhang from the roof and a small trellis, covered with wisteria and the bright orange creeper Bignonia venusta.

The Jolliffes have a blaze of color on the patio wall for most of the year.

In early spring, when photographer Vic Grimmett took the picture at right, the patio was bright with pink and red geraniums, purple lantana, and the attractive, colorful creeper Lotus berethelotii.

These plants grow over the front and back of the wall, giving a brilliant splash of color.

Along the tiny slate wall — about 1ft. high — which serves as the front fence, the Jolliffes have planted a row of florabunda roses which bloom from late October or early November right through until about July.

Along the eastern fence in the front garden—the house faces north—Mr. and Mrs. Jolliffe have planted several shady trees and shrubs.

Among them are a liquidambar, a ghost maple, a Geraldton wax, and a ceanothus, which begins to bloom in the middle of September.

Although Mrs. Jolliffe loves a pretty garden, she is not the member of the family with the green fingers.

"My husband does most of the hard work, and I just sit back and appreciate the flowers," she said.

One of their favorite trees is a huge, shady gum tree—they grow in abundance in this eastern Adelaide suburb—which is the focal point of their spacious back garden.

"The only problem with the gum is that when it drops its leaves we have a terrible job raking them up," said Mrs. Jolliffe.

The Jolliffes' back garden is protected on all four sides—one by the house and the other three by shrubs and trees.

Pittosporum, with silvery-green foliage, is planted right along the back fence, and, on the higher lawn, purple guavas give added shade through the hot weather.

Flowering in the spring months in the back garden is a dark pink japonica—at present about four feet high.

They also have a nectarine and a peach tree, which give fruit through the summer, and a lemon tree on the eastern fence at the back also adds to the garden's color.

"Knowing very little about gardening, I don't really plan for flowers to be in bloom at any special time," said Mrs. Jolliffe. "We just stick shoots and seedlings in and hope that they will grow."

The Jolliffes have proved that with limited space you can achieve a picturesque and tidy garden with very little work.

"Our only problem really is the watering through the hot weather," said Mrs. Jolliffe.

"That is the reason why we have perennial trees and shrubs and creeping rock plants, which give a bright effect with little work."

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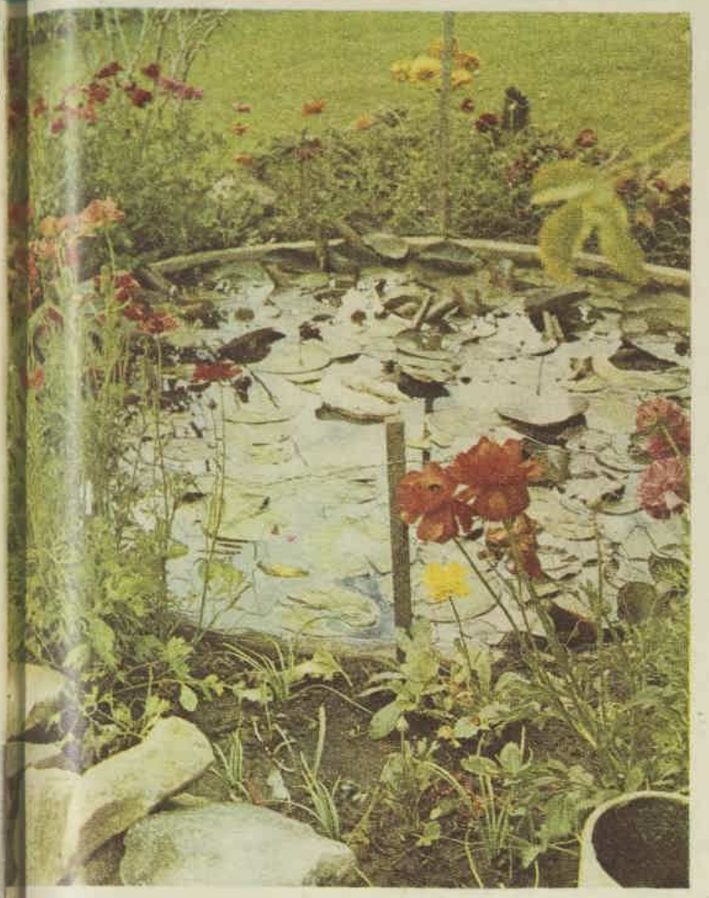
POT-PLANTS FOR CONSTANT COLOR



● Many people like to have a show of color always near the front door to welcome visitors.

A GOOD way to ensure this is to grow pot-plants which flower at different seasons.

As each group comes into flower it is moved from an out-of-the-way spot in the garden to pot-stands in the front porch.

A good example of this is in the garden of Mr. and Mrs. W. Wood, on the main highway at Bargo, N.S.W.

When photographer Ron Berg visited them early last spring, the plants in the Woods' porch (above right) included geraniums, orchids, and cyclamen.

The outside garden, too, was bright with the colors of ranunculi, stocks, polyanthus, and geraniums.

Roses, all healthy and free of ills, were in plump bud and about to burst into a riot of color.

Mr. Wood specialises in gloxinias, and in the back garden a special bush-house has been built for them.

A waterlily-and-goldfish pond surrounded by ranunculi and nearby blooming tulips (not seen in picture above) is another feature of the back garden.

Although Mr. Wood has a physical disability—he has only one arm—he has made the garden, with the help of Mrs. Wood, into a showplace of the district.

SIMPLICITY GIVES ADDED SPACE

● In less than four years Mrs. Geoffrey Yates, of the Adelaide suburb of Rosslyn Park, has made a 67ft. wide area into a spacious-looking and colorful front garden.

WHEN she began, Mrs. Yates said, she was completely inexperienced in gardening. She knew only that she wanted to achieve an effect of space in a small area, and wanted her garden to be colorful at all times of the year.

The keynote of her garden plan is simplicity.

From the street, as photographed by Vic Grimmett, below, the most notable part of the Yates garden is the mass of coral and rose-pink geraniums which completely covers the low brick front fence from end to end.

This color is repeated in the geraniums which grow over low walls on both sides of the front door and climb up the house wall.

"The geraniums are wonderful; they bloom here the whole year round," Mrs. Yates said.

This is the kind of garden that from outside appears to be full of growth, but inside, in fact, has plenty of space between the narrow terrace, which runs the length of the house, and the narrow bed edging the front fence.

In the lawn—bermuda grass, which is green and velvety throughout the hot Adelaide summer—are only three trees. They are a fiddlewood, a variegated pittosporum, and a young sugar gum.

Round the base of the gum are planted a few white freesias.

In the bed inside the front fence are winter-flowering white and pink tea-trees, the red-foliaged Photinia robusta, which has tiny white flowers in spring, and a crepe myrtle and hibiscus, which flower in summer.

There are also cinerarias, and petunias whose summer flowers match the pink geraniums.

On the north side of the garden, between the car tracks and the lawn, is a narrow bed with pink and white stocks, cinerarias, heuchers, brown boronia, and pink camelias. Edging the terrace are primulas, freesias, and roses.

Trees in front of the terrace are fiddlewoods — these have a sweet-scented white flower — and a bauhinia tree, whose white flower is in bloom most of the summer.

The garden has a high brush fence on each side. Near the south fence runs the path from the front gate, and between the path and the fence are two banana palms, and between them are clumps of daffodils.

In the centre of one of the daffodil clumps is a small frangipani.

Because her living-room has windows to the back as well as to the front garden, Mrs. Yates has also planned her back garden for color and spaciousness.

There is a wide lawn, edged on one side by roses, climbing pink and cream roses grow over a white trellis fence at one end of the lawn, and purple lantana, pink geraniums, and passionfruit vines cover a side fence.

Mrs. Yates already has one young tree, a willow myrtle, and plans to plant another in front of the circular clotheslines to hide them from view from the house.

"I was determined not to have just another backyard," she said. "I wanted a real garden at the back as well as the front, a place where we can sit and enjoy our surroundings.

"Also, I wanted the view from the living-room to the back to be just as pleasant as to the front."

● Rockeries ideal for small areas — overleaf.

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PINNOCK SETS THE TREND FOR '63

with a great new range of Australian-made sewing machines —the **Trendsetter** range—and an entirely new type of vacuum cleaner—the Pinnock Compact. See them now at your Pinnock Retailer.

PINNOCK *compact*

World's First 3-in-one Home Cleaning System with cyclonic action.
The Pinnock Compact is the most versatile cleaning system ever — a vacuum cleaner, floor polisher, and floor scrubber in one. The Pinnock Compact works on an entirely new principle — Cyclonic Action. The Compact stacks dirt at a 45° angle — **away from the motor,** so that it cannot obstruct the airflow.
The Pinnock Compact is packed with revolutionary features that other machines will be copying in five or ten years' time. Why wait? You can own the home cleaner of the future — right now!

The Compact Cleaning System (Complete) (Vacuum Cleaner, Polish-aire and Magic Disc).	65 gns.
The Compact Vacuum Cleaner and Polish-aire	59 gns.
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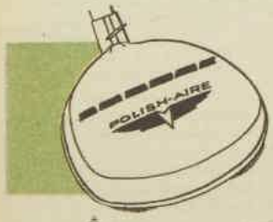
PINNOCK *trendsetter*

Star of the Trendsetter '63 range — The Fridor Trendsetter Gem. This is it — the most glamorous sewing machine you've ever seen! From its gleaming champagne and white enamel finish, to its deluxe carrying case, the Trendsetter Gem is a style-winner!
Packed with features, too. Automatic fabric selector, Automatic zig-zag selector, Automatic bobbin winder, twin needles, button-holing, dial-a-stitch regulator, sews on buttons . . . these are a few of the Trendsetter features that make Gem the **best buy today.** And here's a Trendsetter special — the Gem has a transverse shuttle, to give easy access to the bobbin, **from the front!** See the glamorous Trendsetter Gem for yourself, and marvel at the price! **Only 69 gns.**

10 YEAR FREE MECHANICAL SERVICE. Every Trendsetter machine is backed by a lifetime guarantee that includes a 10 year free mechanical service.
Until now no other Australian manufacturer has dared make this offer!



The Polish-aire
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The Magic Disc
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Pinnock sets the trend for '63

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SMALL GARDENS —continued

● If you want to build a rock garden and pool it is not essential to marry an engineer—but it helps, according to Mrs. K. A. Forbes, of Tuxen Street, North Balwyn, Victoria.

HAVING designed the rockery and pool, Mrs. Forbes just handed the plan to her engineer husband, who put in the drainage and got on with the job.

The result, as photographed at right by Jim Ellard, is a lovely focal point for a charming back garden.

At the rear of the pool are diarama (fairy bells), Aralia microphylla, Forsythia intermedia, and a camellia (pax.).

In the pockets are purple flax, liliums, Gardenia radicans, geranium (crispin variety, upright), fuchsia (blue pendant), and maple (weeping green).

Edging the rocks are succulents, thymes, dwarf roses, ivy, alpine phlox, lamb's ear, bedding begonia, geraniums, Erica darleyensis, and bilbergia.

The garden is 60ft. by 75ft., and Mr. Forbes removed local soil for 60ft. along one side and replaced it with mountain soil for acid-loving mountain plants, including Mrs. Forbes' favorite azaleas.

Opposite this bed, across a well-kept lawn, is Mrs. Forbes' cut-flower garden, bordered by a tea-tree fence crowned with magnificent Ena Harkness roses.

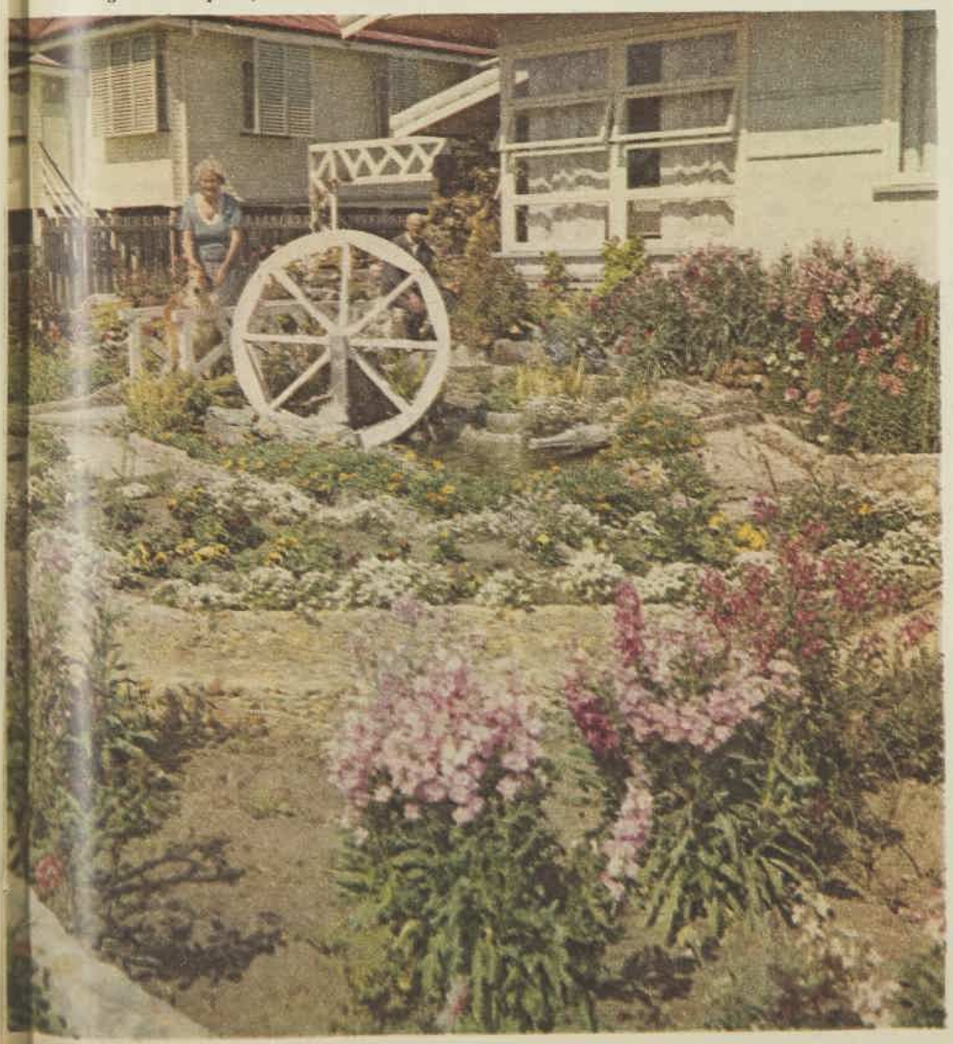
A member of the North Balwyn Garden Club, Mrs. Forbes has planned this garden to allow her suitable cut flowers for the club's displays of floral art.

Behind the tea-tree fence (beside pool in the picture) is a small utility garden, where her two clothes-lines are hidden, and an experimental plot where she grows plants she may later remove to the garden proper.

Hard against the back of the house, Mrs. Forbes has planted a winter garden to provide color during nature's off-season. It includes camellias, luculia, thryptomene, and linum.

ROCKERIES IDEAL FOR SMALL AREAS

● A fairyland of rock gardens and running water has been created by Mr. and Mrs. Russell Hollis at their home in Scarborough, near Brisbane.



WHEN they bought the house on their retirement, the land—with a 66ft. frontage—was bare.

They called their home "Cascades," the name of a pleasure-garden they once owned at Indooroopilly, where they used to serve 400 afternoon teas a day.

In the war years the original "Cascades" was known to thousands of soldiers, particularly Americans, and was a stopping-place for pleasure boats on the Brisbane River.

The garden has not a blade of grass to beautify it. The beauty lies in the blend of water, rock, and flowers, as you can see in the picture, at left, by Bob Millar, jun.

In spring the garden is ablaze with pansies, gazania, alyssum, delphiniums, antirrhinum, nasturtiums, roses, Iceland poppies, gerberas, ferns, coleus, stocks, petunias, and many others.

At other seasons a background of shrubs shows through.

Water flows from a high tank behind the house at the rate of 40 gallons a minute.

Crystal clear, it falls over a fern-filled patio rockery into a large goldfish pool.

It then flows to another waterfall and circulates over a series of little stone pools.

Then it falls on to the vanes of a water-wheel which turns endlessly on the surface of a larger fishpond.

More rivulets carry it to a sump, there to be pumped back into the main tank and used over and over again.

The water completes the circuit in five minutes. It starts up at the flick of a switch, there is a cool swishing sound, then rivers run and the big wheel turns.

During hot summer days the running-water air conditions a pretty patio, where Mr. and Mrs. Hollis—both in their sixties—seek refuge from the Queensland sun.

During winter months they like to sit in the sun near the turning wheel with their collie dog, Prince Highland Cobber.

Mr. Hollis, who made the cascades himself, does not mind giving the recipe: "Tons of cement, hard work, and imagination. And, of course, a wife to plant the flowers. I had nothing to do with that."

When tourist buses take people to Redcliffe they always go through Scarborough and pass the Hollis' house in Michel Road.

● More pages for your Gardening Book — page 71

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JACQUARD Patterned luxury with a difference! The design is woven right through the blanket for permanent beauty. Design illustrated : green floral motifs on off white background.

Laconia makes

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Wonderful, wonderful warmth without weight! That's the secret of Laconia. Woven from the finest "first-clip" lambs' wool, specially finished to give exclusive "denser pile" luxury, in sizes and shades to suit every bed in every home, Laconia blankets **make "goodnight" a certainty.**

BABY BLANKETS not only more generous in size, Laconia Baby Blankets are now Sanitized for lasting hygienic protection.
Every Laconia pure lambs' wool Baby Blanket is Sanitized with a special anti-germ agent to resist odours, mildew, mould and bacteria. Available in heavenly soft pastels, harmonised checks and with cute appliqued motifs.

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Laconia

100% PURE LAMBS' WOOL BLANKETS

THE BEAUTIFUL **"STARLIGHT"** PLAIN COLOURS (ALSO IN SNOW WHITE)

CAMELLIA PINK · SAGE GREEN · CAPRI BLUE · ROSE PINK · BUTTERCUP · SANDY BEIGE · FLAME

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STARLIGHT Narrow borders of white surround five-inch checks in subtle pastel hues. Illustrated: green, pink and lavender.

LIMELIGHT Four-inch block over-checks are highlighted by a double border of white. Illustrated: new autumn tonings of chestnut, olive and white.

a bed...

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EXTRA LOW VOLTAGE

Absolutely safe, this transformer type electric blanket is fully guaranteed and fully approved by all Electricity Authorities — it is of world standard. Gives controllable heat at only a few pence per week. Available in shrink-resistant 100% pure lambs' wool in colours of pink or blue.

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MEXICANA Bold nine-inch checks make this the ideal blanket or rug for a contemporary setting. Illustrated: M/3 in lemon, green and brown.

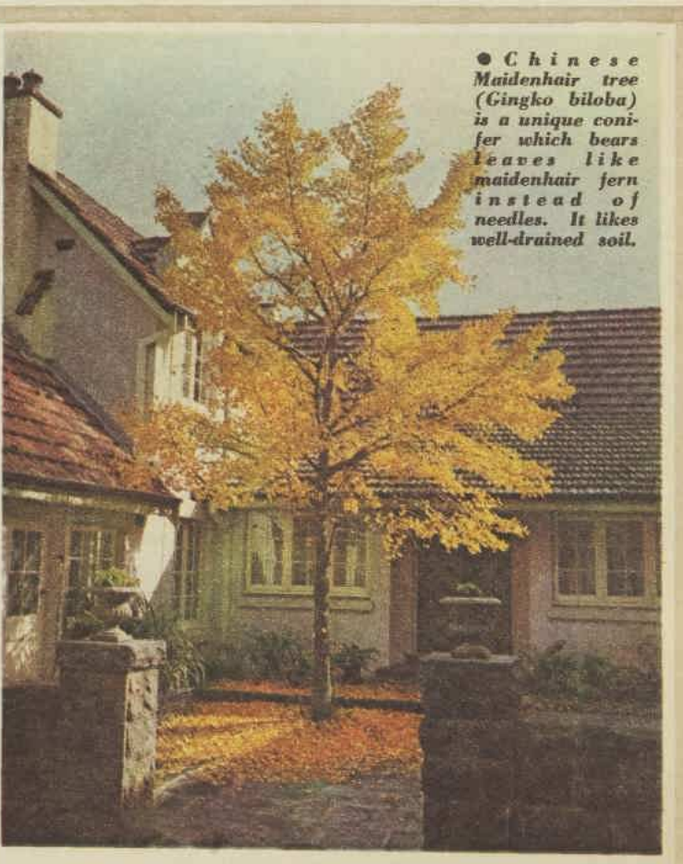
MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

Trees for color

● There are hundreds of trees with colorful foliage or beautiful flowers. They come in all sizes, and on this and following pages is a selection of the best.

● *Judas tree (Cercis siliquastrum) is a member of the pea family which may grow 40ft. high. It bears a profusion of pink flowers which pop straight out of the bark in spring. Legend has it that Judas Iscariot hanged himself from one of these strange trees.*

Gardening Book — page 142



● *Chinese Maidenhair tree (Gingko biloba) is a unique conifer which bears leaves like maidenhair fern instead of needles. It likes well-drained soil.*

Gardening Book — page 143

CONTINUED PAGE 74

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

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OUR LETTERBOX FOR COOKS . . . continued

"HOW do I assess the cooking time for cakes or puddings when the recipe is doubled or trebled?"

It is not wise to make more than twice the quantity given in a recipe at a single mixing. However, it is possible to get a good result this way:

Double or treble the recipe, but divide evenly between 2 or 3 tins or basins, making 2 or 3 cakes or puddings, and cook each one for the time directed in the recipe. Or double the recipe and use a tin or basin 1in. to 1½in. larger in diameter; start testing for "done-ness" when mixture has been cooking half as long again as time indicated in the recipe.

★ ★ ★

"How are poultry and baked vegetables cooked in a fully automatic electric range? Where should the vegetables be placed in the oven? How should giblets be used to make gravy?"

If the prepared poultry is wrapped in greased brown paper or aluminium foil, it is best placed on a rack in a baking-dish with a small quantity of fat. If arranged this way, the vegetables are cooked in the baking-dish underneath the rack.

The baking-dish should be placed (in a fully automatic electric oven) so the top of the bird is level with the centre of the oven. Refer to the chart supplied with the range for cooking temperature and time for both poultry and vegetables, because ranges vary according to make.

To use giblets in making gravy: Clean giblets, chop finely, brown with a little chopped onion in hot fat; cover with water and simmer until giblets are tender. Use the giblet stock when making the brown gravy and stir in, if desired, the finely chopped giblets.

"Continental recipe books quote proportions of fresh herbs. Could you tell me the equivalent quantity of dried, ground herbs to use if fresh herbs are not available?"

Herbs should enhance, not dominate, the food's natural flavor. It is usual to use considerably less of a dried herb than a fresh one, but this is largely a matter of personal taste; also, much depends on the herb being used.

Start by using ¼ to ½ teaspoon dried herb for each teaspoon of fresh herb specified, then increase according to taste.

If food is to be cooked for a long time, add herbs for only the last half-hour of cooking time.

★ ★ ★

"A recipe for diabetic ice-cream with a smooth, easy-to-serve texture, please."

The following recipe is good, but it should be remembered that one serving (that is, one-sixth of the mixture) should replace 5oz. milk in the diet.

Soften and dissolve 1 teaspoon gelatine in 1 tablespoon water. In a chilled bowl beat 1 large can thoroughly chilled evaporated milk; add 2 crushed sweetening tablets, 2 teaspoons vanilla, and dissolved gelatine. Beat until thick and doubled in bulk. Freeze until firm.

★ ★ ★

"Can you tell me how to make chocolate cases? Is it necessary to grease the containers? Can paper containers be removed without damaging the chocolate cases?"

Gradually pour 3oz. melted white shortening on to ½ cup dry drinking chocolate (or 2 tablespoons cocoa sifted with 4 tablespoons icing-sugar). Flavor with vanilla. Stir until mixture begins to thicken. Spoon into ungreased paper cases standing in patty-tins. Spread with handle of spoon to approximately ⅛in. thickness. Be careful not to get any of the chocolate mixture over the edge of paper cases; this makes it hard to remove paper. Chill until very firm. Tear paper away carefully.

If chocolate mixture thickens too quickly, stand basin over warm water and stir until smooth.

Pure chocolate can also be used in the same way; melt it over hot, not boiling, water. Omit shortening.

★ ★ ★

"Can a partly cooked casserole, curry, or stew be frozen and reheated at a later date? If so, how long can it be kept? What is the correct procedure for freezing, storing, and thawing?"

Yes. Partly cooked meat dishes can be frozen successfully. Cook the casserole, curry, or stew for about three-quarters of the normal length of time before freezing it. For example, if full cooking time for the dish is one hour, cook it for only three-quarters of an hour before freezing. It can be stored in a home freezer cabinet approximately 6 months, or in the freezer shelf of the newer-style refrigerator for 2 to 3 months.

Correct preparation, packaging, and sealing are important.

Use your favorite recipe, cook in the usual way (but allowing for lesser cooking time as mentioned above), cool thoroughly, fill into square or oblong plastic containers or aluminium foil trays. Fill to top of container to exclude air. Seal containers securely. (Some seasonings, such as garlic, peppers, etc., lose their strength or alter their flavor during freezing storage, so are best added when reheating and cooking.)

Pack sealed containers in freezer cabinet, arranging them so packages are easily accessible. Mark each package with contents, number of servings, and date of freezing, so packages are used in sequence.

After removing from freezer cabinet, thaw and reheat as the dish was originally cooked, i.e., in saucepan or casserole, and complete the full cooking time.

★ ★ ★

"Why does a boiled Christmas pudding become mouldy? Would it make any difference if the pudding were to be steamed in a basin instead of boiled in a cloth?"

The action of bacteria present in the air causes puddings to become mouldy. Growth of mould is encouraged by: pudding mixture too moist, insufficient cooking, insufficient spirits in mixture, incorrect storage.

A boiled pudding should be hung in a cool, dry, airy place until day

duck a l'orange

THIS kind of cooking takes more than plump ducks and a cookbook: the bird so tender under the glistening brown of its crisp skin, orange-slices gleaming, bright and juicy; compliments moving quickly around the table.

A delightful dish that suggests time and care and personal skill . . . and from the moment you fingertipped the handsome controls of your Westinghouse, you've felt so good!

Right away this Fully-Automatic Range takes over your cookery's *bothersome* problems. Leaves *you* free for the pretty planning: dress the house; arrange the table; even catch up with the shopping. Wherever *you are*, the Westinghouse Automatic Range quietly attends to the tasks you've set it: *switches itself on at the time you've pre-selected; cooks at the temperature you've set, until the time you've selected for it to turn itself off.*

Simply *dial* for dinner at 7.15, and on the dot it's done. Now you serve it. With a flourish. It remains merely to open the burgundy, and that of course, is the job for a man.

Quite a friend, this Westinghouse Fully Automatic Range. But after all, it *is* the range with all the features most wanted in modern cooking.

And surprise! Your Westinghouse retailer's trade-in offer makes Westinghouse easy to own. There's superb after-sales service too (though you'll probably never need it).

Illustrated is the Westinghouse fully automatic model PAC224.

And Westinghouse prices start way down low.

STANDARD AUTOMATICS

Model 311T	95 gns.
Model 358GW *(elevated)*	£126.0.0
Built-in oven	£72.10.0
Built-in hotplate	£47.10.0

FULLY AUTOMATICS

Model 311A	112 gns.
Model PAC223	125 gns.
Model PAC224	139 gns.
Model 359GW *(elevated)*	139 gns.

Prices slightly higher in some areas

YOU CAN BE SURE..IF IT'S Westinghouse AUTOMATIC·COOKING

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4883676

£5 prize for cake recipe

● A rich chocolate cake filled with whipped cream and topped with a creamy smooth mocha frosting wins the £5 prize this week.

CHOCOLATE DREAM CAKE. See recipe at left.

RECIPES for biscuits topped with a light sprinkling of cinnamon and coffee crystals and for unusual rissoles win consolation prizes of £1 each.

All spoon measurements are level.

CHOCOLATE DREAM CAKE

Four large eggs (or 5 smaller eggs), 1½ cups sugar, 1½ cups self-raising flour, ¾lb. unsalted butter, 6oz. chocolate, 2 tablespoons black coffee, ½ cup lukewarm milk, 1 cup sifted icing-sugar, whipped sweetened cream, chopped mixed peel.

Place sugar in bowl, add eggs one at a time, beating well. Add half the softened butter, half melted chocolate, then lastly fold in sifted self-raising flour alternately with milk. Fill into 2 greased and lined 7 or 8in. sandwich-tins. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Turn out, cool on cake-coolers. Prepare frosting.

Place remaining chocolate in saucepan, allow to melt with the black coffee over very gentle heat. Add icing-sugar, mix well. Remove from heat, allow to cool. Beat in remaining butter gradually. Sandwich cakes together with whipped sweetened cream, top with chocolate-coffee mixture. Sprinkle with chopped peel.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Munster, 219 Birrell St., Bondi, N.S.W.

SURPRISE RISSOLES

One pound tripe, water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 medium-sized onion, 1 tomato, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon mixed herbs, pepper, breadcrumbs, fat for frying.

Place tripe in saucepan with water and salt, boil until tender or cook in pressure cooker with salt and water 20 to 30 minutes. Remove from cooker, drain well.

Mince tripe and onion, add finely diced tomato, egg, and mixed herbs. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Mix well, shape into rissoles, roll in breadcrumbs. Fry in hot fat until golden brown. Serve hot with cooked vegetables or with hot fluffy rice, garnish with parsley.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Palmer, 33 Magdala Street, Ascot, Brisbane.

JAN HAGEL

Four ounces butter or substitute, 3oz. castor sugar, 5½oz. flour, 2oz. finely chopped nuts, little milk (if necessary), cinnamon, coffee crystals.

Cream together butter and sugar, mix in flour and nuts. Work into stiff dough, adding a little milk if necessary. Spread evenly on greased tray with knife dipped in milk. Sprinkle on a little cinnamon and coffee crystals. Bake in moderate oven until golden brown (about 15 to 20 minutes). Cut immediately into squares, place on rack to cool. Store in airtight tin.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Deacon, 10 Karne Street, Narwee, N.S.W.

Letterbox for cooks

of serving, then boiled a further 1½ to 2 hours.

The hot, humid weather usual at Christmas is not ideal for open-air storage, however, so refrigeration is recommended.

Boiled puddings which have gone mouldy are still edible. Simply cut off mould and reheat the pudding.

Puddings which are steamed in a covered basin are less likely to develop mould.

★ ★ ★

"How can one tell the age of a goose? How to keep a roast goose moist? How to make brawn from goose?"

A goose for roasting should not be more than a year old. To select a young bird, look for smooth legs and smooth yellow feet; small spurs; supple feet with smooth, overlapping scales; plump breast; end of breastbone soft and pliable; smooth, white body skin with soft down and short hairs.

A goose is roasted in the same way as a duck, and if the bird is young and tender it should remain moist if it is roasted carefully, particularly as the goose contains such a large percentage of fat.

Wrap prepared, stuffed bird in greased brown paper or foil. Place on its side on rack in baking-dish. Bake in moderate oven, allowing 25 to 30 minutes per lb. Turn on other side halfway through cooking-time. Remove paper or foil for last half-hour, turn breast-side up and baste frequently.

We are sorry we cannot give you a recipe for goose-brawn. Perhaps a reader can provide one?

a friend in deeds . . .

The sort of friend it's good for a family to have. And it's a handsome friend too, this Westinghouse Wringer-Washer. From the moment it gets into your laundry, you'll love its consistent work-horse readiness: its way of working steadily right through the heaviest wash . . . *whenever* you want. For hours on end if necessary. Or for ten minutes looking after your dainties. In two models, there's a special low speed for extra protection of these delicate fabrics . . . as well as surging high-speed power for the heavy clothes.

All this with simple, single-lever control. And what's more, this Westinghouse Wringer Washer gives you an adjustable wringer! Fast-action pump, big tub! Models 653 and 655 have even the luxury of a timer . . . for *automatic* control of heating and washing time. And surprise! Your Westinghouse retailer's trade-in offer makes Westinghouse easy to own. Superb after-sales service too (though you'll probably never need it.)

Illustrated is the Westinghouse 2 speed wringer model 655.

AND WASHER PRICES START WAY DOWN LOW (BELOW 80 guineas.).

Standard Speed model 650	79 gns
Standard Speed model 651	96 gns
Standard Speed model 652 (heater model)	106 gns
Standard Speed model 653 (heater model)	109 gns
2 speed model 654	112 gns
2 speed model 655 (heater model)	125 gns

Prices slightly higher in some areas.

YOU CAN BE SURE..IF IT'S Westinghouse CLEAN

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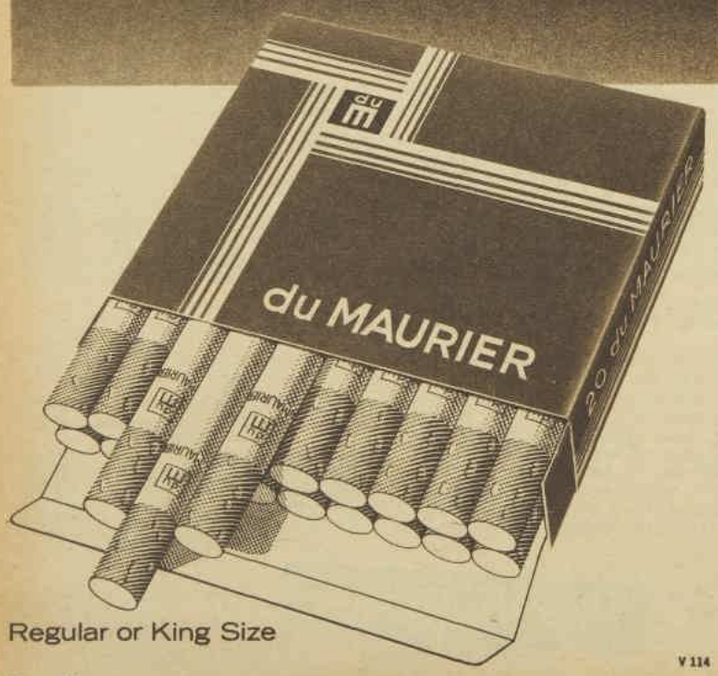
du MAURIER

Throughout the world, wherever people of taste and discernment meet, you'll find du Maurier... perfectly mild, superbly filtered



Regular or King Size

V 114

TREES

Continued from page 71

● Trees are popular with home gardeners for many reasons apart from their beauty of flower and foliage.

They provide shelter from wind and sun, shade for growing delicate plants, and protection or insulation for the house itself.

Now is a very good time to plan the planting of new trees, because almost every type, except delicate tropicals, is planted in the autumn-winter period.

There are two main varieties of tree —deciduous and evergreen.

Deciduous trees drop their leaves every year, usually in the autumn, and are of particular use where you need protection from summer sun but don't want to lose any more winter sunlight than absolutely necessary.

Evergreens lose leaves periodically, too, but are never left bare in the winter. They are useful as windbreaks or to block out unwanted views.

Before you decide what trees to put in, take a stroll around the area where you live and see which trees are best suited for your needs.

If it's autumn color you're after, now's the time to see which trees color well in your district.

If it's year-round protection from wind you seek, the next few weeks will tell you which trees hold on to their leaves best during winter.

Recall which shade trees made outdoor living such a pleasure for your neighbors last summer, and take those into account, too.

Then consult your nurseryman about the best trees to plant in your particular garden, giving him details about position, soil, drainage, and size required.

Having chosen and planted your trees, be patient. A tree which will last a lifetime is not going to mature overnight.

Some trees, however, do grow more quickly than others. Quick growers include virgilia, camphor laurel, poplar, willow, alder, and many wattles.

● *Calodendron capense (Cape Chestnut) is easily grown from cuttings or seed. An evergreen (though it drops its leaves frequently), it bears spikes of spotted pink flowers in early summer. Likes warm, sunny position, deep soil, and grows to 25 feet.*

Gardening Book — page 144

Wide choice

The choice of trees open to the garden lover is wide. In addition to the flowering trees illustrated on these pages, here is a selection of some of the best available.

Evergreens

Agonis (willow myrtle). Hardy, with decorative weeping appearance. Suitable for growing in lawns in a hot or dry position. Grows to 40ft.

Barklya syringifolia. Glossy lilac-shaped foliage and golden yellow flowers. Native of Moreton Bay district. Slightly frost tender. 20ft.

Brassaia actinophylla (umbrella tree). Dark green foliage, the leaves radiating from branches like spokes of a wheel. 30ft.

Ceratonia siliqua. Suitable for hot, arid districts, this tree produces carob beans, used throughout the Mediterranean basin for food and forage. 15ft. or more.

Ceratopetalum gummiferum (N.S.W. Christmas bush). Covered in summer with yellowish flowers which turn rose and red as they age, retaining their beauty for a long time. Needs good rich, deep soil, with plenty of moisture. To 12ft.

Cinamomum camphora (camphor tree). Very dense foliage, suitable for warmer districts. Easy to grow. 30ft.

Cordyline australis (cabbage tree). Grows bushy heads of grass-like leaves which hang in graceful curves from the top of the trunk. 70 to 80ft.

Eugenia (native myrtle). Beautiful dense myrtle-like foliage, covered in autumn with attractive berries which last through the winter. Needs good fibrous loam or leaf soil. 25ft.

Fugosia patersonii (pyramid tree). Grows into a handsome pyramid shape. Thrives in poor, arid soil where few other trees will grow. To 20ft.

Laurus nobilis (sweet bay). Has aromatic, stiff, dark green leaves, frequently used for flavoring food. Useful for trimming to shape, does well in tubs. 20 to 25ft.

Virgilia. Has attractive foliage and pretty pea-shaped flowers in spring and summer. Hardy, except in very cold districts. Thrives in most situations. To 20ft.

● *Arbutus unedo (strawberry tree) does well in lime or acid soils in cooler climates. Decorative all year, bearing flowers like lily of the valley in autumn, winter, followed by edible strawberry-like fruits. An evergreen, it grows to 15 feet.*

Gardening Book — page 145

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

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Give yourself
a "coffee break"

Nothing in the world like the rousing good taste of coffee

Coffee is mighty good company — and it makes you better company.

A "Coffee-break" cheers you up. Gives you a little extra get-up-and-go. And see how you spark to the hearty, rich taste of coffee!

Drink it often! Enjoy coffee at meal-times! Relax over coffee at your favourite restaurant. Let coffee add to your enjoyment wherever you find it present. For lively satisfaction nothing else comes close.

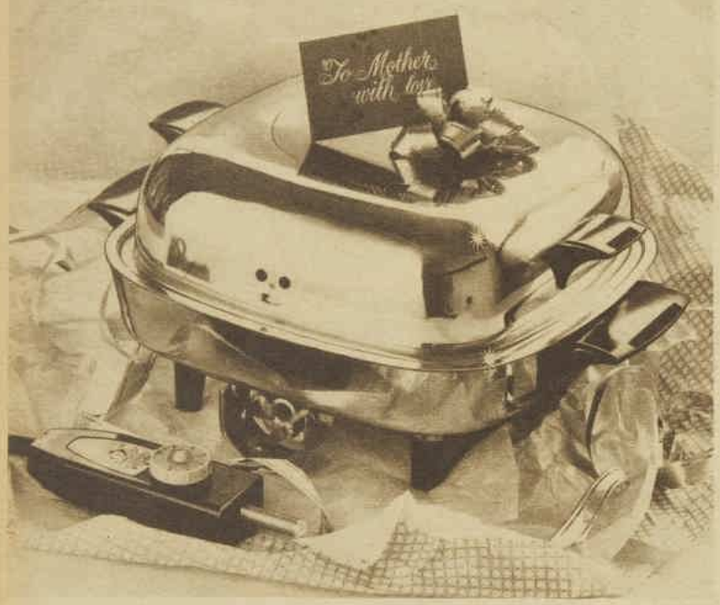
WCP30

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4883679

The gift of good coffee: Hecla's gleaming percolator brews 6 breakfast cups or 12 coffee cups. (Great for afternoon tea parties.) Hidden element makes cleaning easy, large opening makes filling easy. £7.19.6.

The gift of deep sleep: Only Hecla gives you 6 different electric blankets to choose from. Double and single-bed sizes . . . dual or single controls . . . normal or extra-low voltage. Priced from only £13.19.6.

The gift of easier cooking: The new Hecla casserole frypan has an aluminium high-domed lid with plate warmer top. Clip-on warming tray. Steam vent for crisper cooking. Twin handles. Detachable Hecla Thermaplug. Frypan can be immersed for easy cleaning. £13.19.6.



"Oh! You shouldn't have!"

When a Mother says, "Oh, you shouldn't have!", everyone knows the gift is a big success. Hecla has lots of "Oh, you shouldn't have!" gifts. Which one for your Mother? Which appliance has she "done without" for too long? Perhaps it's the wonderful warmth of a Hecla electric blanket. Maybe it's a Hecla lightweight electric iron, a Hecla personal electric heater. a Hecla electric saucepan or Hecla's high-speed electric kettle. ■ How do Heclas perform? Look at it this way. Hecla has the smallest service department of any major electrical firm in Australia, simply because it's very rare for a Hecla to go wrong. ■ When you select Mother's gift, choose a name your Mother respects. Choose Hecla.

by **HECLA** it's good

8952

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

Continued from page 74

Deciduous

Acer (maple). Suitable for cool districts, where the foliage assumes very brilliant color in autumn. Several varieties of A. negundo have foliage that withstands the heat of summer, even in exposed positions. To 30ft., depending on variety.

Aesculus carnea (horse chestnut). Handsome palmate foliage and attractive soft rose flowers in panicles. Requires good, deep soil in cool position. To 40ft.

Albizzia julibrissin (silk tree). Has ferny acacia-like foliage, with pink flowers on ends of branches. Frequently referred to as pink wattle. To 10ft.

Alnus (alder). Rapid grower, thrives in almost any soil or situation. Particularly useful for damp or moist positions. To 30ft.

Amygdalus polardii (flowering almond). Has large, single rose-pink flowers, opening early in August. To 15ft.

Armeniaca (flowering apricot). Flowers of delicate pink, bright rose-pink, and light red. To 15ft.

Betula (birch). Ornamental, hardy, with small poplar-like foliage which changes color in autumn. To 50ft.

Carpinus betulus (hornbeam). Hardy, with beech-like foliage which turns yellow in autumn. Easily grown in almost any position. To 30ft.

Catalpa (tree bignonia). Has large heart-shaped leaves and foxglove-like flowers in panicles in summer. To 35ft.

Cedrela sinensis. Handsome ash-like foliage in early spring is bright pink, changing to green during summer. To 10ft.

● ***Malus floribunda (crab-apple) will grow in any soil suitable for apple trees. Flowers in early spring. It is deciduous, and pruning easily controls size and shape. Even in deep, rich soil it seldom exceeds 15 feet.***

Celtis. Resembles the elm, but withstands hotter and drier conditions. Has rich yellow autumn foliage. To 25ft.

Erythrina (coral tree). Has attractive spikes of brilliant pea-shaped flowers in summer. Requires warmest situation exposed to maximum sunshine. Cut back hard in August. To 30ft.

Fagus (beech tree). Suitable for cool, moist districts. Prefers an alkaline soil. Foliage most attractive. To 60ft.

Fraxinus (ash). Broad-headed, with green foliage which turns yellow or dark purple in autumn. Thrives in any deep, moderately moist soil. To 40ft.

Gardening Book — page 146

Jacaranda mimosifolia. A semi-deciduous, with attractive mimosa-like foliage. Covered in summer with large bunches of bignonia-shaped mauve-blue flowers. Requires protection from frost the first winter. Needs plenty of water and warm situation. To 40ft.

Liquidambar. Symmetrical shape with maple-like leaves which assume beautiful colors in autumn. To 40ft.

Melia azedarach (white cedar). Hardy, with large ash-like foliage. Attractive lilac flowers in spring followed by yellow berries, which remain on plant for some time. A fine shade tree that does well even in hot, dry districts. To 20ft.

Morus nigra (mulberry). Has large green foliage and black edible fruits. Very picturesque, with long life. To 20ft.

Paulownia tomentosa (imperialis). Strong-growing, with large green woolly foliage. In spring covered with large gloxinia-like lavender-blue flowers. Requires good, deep, rich soil. To 20ft.

Persica (flowering peach). In pink, crimson, or white flowers. To 15ft.

Pistacia chinensis. Has rich autumn coloring. Foliage resembles Rhus succeadanea and it colors equally well. Free from poisonous effects of the Rhus. To 20ft.

Prunus (flowering plum). Various colors. To 15ft.

Quercus (oak). When mature has massive trunk and stout spreading limbs with handsome foliage. To 40ft.

Serrulata (flowering cherry). Various colors. To 20ft.

● ***Liriodendron tulipifera (tulip tree) likes well-drained limey soil. Deciduous, its foliage turns brilliant yellow in autumn, and it bears orange tulip-shaped flowers in summer. In sheltered position it may reach 100 feet, but seldom exceeds 40 feet.***

Sorbus (mountain ash). Handsome foliage, bearing in spring showy clusters of small white flowers, followed by attractive red berries. In autumn, foliage assumes glorious colors. Thrives in any deep soil, but most suited to the cool mountain districts. To 30ft.

Ulmus (elm). With handsome foliage, they thrive under most conditions. All varieties deciduous except parvifolia. To 80ft.

Zelkova (serrata). Hardy, resembles the elm, but foliage on much smaller scale. Colors beautifully in autumn, turning red and yellow. To 20ft.

Gardening Book — page 147

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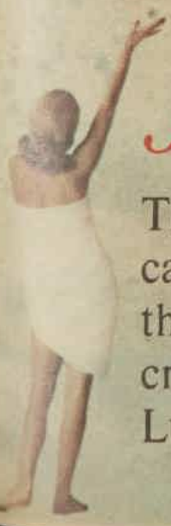
Lux has changed



Just feel what this Lux does for your skin!

There's new beauty for you beyond what you see. Only your skin can sense the meaning of the wonderful changes in Lux. Feel the texture. It's silkier, smoother to the touch. Feel how Lux creams to an even richer lather. Luscious! Just *feel* what this Lux does for your skin. You'll love the delicate new fragrance, too!

The beauty soap of 9 out of 10 film stars. In four pastel shades and white.

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Give her the nylons most *Mothers* prefer

FAIRYWEB

. . . it's true, indeed, more women buy Woolworths "Fairyweb" nylons than any other brand. Because "Fairyweb" gives them everything except fancy prices:

- Made by Australia's most famous hosiery mills.
- Top quality . . . the only 400 needle, seam-free sheers at these lower prices.
- Money back unless you're really delighted.
- Latest shades, including Bahama in average leg lengths (8½ to 10½) or long (9½ to 11).

SEAMFREE Micro-mesh 7/11

She chooses the bare-beauty "Fairyweb" Micro-mesh 15 deniers when she needs super super sheer elegance for that special occasion.

FULL FASHIONED 5/6

She loves the fashion magic of "Fairyweb's" full-fashioned 15 denier . . . their pencil-fine seams and shapely appearance.

SEAMFREE SHEER 6/11

She likes the unbroken line of the bare leg look in "Fairyweb's" 15 denier seamfree sheers . . . so smart anytime, anywhere.

If she prefers 30 deniers, give her CAPTIVATION SEAMFREE or FULL FASHIONED. **6/11**

THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA AT

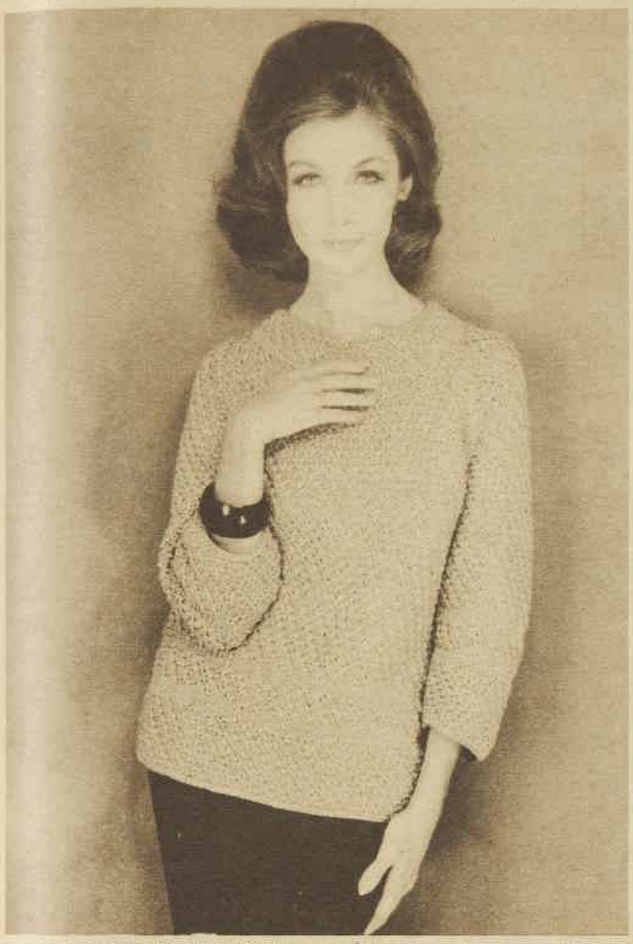
WOOLWORTHS

Prices slightly higher some country areas and N.Territory

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4883682

NEW DESIGNS TO KNIT

● **Make the dashing hand-knitteds in this four-page feature. There are two casual sweaters, a classic jacket, and a smart three-piece accessory set.**



STYLE-CONSCIOUS SWEATER has a collarbone neckline and bracelet sleeves. The all-over diagonal pattern is trimmed with bands of stocking-stitch. See directions below.

DIAGONAL-STITCH SWEATER

Materials: 21 (22, 23) balls Villawool Calypso, 1 pair each Nos. 4 and 6 needles, 1 crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length, 24 (24½, 25) in.; sleeve, 14in. (all sizes).

Tension: 9 sts. to 2in.

PATTERN

1st Row: K 1, * K 2 tog. t.b.l. but leave sts. on left needle, knit t.b.l. into 2nd st., slip both sts. off left needle, k 1 *, rep. to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: K 2, rep. from * to * as on 1st row.

4th Row: Purl.

5th Row: K 3, rep. from * to * as on 1st row to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. t.b.l., leave sts. on left needle, knit t.b.l. into 2nd st., slip off left needle.

6th Row: Purl.

These 6 rows form patt. inclusive.

BACK

Using No. 4 needles, cast on 77 (83, 89) sts. and work patt. inclusive 3 times, then ** 1st and 2nd rows once. Change to st-st. and work 4 rows. Rep. patt. inclusive once ** Rep. from ** to ** once. Cont. to work in patt. inclusive until work measures 15½in. from beg., ending on a purl row.

To Shape Raglans: Cast off 4 (5, 6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every 2nd row until 43 (45, 47) sts. rem. (keeping continuity of patt. all the way), ending on a purl row.

To Shape Neck, Next Row: K 2 tog., patt. 11 sts., cast off centre 19 (21, 23) sts. patt to end.

Next Row: Purl to neck edge, turn.

Cast off on neck edge on next and every 2nd row 3 sts. once, 2 sts. once, 3 sts. once, at the same time cont. to shape raglan until all sts. are worked off.

Return to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge, and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

FRONT

Work exactly as back.

SLEEVES

Using No. 4 needles, cast on 38 (41, 44) sts. and work as for back. Inc. 1 st. each end of 11th and every 4th row thereafter until 58 (63, 66) sts., working inc. sts. into patt. Cont. until sleeve measures 14in. (or length required), ending on a purl row. Shape raglan as for back until 16 (17, 16) sts. rem. Cast off.

YOKE

Using No. 4 needles, cast on 106 (112, 118) sts.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: K 3, k 2 tog., rep. to last 1 (2, 3) sts., k 1 (2, 3) and 85 (90, 95) sts. rem.

4th Row: Purl.

Change to patt. inclusive and work 3 rows. Change to No. 6 needles and patt. for 7 rows. Cast off as follows:

Next Row: Cast off 5, k 2 tog., casting off at the same time. Rep. to last 1 (6, 4) sts., cast off.

TO FINISH OFF

Press work lightly on the wrong side. Using a small bk-st., sew up the 4 raglan seams, side, and sleeve seams. Press seams. Flat-seam yoke ends tog., place this seam to centre of one sleeve top. Pin yoke evenly in position over neck edge. Using a small bk-st., sew yoke edge over neck edge. Using a crochet hook, work 1 row of double crochet round neck edge on yoke, sleeves, and lower edge. Press all edges and seam.

More designs page 81

keep woollens like new

with ZERO

CONCENTRATED WOOL SHAMPOO

Now it's so easy to keep your woollens as soft and warm as new—thanks to Zero! Ordinary washing dulls colour and hardens wool...only Zero is scientifically made to revive old woollens, protect new ones, and keep them soft.

ZERO IS GUARANTEED NOT TO SHRINK OR MAT WOOL!

It softens hard water, and is as kind to your hands as it is to your woollens.

ZERO IS ECONOMICAL!

Because it is so concentrated, you will find that one pack washes an amazing number of woollens.

USE ZERO FOR...

Knitwear — cashmere — mohair — lambs' wool—angora—mixed fibres and synthetic knitteds—baby wear —blankets—rugs.

Look for this Zero pack on display at your favourite store now!

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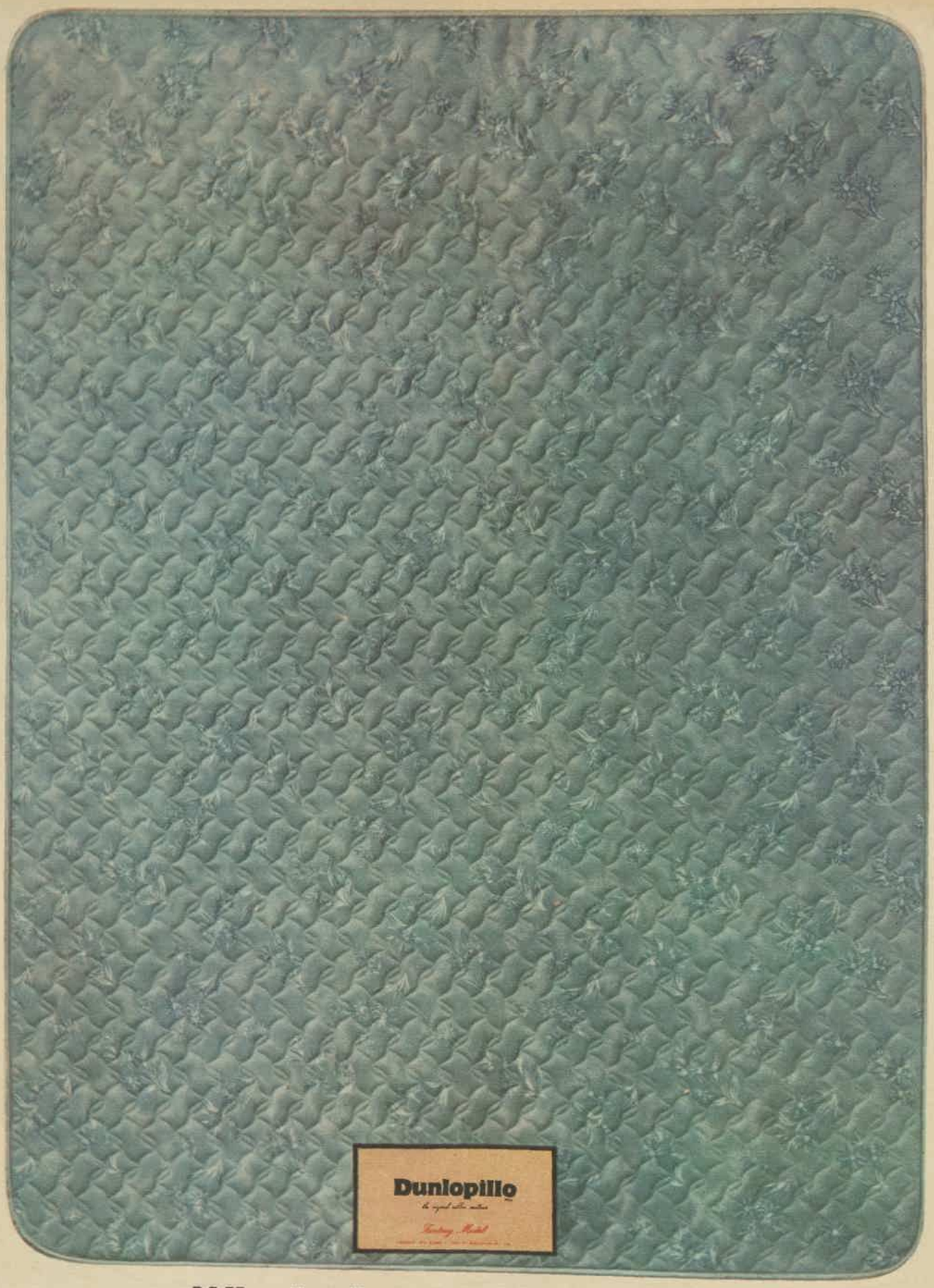

What about the inside?

The invisible ingredient . . . never seen, but its presence always felt on a Dunlopillo mattress. Under this glamorous quilted ticking is the world's finest foam rubber created into millions of tiny air bubbles of perfect roundness to give uniform consistency . . . more comfort, strength and wear. If you could see the inside of a mattress it would be easier for you to judge and buy. And it is because you can't that we want you to know about the foamed rubber that goes into a Dunlopillo mattress.

An exclusive manufacturing process gives it a totally new kind of gentle but firm support . . . and being specially sensitive it refreshes and cools itself every time you move. Dunlopillo is more than just a foam . . . it's the world's finest foamed rubber . . . uniquely constructed to create the ultimate in sleeping comfort.

You'll experience the comfort your eyes can't see when you sleep on a Dunlopillo mattress.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4883684

CLEVER CONTRAST

● **Tunic-style sweater (left) has contrasting collar and cuffs. Directions begin below and continue overleaf.**

WHITE WITH BLACK is an ideal color combination for this simple stocking-stitch sweater, knitted on No. 5 needles.

Materials: 26 (28, 29) balls main color, 8 (8, 8) balls contrast color Woolworths Flash wool; 1 pair No. 5 needles, 1 stitch-holder.

Measurements: To fit loosely 34 (36, 38) in. bust; length from shoulder, 23½ (24, 24½) in.; length of sleeve, 16 (16½, 17) in. with cuff turned back.

Tension: 4½ sts. to 1in.

BACK

With main shade, cast on 84 (88, 92) sts. loosely (do not knit into back of sts.) and work in st-st. for 6in.

Next Row (right side facing): Make hem. Fold up cast-on sts. behind work and knit tog. 1 st. with corresponding st. of cast-on edge all across row.

Cont. in st-st. until work measures 15½ (16, 16) in. or length required to armhole.

To Shape Armhole (right side facing): Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 3 rows and next 2 alt rows. Cont. even in st-st. until armhole measures 7 (7, 7½) in. on the straight.

To Shape Neck (right side facing): K 23 (25, 27), cast off 20 sts., k to end of row.

Next Row: P 21 (23, 25), p 2 tog., turn. Work on this side only leaving rem. sts. on st-holder.

Dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 3 rows.

To Shape Shoulder (wrong side facing): Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next row. Cast off 6 (7, 8) sts. at beg. of next 2 alt. rows. Return to sts. on st-holder and work this side to correspond with first side, reversing shapings.

FRONT

Work same as back until armhole measures 6 (6, 6½) in.

To Shape Neck (right side facing): K 26 (28, 30) sts., cast off 14 sts., k to end of row.

Next Row: P 24 (26, 28) sts., p 2 tog., turn. Work on this side only, leaving rem. sts. on st-holder.

Cont. in st-st., dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 3 rows, then every alt. row to 19 (21, 23) sts.

Cont. even in st-st. until armhole measures 8 (8, 8½) in. on the straight.

To Shape Shoulder (wrong side facing): Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next row. Cast off 6 (7, 8) sts. at beg. of next 2 alt. rows.

Return to sts. on st-holder and work to correspond with first side, reversing shapings.

SLEEVE

With main shade, cast on 40 (40, 42) sts. and work in st-st. for 6 rows.

Cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 6th. foll. row to 64 (66, 70) sts. Cont. even in st-st. until work measures 14 (14½, 15) in. or 2in. less than length required.

To Shape Top of Sleeve: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 4 alt. rows.

Dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 24 sts. rem. Cast off.

Continued overleaf

COSY AND ELEGANT jacket is designed to wear with sleek, stretch pants for lolling before the fire, or with a slim, trim skirt for excursions to the shops. Note the new dropped shoulder line and tailored front opening. Complete directions are given overleaf.

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M5 (Kerry) — Imitation mocc. with NERAC sole. 9 - 12½, 51/11; 13 - 3, 54/11. Black & tan; C, D, E fittings.

Slazenger NERAC Sole — designed specially for children's shoes. Proved by 50,000 wear tests! Features a unique non-slip tread pattern.

GM32 (Jan) 4-hole tie wing-cap derby. 3 - 7, 59/11; 7½ - 11½, 69/11. Black & tan; AA, B, C fittings.

GM10 (Joy) 4-hole tie overlay mocc. 3 - 7, 59/11; 7½ - 11½, 69/11. Black & tan; AA, B, C fittings.

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COSY AND ELEGANT

Materials: 18 (B 19, C 21) balls Patons Totem Knitting Wool; 1 pair each Nos. 8 and 6 knitting needles; 4 buttons; 3 press-studs; 2 stitch-holders.

Measurements: To fit 32 (B 34, C 36) in. bust; length from top of shoulder 23 (B 23½, C 24) in; sleeve seam, 17in. (all sizes).

Tension: 10 sts. to 2in. in width measured over pattern.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; sts., stitches; alt., alternate; beg., beginning; dec., decrease; inc., increase; g-st., garter-stitch; st-st., stocking-stitch; cont., continue; rep., repeat.

BACK

With No. 6 needles, cast on 85 (B 90, C 95) sts. and work 6in. in st-st., working into back of every knit st. to get a twisted effect, ending on wrong side.

Proceed as follows:

** With No. 6 needles, work 4 rows in g-st. With No. 8 needles, work 4 rows in twisted st-st. Rep. these 8 rows once, then first 4 rows once. ** With No. 6 needles, cont. in twisted st-st. until back measures 16in.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 4 (B 5, C 6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows — 77 (B 80, C 83) sts. Work straight until armholes measure 5 (B 5½, C 6) in.

Next Row: K 32 (B 33, C 34), cast off 13 (B 14, C 15) sts., knit to end of row. Cont. on last 32 (B 33, C 34) sts., dec. once at neck edge in every row until 20 (B 21, C 22) sts. rem. Work straight until armhole measures 7½ (B 8, C 8½) in.

To Shape Shoulder — 1st Row: Work to last 6 (B 6, C 7) sts., turn.

2nd Row: Work to end of row.

3rd Row: Work to last 12 (B 12, C 14) sts., turn.

4th Row: As 2nd row. Cast off. Join in wool at neck edge and work on rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

LEFT FRONT

With No. 6 needles, cast on 43 (B 46, C 49) sts. and work 2in. in twisted st-st., ending with a knit row. Cast on 6 sts. at beg. of next row — 49 (B 52, C 55) sts. Work straight until front measures 6in. Rep. from ** to ** as given for back, keeping 12 sts. at front edge in twisted st-st. With No. 6 needles, cont. in twisted st-st. until front measures 16in., ending at side edge.

To Shape Armhole — Cast off 4 (B 5, C 6) sts. at beg. of next row. Work straight until armhole measures 4 (B 4½, C 5) in., ending at front edge. Slip next 12 sts. on to a st.-holder, cast off 3 sts., work to end of row. Dec. once at neck edge in next and every alt. row until 20 (B 21, C 22) sts. rem. Work straight until armhole measures 7½ (B 8, C 8½) in.

To Shape Shoulder — 1st Row: Work to last 6 (B 6, C 7) sts., turn.

2nd Row: Work to end of row.

3rd Row: Work to last 12 (B 12, C 14) sts., turn.

4th Row: As 2nd row. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, reversing border and all shapings and making 2 sets of buttonholes, the first when front measures 6in. and the second 2½in. from first.

To make a set of buttonholes:

1st Row: K 2, cast off 2, k 4, cast off 2, k 2, patt. to end of row.

2nd Row: Patt. to last 6 sts., cast on 2, p 4, cast on 2, p 2.

SLEEVES

With No. 8 needles, cast on 43 (B 46, C 50) sts. and work 1in. in k 1, p 1 rib, then rep. from ** to ** as given for back.

With No. 6 needles, cont. in twisted st-st., inc. once at each end of needle in next and every foll. 6th row until there are 68 (B 72, C 76) sts. on needle. Work straight until sleeve measures 17½in.

To Shape Top: Cast off 2 (B 1, C 3) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. once at each end of needle in next and every alt. row until 30 sts. rem. Cast off.

YOKE

Sew up shoulder seams. With right side of work facing and using No. 6 needles, work in twisted st-st. across 12 sts. of st.-holder, knit up 102 (B 106, C 110) sts. evenly round neck edge, then work in twisted st-st. across 12 sts. of left front st.-holder — 126 (B 130, C 134) sts.

Keeping 12 sts. at each end of needle in twisted st-st., work rem. sts. as given from ** to ** for back (counting the row where the sts. were picked up as the 1st row), making 2 sets of buttonholes as before on right front, while at the same time dec. 8 sts. (all sizes) evenly on the 9th and 17th rows thus:

9th Row (Dec.): K 15 (B 17, C 19), (k 2 tog., k 10) 8 times (all sizes), k 15 (B 17, C 19) sts. — 118 (B 122, C 126) sts.

17th Row (Dec.): K 15 (B 17, C 19) sts., (k 2 tog., k 9) 8 times (all sizes), k 15 (B 17, C 19) sts. — 110 (B 114, C 118) sts.

Keeping border of 12 sts. as before, work ½in. in k 1, p 1 rib using No. 8 needles. Cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, cont. in rem. sts. for ½in. in k 1, p 1 rib. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Sew up seams. Sew in sleeves. Turn up 1in. at lower edge of cardigan, ½in. at lower edges of sleeves and neck edge, and slst. in position on wrong side. Turn back 6 sts. down both fronts matching buttonholes and sl. st. in position on wrong side. Sew 4 press-studs at equal distance apart between buttonholes. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Finally press all seams.

BOND'S

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Broadshoulder vest has picot neckline. Cream. SW-OS, **14/11**. XOS, **17/11**.

Opera top vest has elasticised lace edging. Cream. SW-OS **16/11**.

For children too!

Short Sleeved vest elasticised lace-edged neckline. Cream. Sizes. AS0, AS1, **6/11**. AS2, AS4, **8/11**. AS6, AS8, **10/6**.

Fabric shoulder vest elasticised lace-edged neckline, matching trim on armholes. Cream. Sizes: AS0, AS1, **5/11**; AS2, AS4, **6/11**; AS6, AS8, **8/11**.

Long sleeved spencer has lace trimmed elasticised neckline and sleeves. Cream SW-OS, **22/6**. XOS, **24/11**. (Short sleeved spencer also available. Cream. SW-OS, **19/11**. XOS, **22/6**.)
Long legged pantee. Cream. SW-OS, **14/11**. XOS, **17/11**.

Clever contrast

(Continued from page 81)

CUFFS

Right side facing: Using contrast color, pick up and knit 40 (40, 42) sts. across cast-on edge of sleeve. P 1 row. K 1 row. Cont. in st-st. until cuff measures 10in. Cast off.

COLLAR

Seam right shoulder. Right side facing, using contrast color, pick up and knit 42 sts. around front of neck and 34 sts. around back of neck. P 1 row. K 1 row. Rep. last 2 rows until collar measures 10in., cast off loosely.

BELT

Using contrast color, cast on 8 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 18in. Change to main color, and cont. in rib for length of waist required. Change to contrast color and cont. in rib for a further 18in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly with warm iron over damp cloth. Seam left shoulder and collar. Seam sides and sleeves, including cuffs. Sew sleeves into armholes. Slip-stitch cast-off edge of cuffs and collar to inside where sts. were picked up. Press all seams. Turn cuffs and collar back half way. Tack into place if necessary.

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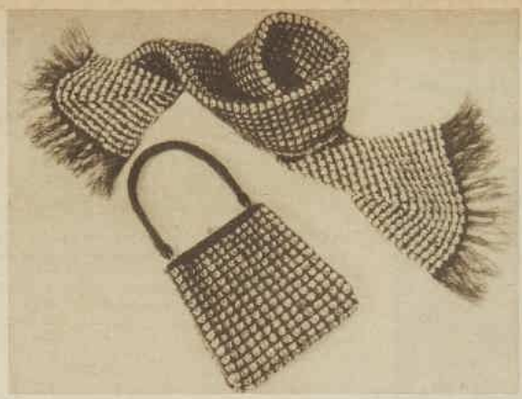
Concluding . . .
New designs to knit

HAT, HANDBAG, AND SCARF



***DRESS UP** a plain winter frock or suit with this two-color hat, handbag, and scarf set. The high-crowned hat is lined with nylon net for better shape.*

KNIT these smart accessories in 1963 color combinations — black and white, navy with red, cinnamon with black, or emerald and royal-blue. The stitch is simple and the set can be made very quickly.

Materials: Villawool Mohair. Hat: 2 balls dark color (d.c.), 2 balls light color (l.c.); Handbag: 2 balls dark color (d.c.), 2 balls light color (l.c.); Scarf: 5 balls dark color (d.c.), 5 balls light color (l.c.); 1 pair each Nos. 9 and 7 needles; lining; nylon net; 1 handbag frame.

Measurements: Hat, to fit average head; handbag, 7½in. x 10in.; scarf, 9in. x 45in.

Tension: 5 sts. to 1in.

PATTERN

1st Row (right side of work): Using d.c., k 1, * p 1, k 2, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: P 1, * k 1, p 2, rep. from * to end.

3rd Row: Using l.c., k 1, * sl. 1 purlwise, k 2, rep. from * to end.

4th Row: P 1, * sl. 1 knitwise, p 2, rep. from * to end.

HAT

Using No. 9 needles and d.c., cast on 105 (108, 111) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½in. Change to No. 7 needles and patt. and cont. without shaping for 72 rows.

Next Row: Using d.c., k 1, p 1, * k 2 tog., p 1, rep. from * to end.

** Next Row: P 1, k 1 to end of row.

Next Row: Using l.c., k 1, p 1, * sl. 1 knitwise, p 1, rep. from * to end.

Next Row: P 1, k 1, * sl. 1 purlwise, k 1, rep. from * to end.

Next Row: Using d.c., k 1, p 1 to end of row **.

Rep. from ** to ** once.

Next Row: Using d.c., p 1, k 1, * k 3 tog., p 1, rep. from * to end.

Next Row: K 1, p 1 to end of row.

Using d.c., cont. in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Slip-stitch side edges tog., run thread through top edge and draw tog. Using nylon net, cut circle 7in. in diameter and 2 narrow strips. Run thread through centre of strips and draw up into frill. Place inside crown, stitch in place with circular piece about 3½in. above start of patt. Turn up ribbing 1¾in. and slip-stitch down.

HANDBAG

Using No. 9 needles and d.c., cast on 35 sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1in. Change to No. 7 needles and patt. Cast on 6 sts. at each end of next row. Work 9in. in patt. Cast off 6 sts. at each end of next row. Work 10 rows, cast on 6 sts. at each end of next row. Work another 9in. in patt. Cast off 6 sts. at each end of next row. Change to No. 9 needles and d.c. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1in. Cast off.

Handle: Using No. 9 needles and d.c., cast on 10 sts. Work in stocking-stitch for length of handle, plus 2in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Make lining, place inside bag and stitch down. Sew handle cover round handle. Attach handle to bag.

SCARF

Using No. 7 needles and d.c., cast on 45 sts. Work in patt. until work measures 45in., ending with 2 rows in d.c. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Make a fringe of d.c. and knot fringe below slipped d.c. sts., trim evenly.

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NEWCOMER

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Men's Anklepant: Rib-cuffed ankle prevents ride-up. Healthy comfort pouch. Non-gape vertical fly. Double thickness fabric in pouch, gusset and seat. All sizes **29/11**.

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Freedom From Hunger Campaign

ECONOMICAL MEALS

Continued from page 57

GREAT BRITAIN

Savory Lamb Stew with Parsley Dumplings
Treacle Pudding with Custard Sauce

SAVORY LAMB STEW WITH PARSLEY DUMPLINGS

One and a half pounds scrag-end neck of lamb, 2 pints water, 3 carrots, 2 onions, 4 potatoes, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 bayleaf, ½ cup tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, 1½ tablespoons flour, water.

Remove bones from meat, cut into 1in. cubes. Put into saucepan with the bones, cover with water, bring to boil, simmer 1 hour. Add sliced carrots, chopped onions, potatoes cut in large dice, salt, pepper, bayleaf, tomato sauce, and parsley. Bring to boil again, simmer further 10 minutes. Remove pan from heat, remove bones. Blend flour with little water, stir into saucepan, return to heat and cook, stirring until it thickens. Drop dumpling dough by heaped dessertspoons on top of hot bubbling stew. Cover tightly; cook 15 to 20 minutes.

Parsley Dumplings: One cup flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon margarine, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, ½ cup milk.

Sift together flour, baking-powder, salt. Cut in margarine, then stir in parsley. Add milk all at once, stirring quickly to make soft, sticky dough.

TREACLE PUDDING WITH CUSTARD SAUCE

Four ounces soft breadcrumbs, 3oz. self-raising flour, 3oz. finely shredded suet (or 3oz. margarine), 4 tablespoons treacle, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon powdered ginger, milk, custard (made with ½ pint milk, 1 tablespoon custard-powder, 2oz. sugar).

Mix all ingredients for pudding together well, adding just enough milk to give firm dropping consistency. Pack into well-greased basin, cover well, steam 2 to 2½ hours. Turn out, serve with hot custard poured over.

HOLLAND

Traditional Dutch Pea Soup
Apple-Cream Dessert Cake

TRADITIONAL DUTCH PEA SOUP

One and a half cups split peas, 1 pig's trotter, few bacon bones and bacon rinds or pieces, 4 pints water, ½lb. potatoes, 1 stick celery, 1 onion, 1 dessertspoon salt, 1 tablespoon finely chopped mint leaves, hot toasted croutons.

Wash peas well, cover with boiling water, soak several hours or overnight; drain. Cover with 4 pints water, add all other ingredients (except mint and croutons), bring to boil, simmer gently until soup is smooth and thick (about 3 hours). Remove bones, push soup through coarse sieve, return to saucepan. Stir in finely chopped mint leaves. Serve topped with tiny toasted croutons. This soup reheats well and tastes even better if made the day before it is to be served.

APPLE-CREAM DESSERT CAKE

Pastry: One and a half cups flour, ¼ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon baking-powder, 4oz. margarine.

Filling: One tablespoon margarine, 4 apples, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 cup brown sugar (firmly packed), ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 egg, ½ cup evaporated milk, extra 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, extra 1 dessertspoon sugar, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon.

Sift together flour, sugar, salt, and baking-powder, cut in margarine until mixture is fine. Press firmly on to sides and base of ungreased 8in. square tin.

Filling: Add the 1 dessertspoon lemon juice to evaporated milk, set aside in warm place to sour. Peel and slice apples. Melt the tablespoon of margarine in saucepan, add sliced apples, extra lemon juice, brown sugar, and ½ teaspoon cinnamon. Stir lightly to melt brown sugar, cover; cook over low heat 5 minutes. Blend in flour; cook and stir until thickened. Pour into crumb crust.

Combine beaten egg, soured milk, 1 dessertspoon sugar, and lemon rind; pour over apple mixture. Sprinkle with combined extra sugar and cinnamon. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

ITALY

Italian Ox-Tail Soup
Little Neapolitan Puddings with Mocha Sauce

ITALIAN OX-TAIL SOUP

One ox-tail, 1 dessertspoon oil, 1 rasher bacon, 1 clove garlic, 2 onions, 3 stalks celery, 1 small green capsicum, 2 tomatoes, 2 potatoes, few sprigs parsley, ½ teaspoon oregano, 1½ teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 3½ cups water, ½ cup dry red wine.

Cut ox-tail into pieces. Heat oil in saucepan, add ox-tail, fry until brown on all sides. Add diced bacon, crushed garlic, quartered onions, sliced celery, coarsely chopped green capsicum, chopped tomatoes, cubed potatoes. Cook about 10 minutes or until onions and potatoes look slightly brown; stir frequently. Add chopped parsley, oregano, salt, pepper, water, and wine. Cook over low heat 1½ to 2 hours or until meat is tender. Cool, skim off fat. Before serving, shred meat from bones and return to saucepan to reheat.

LITTLE NEAPOLITAN PUDDINGS WITH MOCHA SAUCE

One cup flour, ¾ teaspoon baking-powder, ½ cup sugar, ¼ cup margarine, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, few drops red food coloring, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, 1 teaspoon milk.

Cream together margarine and sugar, beat in vanilla. Add beaten egg, beat until light and fluffy. Add flour sifted with baking-powder, alternately with milk. Divide mixture into 3 portions. Add red food coloring to one, cocoa to the second, plus additional teaspoon milk; leave third portion plain. Grease 4 individual moulds well; put small round of greased paper in base of each. Spoon mixture in, first a pink layer, then brown, then white. Moulds should be about half-full. Tie greased paper over top of each, stand on rack in saucepan containing 1in. boiling water. Bring to boil with lid on pan; reduce heat, steam ½ hour, adding more boiling water when necessary. Serve with Mocha Sauce.

Mocha Sauce: One tablespoon cocoa, 1 tablespoon icing-sugar, 1 dessertspoon arrowroot, ½ pint water, 1 teaspoon instant coffee, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Sift cocoa, coffee, and icing-sugar; mix to smooth paste with some of the water. Add remaining water, stir until boiling. Blend arrowroot with little water, add to hot mixture. Bring to boil and cook, stirring constantly, 5 minutes. Stir in vanilla.

Continued overleaf

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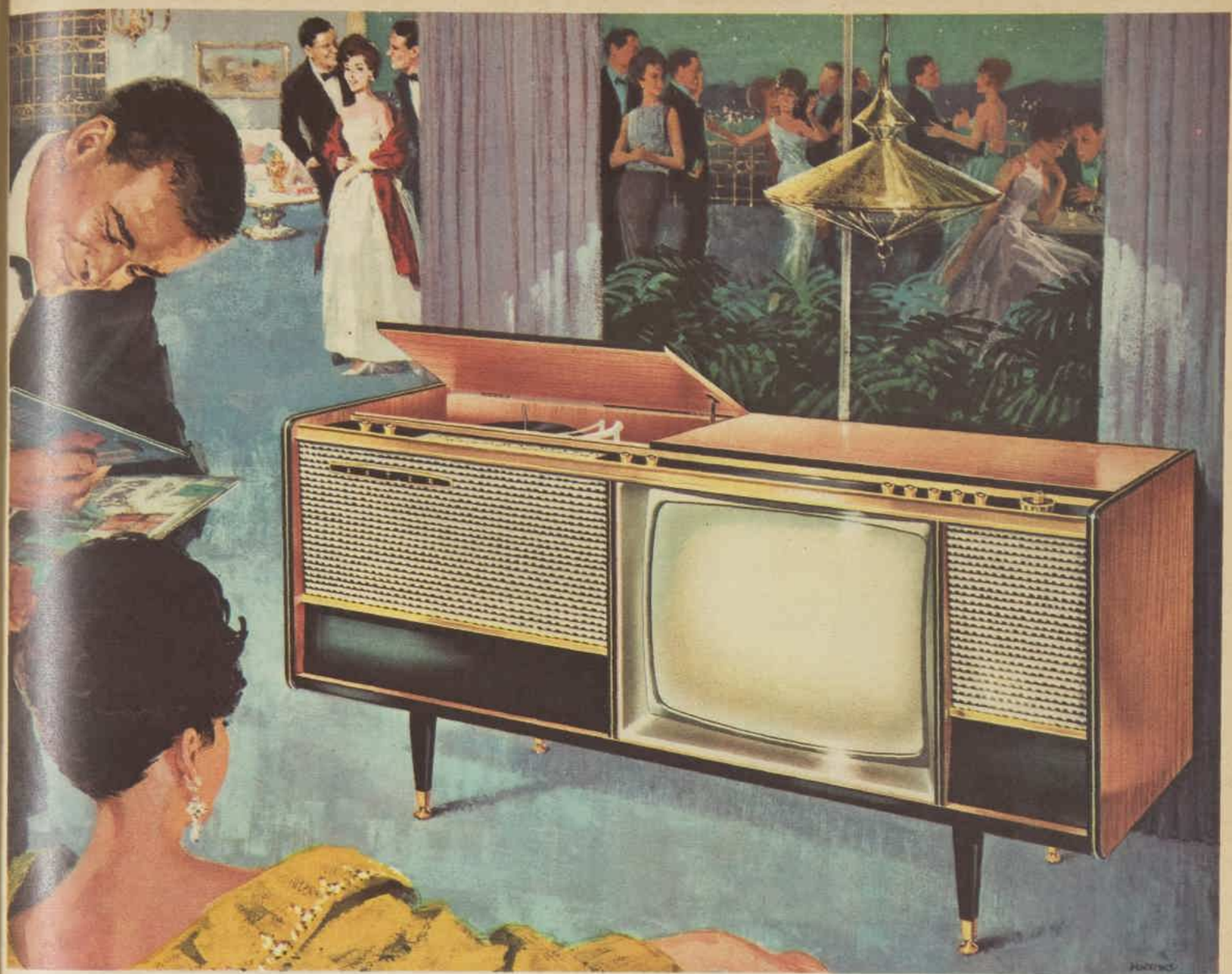

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Freedom From Hunger Campaign

ECONOMICAL MEALS

continued from page 84

NEW ZEALAND

Corned Lamb Rolls with Tomato-Cheese Rice
Raisin-Orange Dumplings

CORNED LAMB ROLLS WITH TOMATO-CHEESE RICE

Two corned breasts of lamb, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 pint water, onion sauce.

Soak meat 1 hour, bone as much as possible, cut into approximately 4in. squares. Roll up each piece tightly. Secure with cotton. Place in saucepan with vinegar, sugar, and water, simmer 1½ hours. Serve with onion sauce and Tomato-Cheese Rice.

Tomato-Cheese Rice: One-and-half cups cooked rice, 1 tablespoon margarine, 1 cup finely chopped onion, 3 tomatoes, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 small green pepper, 2 cloves, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon grated cheese.

Melt margarine, add onions, cook until golden-brown; add peeled finely chopped tomatoes, salt, chopped pepper, cloves, and sugar. Cover, simmer ½ hour. Remove cloves, add rice, mixing in well. Turn into greased casserole, sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes.

RAISIN-ORANGE DUMPLINGS

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 1 dessertspoon margarine, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk, ½ cup chopped raisins, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon melted margarine.

Sauce: Three-quarters cup sugar, ½ cup orange juice, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 cup water.

Sift flour and salt, rub in margarine. Add milk, mix to soft dough. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly. Roll out to oblong shape ½in. thick. Brush with melted margarine, sprinkle with chopped raisins, lemon rind. Roll up from long side, cut into slices 1in. thick, arrange in ovenproof dish. Place all sauce ingredients in saucepan, bring to boil; pour over dumplings. Bake in hot oven 30 minutes. Serve hot.

SPAIN

Catalan Tripe
Hot Honeyed Pancakes

CATALAN TRIPE

One pound tripe, salt, 2 onions, 4 tomatoes, pinch of mixed herbs, 1 clove garlic, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pinch nutmeg and ground pepper, 1 small green pepper, ½ pint white wine (or use ½ pint liquid in which tripe was cooked and ½ teaspoon lemon juice), oil for frying, toast triangles.

Cut tripe into 1in. squares, rinse, cook in gently boiling water until tender; drain. Peel onions, slice finely; fry in hot oil 2 or 3 minutes. Add crushed garlic, sliced tomatoes, chopped pepper, herbs, parsley, salt, pepper, nutmeg, and tripe. Stir in wine or tripe liquid, bring to boil, simmer 10 minutes. Serve with small toasted triangles of bread.

HOT HONEYED PANCAKES

One cup flour, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, honey, icing-sugar.

Add sifted flour to milk, beat until well blended. Add beaten egg, salt, sugar, and cinnamon, mix thoroughly. Spoon on to hot greased hotplate or into frypan and cook until brown on one side; turn and brown on other side. Roll up, sprinkle with icing-sugar. Serve with warmed honey.

SECTION 2: To serve six

● All the dishes in this section serve 6, at an average cost of 1/4 to 1/6 per person for each two-dish menu.

CANADA

Roasted Beef in Casserole, Mashed Potatoes
Chocolate-Raisin Pudding

ROASTED BEEF IN CASSEROLE

One and a half pounds minced steak, 3 slices bread, ½ cup milk, ½ cup chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon melted margarine, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon soy sauce, ½ lemon, 1 green pepper, 1 large onion, ¾ cup tomato sauce, ½ cup water, 1 tablespoon margarine (extra).

Combine meat with bread that has been well soaked in the milk. Mix in parsley, melted margarine, beaten egg, salt, soy sauce. Pat meat into cake about 1in. thick in deep 10in. casserole. Cover top evenly with the lemon and green pepper, both thinly sliced, and the onion, thinly sliced and separated into rings. Mix tomato sauce with water, pour carefully over meat, dot with margarine. Bake in hot oven 30 minutes. Serve with mashed potatoes.

CHOCOLATE-RAISIN PUDDING

One cup flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ cup sugar, 1½ tablespoons cocoa, ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon melted margarine, 1 tablespoon chopped raisins, 1 cup brown sugar, ½ cup cocoa (extra), 1½ cups boiling water.

Sift flour with baking-powder, salt, sugar, and the 1½ tablespoons cocoa. Combine milk, vanilla, and melted margarine; add to dry ingredients, beat until smooth; stir in raisins. Spoon into deep, well-greased casserole. Mix brown sugar with the ½ cup cocoa, sift over pudding. Pour boiling water over pudding. Bake in moderate oven 50 minutes.

FRANCE

French Lamb's Fry with Ginger-Carrots
French Nougat Tart

FRENCH LAMB'S FRY

Young lamb's fry (2), seasoned flour, 4 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, 1 large onion, 1 egg-yolk (reserve egg-white for French Nougat Tart), 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, ½ pint stock or water, 1 dessertspoon worcestershire sauce, 3 bacon rashers.

Soak lamb's fry in cold, salted water 1 hour. Drain, skin, and dry. Cut into serving-sized pieces, about ½in. thick, coat with seasoned flour. Mix breadcrumbs with grated onion, parsley, salt, pepper, and egg-yolk. Divide mixture over meat slices. Cut bacon into dice. Place meat slices in greased baking-dish with crumbed sides facing up, cover with bacon pieces, pour in stock and sauce. Bake in moderate oven 45 minutes.

Ginger-Carrots: Six large carrots, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon margarine, 1 teaspoon grated green ginger, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley.

Wash and peel carrots, slice very thin. Place in greased casserole, cover with mixture of milk, sugar, ginger, salt, and pepper. Dot with margarine. Cover casserole tightly, cook in moderate oven approximately 1 hour or until carrots are tender. Sprinkle with parsley. Serve hot.

FRENCH NOUGAT TART

Pastry: Six ounces self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 3oz. margarine, 3 tablespoons water.

Nougat Filling: One ounce margarine, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup rolled oats, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 1 teaspoon almond essence, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 egg-white, 2 tablespoons sugar (extra).

Sift flour and salt, rub in margarine. Mix to dry dough with water. Turn on to floured board, roll to fit 7in. tart-plate, prick with fork. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes.

Filling: Cream margarine with sugar, syrup, and lemon rind. Blend in rolled oats, baking-powder, almond essence, and milk. Fill into cooked pastry-case. Return to moderate oven, cook 15 to 20 minutes. Whip egg-white stiffly, gradually beat in sugar until mixture is good meringue consistency. Swirl over tart, return to oven to set meringue.

Continued on page 89

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Economy meals

continued from page 86

GERMANY

Pork Sausages with
Berlin Hot Potato Salad
Almond Snow-Cap Puffs
with Fudge Sauce

BERLIN HOT POTATO SALAD

One and a half pounds small potatoes, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 rashers bacon, ½ cup minced onion, 1½ teaspoons flour 4 teaspoons sugar, 1½ teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ¼ cup white vinegar, ½ cup water, ½ cup finely chopped shallots, ½ cup minced onion, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, 1 red pepper, 1 teaspoon celery seeds, celery leaves, 1½lb. pork sausages.

Scrub potatoes, put in saucepan with 1 teaspoon salt and water to cover; cook in their jackets until just tender. Peel, cut into ¼in. slices. Dice bacon, fry until crisp. Add ½ cup minced onion, saute until tender but not brown. Mix together in bowl the flour, sugar, salt, and pepper; stir in vinegar and water until smooth. Add to bacon, then simmer, stirring until slightly thickened. Pour this hot dressing over hot potatoes. Lightly mix in with fork the shallots, onion, parsley, sliced red pepper, celery seeds; garnish with celery leaves. Serve with grilled or fried well-browned pork sausages.

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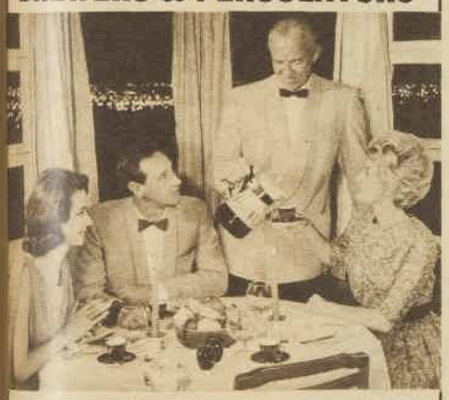

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ALMOND SNOW-CAP PUFFS WITH FUDGE SAUCE

One cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, ½ cup milk, 1 tablespoon margarine, 1 teaspoon almond essence, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, fat for frying, icing-sugar.

Fudge Sauce: One cup castor sugar, ½ cup milk, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, 1 dessertspoon margarine, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Sift flour, baking-powder, and salt; make well in centre. Add unbeaten eggs, work flour in gradually from sides. Add milk a little at a time, mixing to smooth batter. Fold in melted margarine, almond essence, and lemon rind. Stand 1 hour before using. Drop a dessertspoonful at a time into hot fat, fry until golden. Drain, sprinkle with icing-sugar.

Sauce: Combine all ingredients except vanilla in small saucepan. Stir over low heat until sugar is dissolved. Cook steadily until mixture thickens slightly. Remove from heat, add vanilla, beat well.

SOUTH AFRICA

Steak-and-Kidney Casserole
Golden Sultana Pie

STEAK-AND-KIDNEY CASSEROLE

One pound minced steak, 2 sheep's kidneys, 2 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 onion, 1 carrot, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped parsley, 1 cup water (or meat or vegetable stock), fat for frying, 1lb. cooked, mashed potatoes, 2 tomatoes, pepper.

Skin kidneys, soak in salted water 30 minutes. Dry, cut each into 3 pieces. Divide steak into 6 portions, mould each piece round piece of kidney. Roll in flour, brown in hot fat. Remove, place in casserole. Peel and slice onion, brown in hot fat, stir in remainder of flour, add salt and pepper; allow to brown, stirring frequently. Add water or stock, stir until boiling. Pour over hamburgers in casserole, adding peeled and diced carrot and parsley. Cook in moderate oven 1½ hours; remove. Mash potatoes, season, pipe round edge of casserole. Arrange tomato quarters on top of meat. Brush potato with milk, brown in oven.

GOLDEN SULTANA PIE

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 1½ cups sultanas, ½ cup golden syrup, 1 cup soft white breadcrumbs, grated rind 1 lemon, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon ground ginger, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon desiccated coconut, sugar.

Roll out half pastry, line 8in. tart-plate. Wash sultanas, dry, combine with lemon juice, rind, breadcrumbs, and ginger; mix well. Add warmed golden syrup, mix again. Pour into prepared pie-case, sprinkle with cinnamon and coconut. Roll out remaining pastry, cover pie. Trim edges, glaze with water, sprinkle with sugar. Bake in hot oven 25 minutes.

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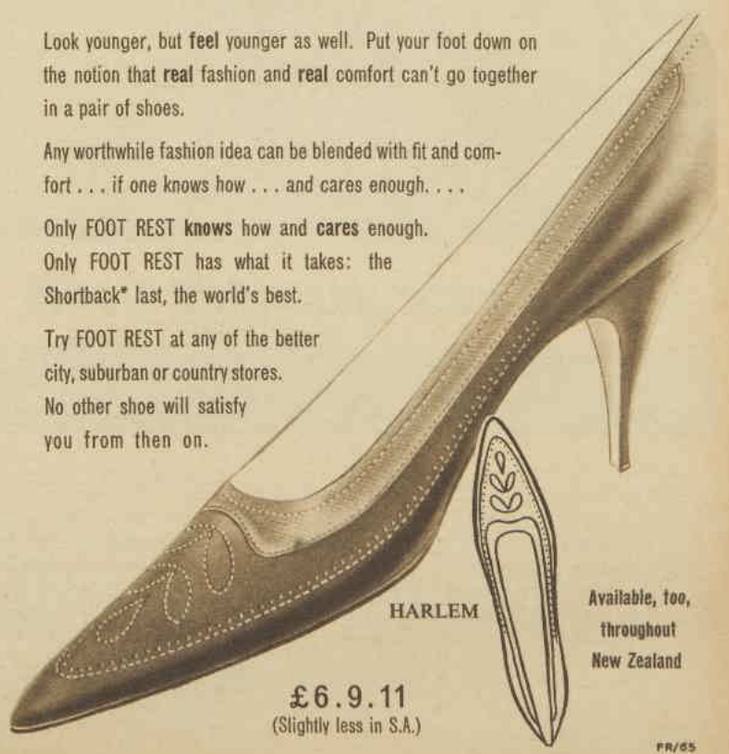

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● ***Readers' antiques are identified by our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe.***

Could you tell me about my pair of candlesticks? They stand 20in. high and carry a double cross marking on the base—H. C. Hiddilston, Berowra Waters, N.S.W.

This pair of "Dresden" candelabra (left) is German porcelain made about 1870, but not at the original Royal Meissen works. The term "Dresden" in this case is used to indicate the style. Many German factories (late 19th century) imitated the Dresden porcelain. Their productions varied in quality.

Madam Wolfsohn of the city of Dresden was the chief producer of "Dresden" china. Another firm of note is Meyers und Sohn. Some German firms carried on a smaller trade in porcelain, partly bought in the "white" form from the Royal Meissen works and partly from lesser German factories and decorated more or less successfully by local painters and gilders.

Some productions of a superior kind were calculated to deceive even an experienced collector. It is all called "Dresden" and often bears marks which resemble the original factory marks.

Your specimens (left) appear to be of fine quality and design and thus serve to exemplify prevailing "Dresden" of the later 19th century.

● ***German porcelain candelabra***

● ***Parian-ware figures***

I have a pair of statues which stand 12in. high and are finished in a flat glaze. Could you give me some information about them, please? — Mrs. B. Broomhall, Brighton, Vic.

Your pair of parian- or biscuit-ware porcelain figures (above) were made during the late 19th century.

● ***Pottery jug***

My pottery jug has a flip lid which appears to be pewter. The coloring is off-white with burgundy decoration and gold edging. The marks are Marne 18 W.B. Cobridge Rd., 10 C K IV. How old is it, please? — Mrs. B. Verney, Bardon, Qld.

Your pretty jug (above) is English Cobridge pottery made about 1860-1870.

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HOME HINTS

● **These hints sent in by readers win £1/1/- each.**

MAKE a delicious spread by mixing 2 tablespoons of butter into one chicken soup cube. It is good on hot toast, for lunch sandwiches, or on savories with drinks. — Mrs. A. Hilton, 13 Grace Street, Malvern S.4., Vic.

★ ★ ★

To remove ink from paper use two parts of any brand of bleach to one part of water. Paint on to the ink and blot immediately. This removes the ink without a trace and can be written over when quite dry. — Miss Margaret Jones, 29 Illawarra Rd., Marrickville, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Old envelope corners, snipped off and brightly colored, make effective bookmarks for recipe books or novels. Keep a supply handy in your desk or kitchen drawer. — Miss J. Weckert, Box 75, Brinkworth, S.A.

★ ★ ★

For a change when cooking cauliflower, partly cook it then drain. Break into flowerets, dip them in batter, then in brown breadcrumbs. Drop into hot fat, drain on greaseproof paper, and serve at once.—Mrs. D. Mason, "Winlock," 1 Neilson St., Boorowa, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Use your potato peeler for cutting thin curls of orange or lemon peel for drink decorations. — Mrs. P. M. Haywood, Wallaga St., Bermagui South, N.S.W.

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"DID YOU LIVE IN THE OLDEN DAYS, MUM?"

from page 30

west New South Wales. We had, of course, no telephone.

The doctor held an exalted position in the town's society. All professional men, such as the doctor, the solicitor, the dentist, the chemist, were admitted to a certain select group.

Running a close second were the two bank managers, whose personal finances, of course, were low, but were advised or were well informed about everybody else's.

The headmaster was recognised, but was very much further down the social scale.

My father, however, did become a man of great fame in that he acquired the first wireless set in the town. He was inspired to buy this at the instigation of his first assistant, a young man completely engrossed in the mechanics of the apparatus, who always seemed to have the set in pieces while he improved on its mechanism.

On Empire Day he managed to reassemble everything sufficiently for the whole township to gather with the schoolchildren to hear a broadcast of the celebrations.

As an isolated word made itself distinguishable from the black horn-shaped "loud speaker," amidst all that crackling static, we looked at each other in triumphant wonder.

Family treat

My father also bought one of the few cars owned in our district, and in the dusk on summer evenings we often took a five-mile drive out of town.

We children shouted with excitement in the back seat, "Look, we're doing thirty-five!"

My mother wondered why side curtains could not be devised to pull down like blinds instead of being framed and slipped into slots, and sure enough this happened.

We immediately had those installed, but it was sad how often strangers opened doors without putting up the curtains, or else poked their elbows through the celluloid enclosed in the canvas frames and made holes that let in the wind and rain.

On our annual holidays, spent in the city some 250 miles away, we always left, with much exultation and daring, late in the afternoon, travelling all night to avoid the heat of December.

Our suitcases were bound with heavy leather straps to a metal grille on the rear of the car.

On one occasion it rained heavily, and in spite of the chain attached to our tyres we skidded and slipped and then bogged to a standstill in the sticky mud of the black-soil road.

To continue was impossible. We had to be towed out by horses, to retrace our steps till the weather cleared and the roads dried out.

The first assistant used to ride with us very frequently and enriched our lives singing ditties with one foot dangling over the back door.

I watched that unlaced shoe dangling precariously, but soon joined in with "Flip, Flop, She Flied."

He really had a wonderful repertoire. I was sorry when eventually he bought a car himself, a sports model, of course, with only a front seat.

There were two other cars of note in town. One was a fabulous English make, so precious that its owners, two elderly bachelors (one my pianoforte teacher), had it up on blocks.

It never ran on the roads, but the "boys" turned over its engine religiously once a week just to hear it run.

Electric car

The other was owned by female counterparts, two elderly maiden ladies, the "Wilson girls," friends of the "Macintyre boys," but they were frequently seen in their electric single-seater, sitting high and proudly as they manoeuvred the streets.

We never drove anywhere in town, of course. Everybody walked. Quite an ordeal at night for Father it was, carrying my youngest sister home after the pictures, asleep.

These were our extravagance. We attended every showing every Wednesday and Saturday night. Most of the seats were in the open air, my sister and I always occupying an old discarded lounge from the proprietor's home.

Wet nights and sudden downpours caused a rush for cover and blurred the screen with rain. The films were silents, of course, and the pianist hurriedly covered the piano with a tarpaulin and fled.

Everybody attended the pictures and everybody attended church. These were the main social events in summer, but in winter the various balls took place.

Mother and Father had never been to a ball since they were married, but now they ventured forth.

Father felt he might have lost touch, so he and the sergeant of police, his friend, retired to the projector's box at the old picture show (the ballroom) to watch the steps and draw diagrams—position of right foot, one, two, three, left foot, etc. Thus equipped they sallied forth.

Father was most successful, but the sergeant could never sufficiently relax his military bearing, and hopped rather stiffly and precisely.

Then came the night of the Big Fire. Sleeping out on our verandah, we awakened suddenly to the sound of bells, first the school bell, so close, then all the church bells. Father leapt out of bed, still half asleep, and ran blindly into the wall behind the bed.

"Fire!" we shouted, realising. Without waiting for gowns, we ran, and all the town ran with us, children excitedly racing barefoot in their night attire, gentlemen scrambling into trousers over their pyjama pants, and ladies in long white nightgowns (but decorously covered), hair in long braids.

The Wilson girls, their hair in "boudoir" caps, chugged determinedly through the pedestrians in their automobile.

It was not the school, we recognised with relief. A shop was afire a block away in the main street.

Built of weatherboard and hard pressed by similar neighbors, the dreadful threat to the whole community was only too obvious. There being no town water supply, men were passing buckets from hand to hand in long chains, which began at the tanks behind the shops and spread in various directions, even to the top of a peppercorn tree.

There, the Methodist minister, attired in faded blue and white stripes, sat straddled high across a limb accepting buckets from below, to hurl down their contents at strategic points.

Father's first assistant, standing on one tank top and savagely lowering buckets into its circular aperture, suddenly disappeared with a rendering of galvanised iron and a loud splash. It was at least five precious minutes before he was dragged safely out.

My father, in the meantime, had decided that to save the adjacent shops the walls of the burning building must be pushed in upon themselves.

A dozen stalwarts manned a battering-ram (Father, being small, at its head to guide the onslaught).

One, two, three, ram! One, two, three, ram! Suddenly the corner post went, and so did Father and the line of stalwarts, into the flames.

(By miraculous fortune no one was seriously hurt, but all were singed to some degree, and many an unshaven blistered face appeared in church on Sunday, among them being one in the pulpit, whose tree perch had become too close for comfort.)

At last it was done! A sigh came from the relieved onlookers, and then a thundering cheer.

With sudden realisation the ladies became aware of their appearance and, self-consciously clutching their gowns more tightly across their bosoms, bade each other a hasty goodnight.

Vociferously each gathered her brood and we young ones were all bustled reluctantly home to bed.

The gentlemen stayed to quench their thirst, so deservedly.

What a night it had been! I thought I should never sleep. But I dropped upon my pillow as one struck by a thunderbolt and was aware of no more till strong sunlight shone across my bed.

It was not till after school next day that we children discovered the blackened tins of scorched sweets in the ruins and enjoyed the final thrill of the memorable event.

Nothing since compares with the excitement, from the first gasping apprehension to that final roar of triumph, the humor, the pathos, the feverish activity, the team work, the unselfish co-ordinated efforts of men.

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